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CLEVELAND'S OPINIONS OF MEN

BY GEORGE F. PARKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING BY GEORGE T. TOBIN

MR. CLEVELAND was accustomed to discuss, with great freedom, the characteristics of the men with whom he came in contact, to express his opinion of their work and to give his impressions of their personalities. If he liked a man he never tired of talking about him, and his appreciation was so generous at times as to be almost extravagant. He would take into account education, training, the difficulties which surrounded the man in his work, and the character of his ambitions — in short, all the human elements. With men of great gifts and opportunities he was exacting.

He had also his strong aversions, but he seldom expressed them. Perhaps no man ever endured opposition, injustice, and misrepresentation with more patience than this man, who was fated to have so much of them. Occasionally, he was tempted to give public expression to his resentment, but this was about the only thing in which he could be influenced to suppress his feelings. I once had great difficulty to keep him from referring with bitterness in a public speech to a man who had pursued him with unusual rancor. I was two weeks inducing him to omit the offensive passages; but his own later judgment justified the policy he adopted so much against his will.

Cleveland's Friendships

When Mr. Cleveland was nominated for President in 1884, his leading competitor in the Convention was Thomas F. Bayard, then

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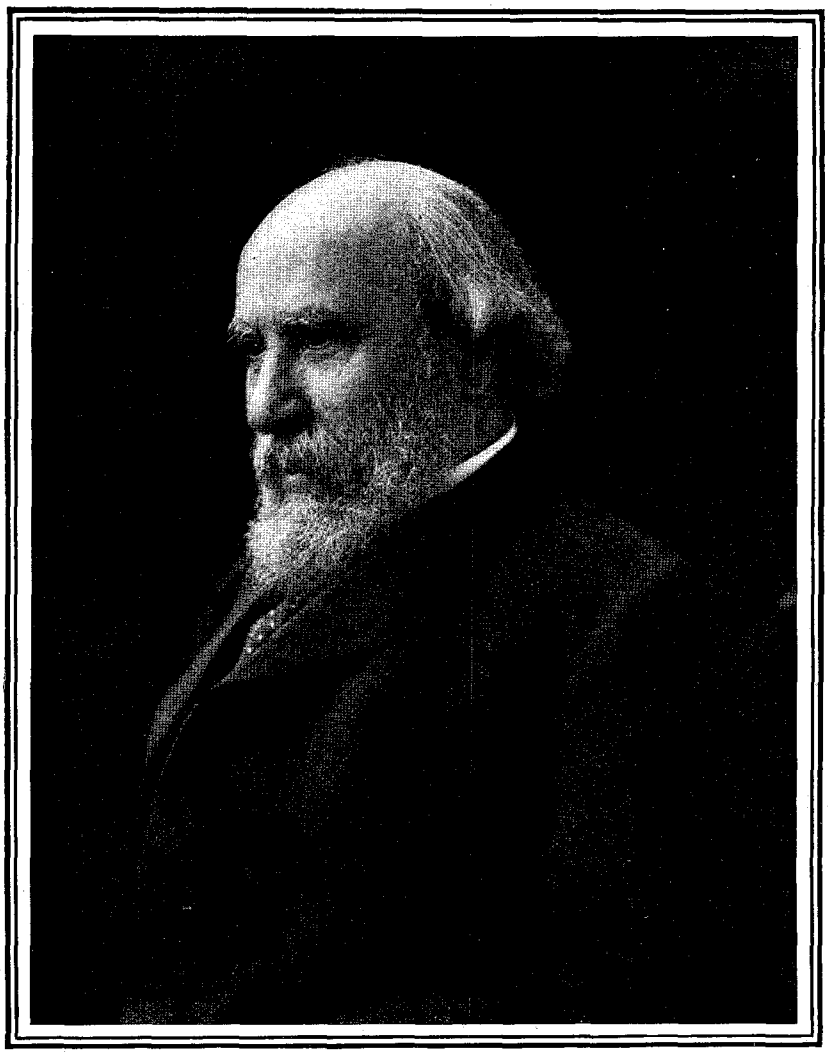

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JAMES J. HILL

"MR. HILL IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE MEN I HAVE SEEN, ESPECIALLY IN HIS WIDE KNOWLEDGE OF A GREAT VARIETY OF QUESTIONS, AND HIS FAR-SIGHT INTO INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS"

and for many years before United States Senator from Delaware. Through the dark days of Reconstruction, in the excitement incident to a disputed election in 1877, and in the discussion of financial and fiscal questions, he had been one of a minority almost insignificant in number. His friends had long hoped that Bayard might be the candidate of his party for President. He was little of a politician. The smallness of his State, the rigidness of his opinions, and his plain speech on the currency, as well as the sudden rise of Mr. Tilden to power and influence, prevented his nomination in 1876. The wild, foolish wave for General Hancock had made his candidacy out of the question in 1880. It was felt that Mr. Bayard's time would come in 1884.

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bayard did not meet until after the election of 1884, when the new President was choosing his Cabinet and when Mr. Bayard was tendered (and accepted) the office of Secretary of State. Thus began one of Cleveland's strongest personal friendships.

The men were the opposites of each other. While Mr. Bayard was a well-grounded lawyer, practically all his life — even before he had reached his majority he had made political speeches in his own State — had been passed in that public career which he inherited and loved. He was always called upon to express his opinions upon the questions of the day, and spoke freely and well, in spite of a somewhat heavy style, such as then obtained in the Senate.

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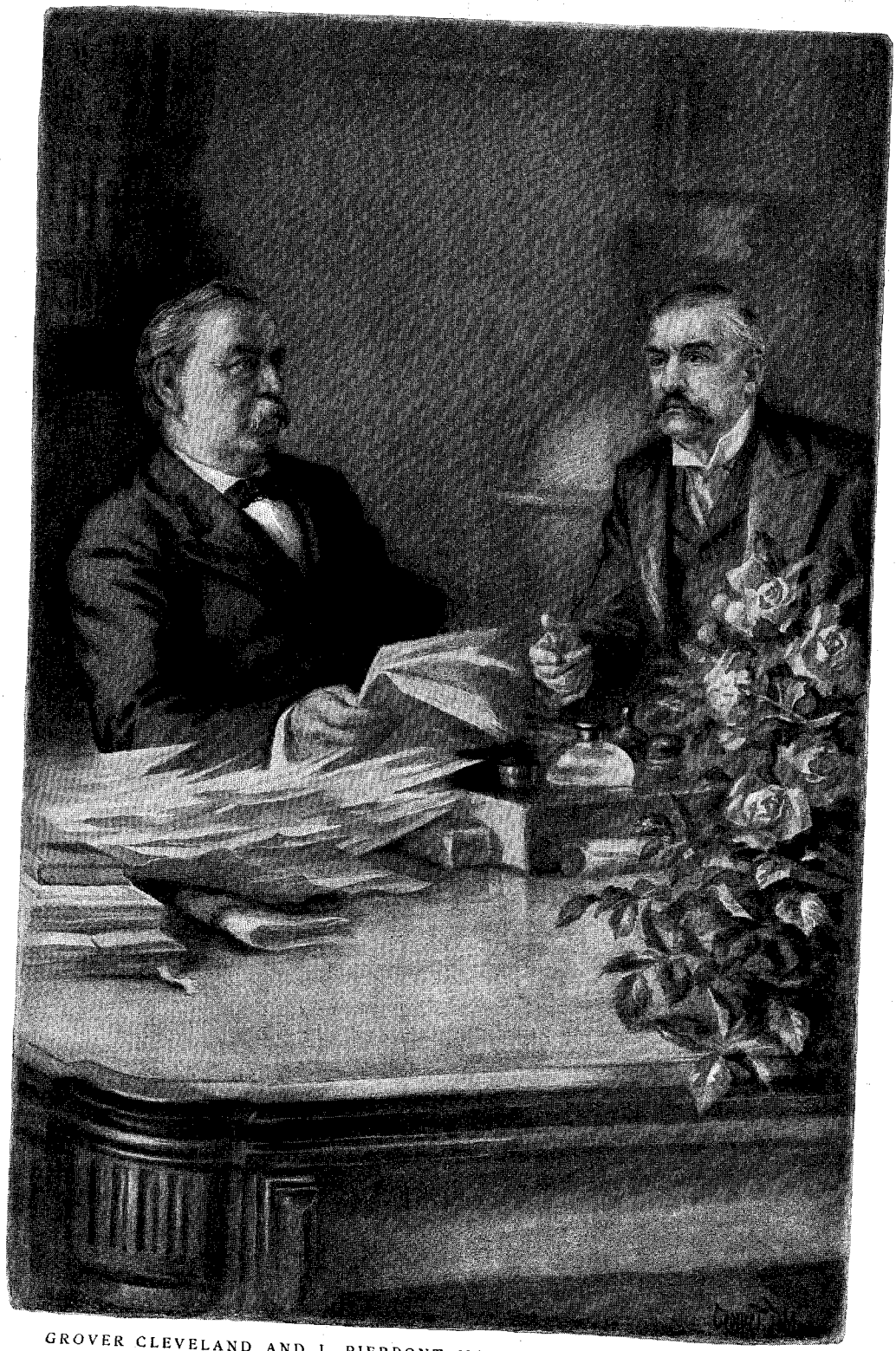

GROVER CLEVELAND AND J. PIERPONT MORGAN IN CONSULTATION ON THE BOND ISSUE

FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE T. TOBIN

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On the other hand, Mr. Cleveland was essentially a hard-working, plodding lawyer, little given to speech either in or out of court, interested as a citizen in national concerns, but to whom these far-off events in Washington and in great national conventions were scarcely more than echoes which sometimes reached him in the retirement of a busy life.

In spite of these essential differences in training, ambition, and opportunity, the men who thus met on the threshold of great responsibilities were singularly alike in aim and purpose. Both were inherently conservative and, at the same time, eminently progressive.

During Mr. Bayard's Ambassadorship in England I was discussing home matters with him one day, in 1895, when, in the course of conversation, the matter of the President's then recent illness came up — the precursor of that which was ultimately to cause his death. Mr. Bayard said:

"Mr. Cleveland's death, at the present time, would be more than a personal and public misfortune: it would be a calamity. In the present delicate condition of affairs I do not believe there is a man in the United States who could take up his work and carry it through. Do you know," he continued, "that, looking back upon my career, the one thing which most amazes me is that I should ever have presumed to let my friends present my name as a candidate for the Presidency before the same National Convention that had Mr. Cleveland's under consideration. Since I have

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GROVER CLEVELAND

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN APRIL, 1907

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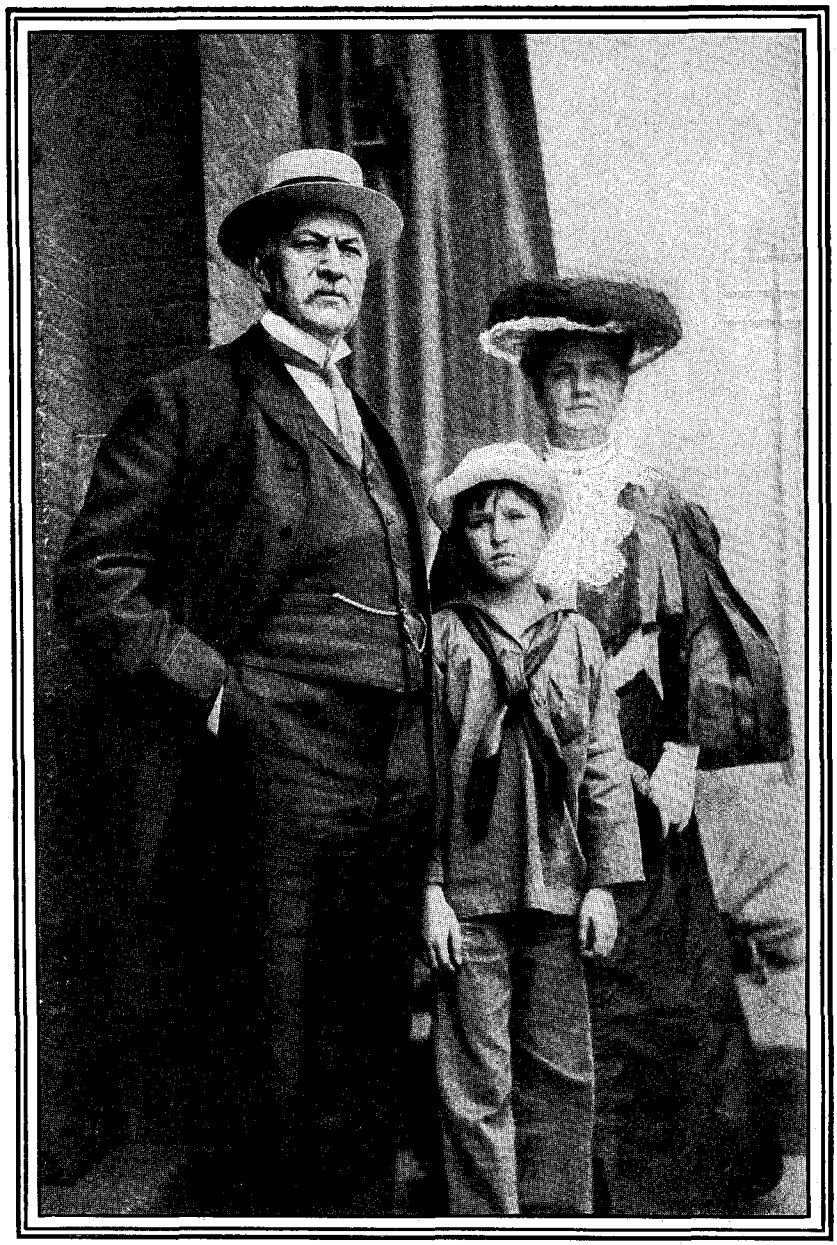

JOSEPH B. FORAKER, MRS. FORAKER, AND THEIR YOUNGEST SON, ARTHUR

MR. CLEVELAND SAID: "WHATEVER MAY BE THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT THE BROWNSVILLE CASE, IT HAS BEEN A DISPLAY OF GENUINE COURAGE FOR A REPUBLICAN SENATOR TO TAKE THE POSITION ASSUMED BY MR. FORAKER"

come to know him I realize my own temerity. Taking into account the conditions with which, then as now, the country was confronted, I should have been an utter failure compared with Mr. Cleveland. He has been just the man for the time, and his nomination and election over any other man who could have been mentioned was such a necessity as to be little less than providential. Of all the men I have ever met, whether at home or abroad, Mr. Cleveland is the best poised and strongest."

Thomas F. Bayard

This expression deeply interested me because I had so often heard the President express his opinion of the Ambassador. When I returned home for the first time after Bayard's death,

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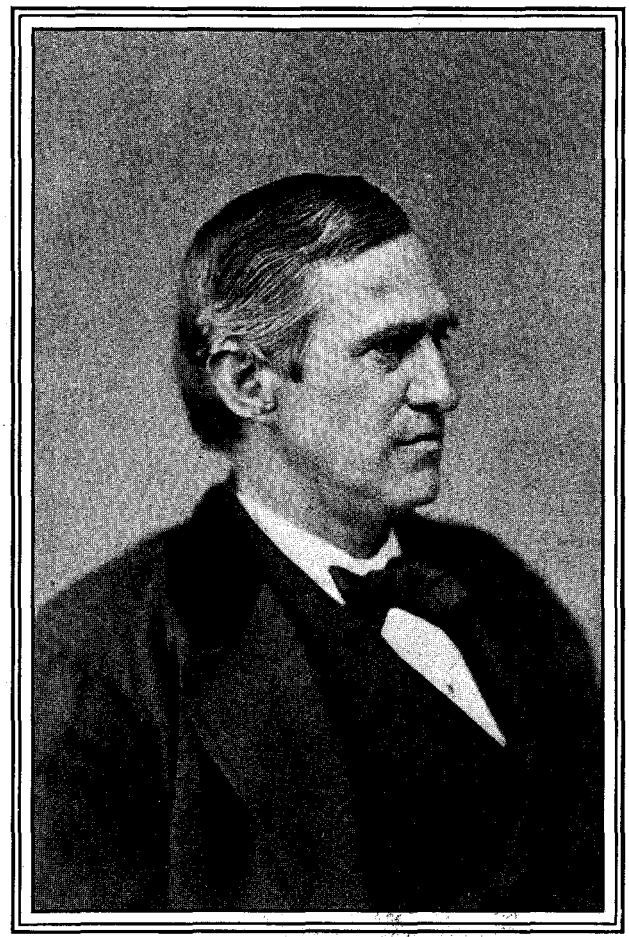
and visited Mr. Cleveland in Princeton, I found him in the deepest grief. He could scarcely talk of anything but Bayard, and so, when I came away I noted down some of his remarks.

"In all my life," he had said, "I have never come in contact with a man who, at all times and under all circumstances, was the equal of Mr. Bayard in high and noble qualities, in singleness of purpose, and in that honesty which, while it never obtruded itself, never wavered. I do not believe that he ever so much as had a thought which was not at once lofty and patriotic. When I think of the despicable treatment accorded to him by the United States Senate, at the behest of some of its members, I can but marvel at the depths to which partizan malignity will sink some men. When I look back over my own career," he went on to say, "I cannot understand how I could have consented to oppose such a man for the Presidential nomination. I can only attribute it to ignorance. Here was a man who had behind him the largest patriotism, a broad and comprehensive training, unequaled experience, and an almost perfect knowledge of the country and its needs; and yet, in spite of it, I, who had lived a quiet and obscure life, was preferred over him. I must confess that, even now, I cannot comprehend it. I can only thank God for giving me an opportunity to know Thomas F. Bayard."



From the collection of F. H. Meserve

THOMAS F. BAYARD, OF DELAWARE

CLEVELAND'S LEADING COMPETITOR IN THE CONVENTION OF 1884 AND AFTERWARD AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES

J. Pierpont Morgan

When I saw Mr. Cleveland for a two-hour interview in Princeton, soon after the panic of October, 1907, he asked me for whatever particulars I had gathered about its management. I explained to him my understanding of the situation, and how it had been saved by the masterly leadership of one man, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, to whom, in the course of the conversation, he referred at great length. A portion of what he said I quote herewith:

"I had known Mr. Morgan fairly well in a social way during my first administration and the four years that I lived in New York. I had gained an impression of him as a successful business man and had a well-defined idea of his capacity for doing great things. I must, however, confess that when it came to dealing with him on the bond issue for the purpose of replenishing the government's stock of gold, I had a feeling, not of suspicion, but of watchfulness. Public opinion had been wrought up to a high pitch by the sensational papers, by untoward business conditions, and by the peril in which the national credit stood, so that the situation was highly critical and required the most careful handling. Acting for the government, I was put into the position of seller, dealing, almost wholly in the view of the public, with another man who stood in the relation of buyer: and we all know how different is the point of view.

"But I had not gone far before all my

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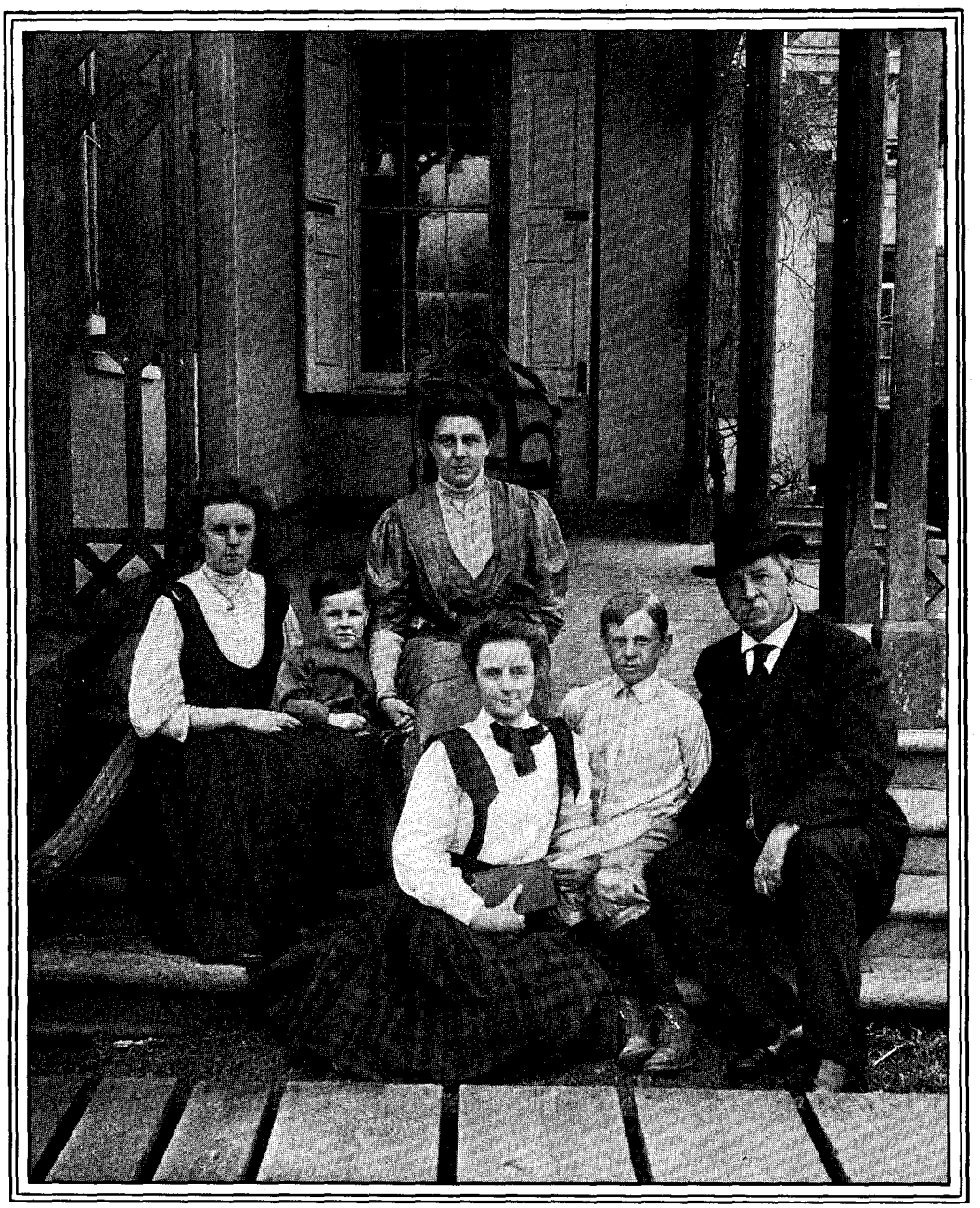

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GROVER CLEVELAND AND HIS FAMILY AT THEIR HOME IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

ESTHER FRANCIS MRS. CLEVELAND
MARION RICHARD MR. CLEVELAND

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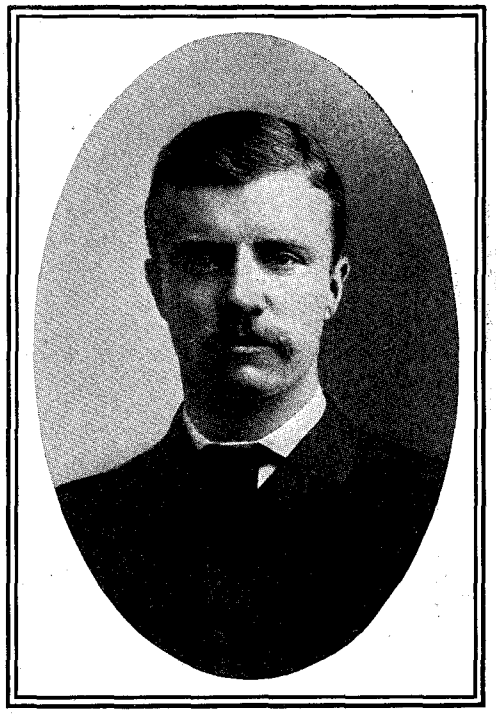

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN 1884

WHEN HE WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW YORK DELEGATION TO THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

PATRICK A. COLLINS, OF BOSTON

WHO TURNED THE TIDE IN A CRISIS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1884 BY HIS ALBANY SPEECH

doubts, such as they were, wholly disappeared. I found that I was negotiating with a man not only of large business comprehension, but of remarkable knowledge and prescience. After an hour or two of the preliminary discussion I saw he had a clear comprehension of what I wanted and what was needed, and that, with lightning-like rapidity, he had reached a conclusion as to the best way to meet the situation. I saw, too, that, with him, it was not merely a matter of business, but of clear-sighted, far-seeing patriotism. He was not looking for a personal bargain, but sat there, a great patriotic banker, concerting with me and my advisers as to measures to avert peril, determined to do his best in a severe and trying crisis.

"At one of our sittings I asked: 'Mr. Morgan, how did you know that you could command the coöperation of the great financial interests of Europe?'

"He replied: 'I simply told them that this was necessary for the maintenance of the public credit and the promotion of industrial peace, and they did it.'

"This gave me a new sense of the power of a private citizen.

"I have since watched his business career with greater interest than that of any other man, not only because of the aid he gave me in a time of need, but also because of his grasp of financial and industrial conditions and the confidence he has inspired in the commercial world."

James J. Hill

Among the great captains of industry with whom Mr. Cleveland came closely into contact during both administrations, he was wont, in later days, to speak oftenest, perhaps, of James J. Hill. In one of my latest talks with him he said:

"Mr. Hill is one of the most remarkable men I have seen, especially in his wide knowledge of a great variety of questions, and his far-sight into industrial conditions. While I knew very little about the special questions to which he had given his life, I used, once in a while, merely in the spirit of mischief and in order to get him going, to dispute his premises and question his conclusions. He would then proceed to illustrate his contentions with a fulness of knowledge worthy of the deep student, and with an earnestness characteristic of a school-boy.

"He knew more about Oriental trade and its relations to the business of this country than any man I ever saw. I discovered

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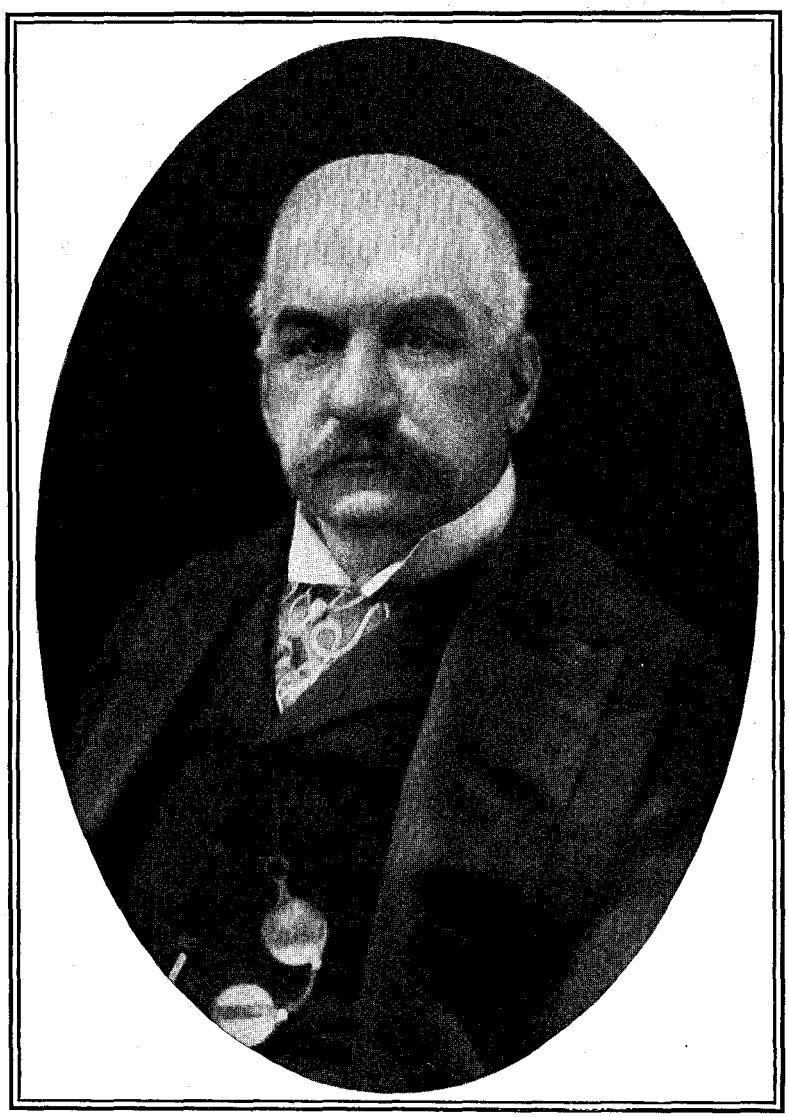
that for ten years he had spent more money than the government in sending competent men to Japan and China to study the needs of those countries, and that he had checked all their reports.

"When any information about long-distance rates on railroads was needed, Mr. Hill had no need to refer to reports or statistics. I verily believe that he could have told me the rates on all the leading classes of freight between two stations on his railroad, a hundred or two hundred miles apart. I am perfectly sure that I have never known a man who was at once familiar with so many big things and who also had the gift of carrying about and remembering what most men in his position would deem too small for their attention."

George Gray

From the circumstances surrounding his entrance into the Senate, coincidently with the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's first administration, the President was early drawn into more than friendly political relations with George Gray of Delaware. I doubt whether there was any man in that body who was closer in the President's confidence. Without experience in the larger public life, Mr. Gray had entered the Senate under something of a handicap, as the successor of Mr. Bayard upon the



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J. PIERPONT MORGAN

WHOM MR. CLEVELAND CALLED A "GREAT PATRIOTIC BANKER"

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latter's retirement, after a long and brilliant service. It took, however, only a short time to show that Gray was fitted for leadership, a fact that none learned more quickly than the President, who soon began to lean on him as one of his necessary helpers.

During the succeeding years, Mr. Cleveland — as in most cases when he was favorably interested in a man — talked about him with much freedom.

"I do not believe," he would say, "that I have ever come across a man better fitted for high responsibility than George Gray of Delaware. If he had lived in any State with sufficient population and area to give it political influence, nothing could have kept him from becoming the candidate of his party for President, and a strong one he would have been. Well trained, of perfect temper and poise, conciliatory and yet firm both in opinion and purpose, fair to all, but especially true to his friends and his principles, he would represent the ideas and traditions of the Republic at their best."

When I saw Mr. Cleveland once, on a visit home, during the critical period following the Spanish War, he expressed the belief that the only thing which had kept the country from discarding the Philippines, and thus abandoning our new colonial system, was the fact that the experiment still had the support of Judge Gray.

"It would be impossible," he continued, "to estimate the dominating influence of such a man in a crisis like that through which we are passing."

During later years, when he was greatly concerned about the paralysis of his own party, his exclamation, made to me perhaps fifty times, always was:

"Oh, if we could only have George Gray as our candidate!"

Patrick A. Collins

Few men outside the circle of friends who lived immediately about him were in closer touch with Mr. Cleveland than General Patrick A. Collins, of Boston. In one of the most delicate crises of the campaign of 1884, Collins went to Albany to deliver a speech on the issues, and especially upon the candidate. The two men were entire strangers; the orator visited the candidate — then Governor — at the Capitol, and questioned him in his blunt, straightforward way. The interview lasted only an hour, but in Collins' speech that evening the character of the candidate was dealt with so convincingly that this proved the turning-point in a period of detraction and misunderstanding.

General Collins, recounting the incident to me, in my house at Birmingham, England, some years later, said:

"In all my experience I have never been so much impressed with any man, upon a first interview, as I was with Mr. Cleveland. It had been thought important that I should speak just at that juncture, and I agreed to do so if Mr. Cleveland would see me and explain frankly certain events in his life which were then the subject of the most scandalous discussion and comment. When I went to Albany, I saw at once that, new as he was to public life, I was in the presence of one of the foremost men of our time. He told me just what I wanted to know, was as frank and open as a manly boy, and I came away, after less than an hour, determined to do everything in my power to remove unjust impressions, and to render whatever assistance I could toward his election."

In the St. Louis Convention of 1888, when Mr. Cleveland was renominated, General Collins, at the former's request, was chosen president of the body. During the interim between the first and second administrations, Collins was one of the men whose attitude toward a third nomination was never in doubt. Left to himself, he would never have sought or accepted any preferment under the President, but three days after the second election I received a letter from William E. Russell, then Governor of Massachusetts, asking me to say to the President-elect that the only request he would make, either then or at any other time, was the appointment of Patrick A. Collins as consul-general of the United States at London. For the first time within my experience, when he was dealing with such a request, Mr. Cleveland gave his immediate assent. Among other things he said:

"I think it exceedingly fitting that this appointment should be made. As a rule, I am not in favor of sending naturalized citizens in an official capacity to the countries of their birth; but, in this case, it seems to me most appropriate that it should be done. When I remember that here is a man who, coming to this country as a boy, entered an Ohio coal-mine at eleven, learned to read after he was fourteen, graduated from the Harvard Law School at twenty-one, and entered the politics of his adopted State at twenty-five, soon to become one of her most influential citizens, it is impossible for me to conceive of any recognition as being too high for him."

The country will still recall the excitement incident to the President's order, in 1887, for the return to their various States of the flags

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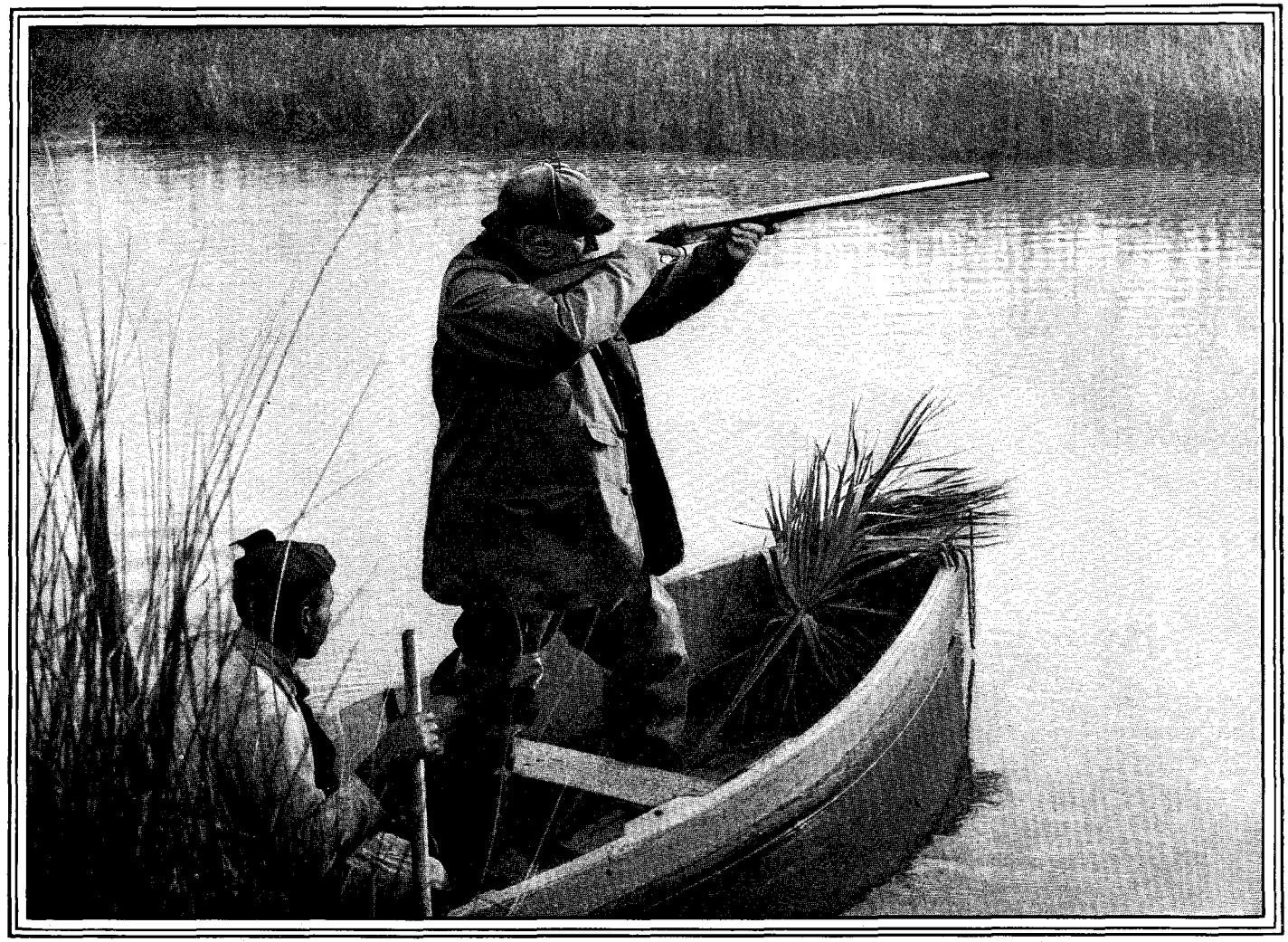

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MR. CLEVELAND SHOOTING DUCKS

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ON SOUTH ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, DURING MR. CLEVELAND'S LAST HUNTING TRIP

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and ensigns captured from Confederate regiments in the Civil War. In this uproar Joseph B. Foraker, then Governor of Ohio, took a prominent part; but Mr. Cleveland's tendency to forget or overlook all such episodes, especially when they had a personal bearing, was shown in the discussion of the Railroad Rate Bill in the Senate in 1906. When I told him that I expected soon to see Senator Foraker in Washington, he said:

Joseph B. Foraker

"I have not known of anything for years which has pleased me more than the Ohio Senator's attitude upon current public questions. Whatever may be the whole truth about the Brownsville case, it has been a display of genuine courage for a Republican Senator to take the position assumed by Mr. Foraker. It is due to him that there has been a real discussion of the President's action in all its bearings. I have, too, been keenly interested in the profound contributions made by the Senator to the debate on the Rate Bill. It has been an enormous advantage to sane public opinion to have a protest take the form of such a complete and effective legal argument, and that, too, on a side decidedly unpopular. I have not the pleasure," he added, "of a personal acquaintance with Senator Foraker, but you are at liberty, if the opportunity presents itself naturally, to repeat to him the sentiments I have expressed."

When I saw Mr. Cleveland for the first time after the accession of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency, he spoke with great freedom of his association with him. With many of the President's characteristics he was in strong sympathy, but the one fact that struck me during my interview and which has since stood out in my memory was his recognition of a quality or gift which it took the American people many years to fully appreciate. This point was emphasized by him then and in many subsequent talks as this trait in Roosevelt became more and more strongly developed. From these conversations with Mr. Cleveland I extract the following declaration:

Theodore Roosevelt

"Roosevelt is the most perfectly equipped and the most effective politician thus far seen in the Presidency. Jackson, Jefferson, and Van Buren were not, for a moment, comparable with him in this respect. When I was Governor he was still a very young man and only a member of the Assembly: but it was clear to me, even thus early, that he was looking to a public career; that he was studying political conditions with a care that I had never known any man to show; and that he was firmly convinced that he would some day reach prominence. I must, however, confess that I never supposed that the Presidency would come within the scope of his aspirations so early in life."

In October, 1907, in the course of conversation, I told this anecdote to Mr. Richard Olney, in Boston, and he exclaimed:

"Oh, I can beat that! I know of an occasion when Mr. Cleveland expressed this opinion long before his talk with you."

When I asked for particulars, Olney said:

"In 1893, when the question of choosing a President of the Civil Service Commission was presented to the Cabinet — every member of which was in favor of the promotion of Mr. Roosevelt, then a member of that body — President Cleveland was strongly opposed to this action, and said: 'I want to tell you gentlemen now that you are making a mistake. I have known this young man Roosevelt since 1883, and I tell you that, without exception, he is the most ambitious man and the most consummate politician I have ever seen. However, as you all favor this nomination I will not oppose it: I only want you to bear my words in mind. The time will come when you will see that I am right.'"

Cleveland and His Friends

Every Cabinet official — about twenty in number — associated with Mr. Cleveland in his two administrations remained his staunch supporter and personal intimate.

He spoke of them in terms of the warmest affection, nor was there one with whose varying fortunes he did not keep in the closest touch. Whenever one of these men was mentioned, new interest was added to the conversation, and he would listen far more intently to commendation of them than to praise of himself. If a question were raised about the attitude of one of these Cabinet friends, he would always reassure the doubter and emphasize the fact that there was no doubt in his mind as to where Bayard or Fairchild, Whitney or Endicott, Lamar or Vilas, Dickinson or Olney would be found in a crisis.

Late in 1891, when William C. Whitney had long been quiet, so that his attitude toward the third nomination was not publicly known, one of his former associates said to Mr. Cleveland with some impatience:

"I think Whitney ought not to hold back."

Mr. Cleveland replied:

"Now, don't you give yourself any worry about Whitney. I have not seen him lately, nor has he sent me any word about his posi-

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tion, but I can tell you that he will never fail us when the time comes."

The sequel is well known. This was always the way. When he gave his personal confidence he was never betrayed.

When Mr. Cleveland came to New York to live, with more leisure on his hands than had been his fortune thitherto, the foundations for his future friendships were pretty well laid. He did not seek out the great lawyers, or the prominent financiers, or the men at the head of dominating railroads or other business enterprises. He became very close to some of the members of his law firm and was drawn, in like manner, to some literary men — although he never became identified with anything resembling an artistic or literary circle.

Cleveland had an unusual capacity for real friendship, and a need for it. There were times when he had especial need for association with men. But it must be with persons serious-minded as well as congenial. He had little small talk, and although few men could be more gracious to children, he must have been the despair of the frivolous woman, especially with the woman whose great desire in life is to be on speaking terms with celebrities. With sensible, well-balanced women, and especially those of a religious nature, he was most happy and sympathetic. He did not talk shop or politics, but was full of wise observations on questions about which nobody would have credited him with either interest or knowledge.

He had the warmest sympathy with all struggling persons, and nothing brought him more pleasure than to be told of the success of ambitious, industrious young men or women. Nothing gave him more pain than stories of their failures and disappointments. The death of a friend or of a friend's wife was more painful to him than to almost any person I have ever known. He had a horror of death, especially when it came to those in the full strength of years, or in the midst of unrewarded struggle — although his feeling about it for himself had all the grim determination that he showed in his work. He liked life, but he wanted it in order to finish his work creditably.

The May article will give Mr. Cleveland's opinions of Arthur, Harrison, Blaine, McKinley, and Bryan.

CLEVELAND AS A TEACHER IN THE INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND

FANNY J. CROSBY, the blind hymn-writer, once furnished the Democratic Campaign Committee with her recollections of Grover Cleveland as a boy of seventeen, when he was her fellow teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind. Miss Crosby says:

"When Grover Cleveland came to the Institution in 1853, he was in his seventeenth year. His mind was unusually well developed for his years; so well, in fact, that he might be called a marvel of precocity. He was nearly full grown as to height, but slender, though he had reached mental maturity many years earlier than the average man. He seemed to have about him even then the manner of a mature man. It was my fortune to make his acquaintance soon after he came to the Institution, and I felt, therefore, free to tell him, as I did many times, that he had a mind much in advance of his years, and I also used, with almost motherly caution, to say to him: 'Take care that you do not study too much and injure yourself.'

"Every moment of his spare time was given to the hardest kind of study. He was a persistent reader, devoting most of his attention to history, and developing, even in those days, something of a bent for the law, which he was finally to make his calling. But he did not confine his reading entirely to such solid matter. Many times he favored me, and other teachers and pupils in the Institution, by reading to us from the poets. Among other authors who were favorites of his was Thomas Moore, from whom he read a good many selections, as well as from Byron. I remember that at one time he read Byron's 'Corsair' to me. Even then he had developed the faculty of hard work which has so distinguished his later career, so that it is no new thing for him to burn the midnight oil. He did so even as a young man when I first knew him thirty-nine years ago.

"No man could have a kinder heart than had Grover Cleveland in those days — days that, to most boys of his age, might be termed formative. He came to us almost immediately after the death of his father, and as a result he had an air of pensive sadness about him. He showed that he felt very keenly the loss of his father. He used often to talk to me about his father in an intimate, familiar way that was touching and very natural.

"When he first came there I used often to

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talk to him when his office duties were over, and in due course of time we became good friends. Perhaps I knew him quite as well as any of the teachers or officers of the Institution. He came in contact with mature men and women there, many of whom have since become well known in various fields of work, and was able to meet them upon their own plane. He showed himself to be keen and thoughtful. At the same time he was extremely modest; something I have noted with interest since his great public career has brought him before the people of his country.

"Indeed, the first time I met him after those early associations was in Lakewood, New Jersey, one winter. At that time I noticed the same modest demeanor. He was interested in telling me of an experience of his while President. A convention or meeting of blind people was held at Baltimore during that time, and he went there on purpose to see them. In recounting to me this incident he never referred to the matter as having occurred while he was President, but he used a form, which I am told he has almost uniformly adopted, of saying, 'When I was in Washington'; in fact, I do not believe that during our interview he used the word President.

"He did not strike me during the period I knew him as a young man who would have a great number of friends, although he had a capacity for friendship. I thought that he was somewhat chary of giving his confidence to many people. This did not come from any feeling of vanity, but from his natural reserve. But when he came to know a person and gave his confidence, he did so fully and unreservedly. He was always kindly and sympathetic, and during his residence there the tendency was strongly developed at every turn. He resented occasional cruelties practised by a superintendent who lacked the qualities necessary for a successful administration of such an important place. I remember that, at one time, when a boy was punished with undue severity, young Cleveland spoke to me about it with much feeling. He could not, of course, in his position, take steps to resent it by a physical demonstration, but he showed in every word and action that he would like to punish its perpetrator in the most effective way.

"I remember another incident that had a bearing personal to myself. The same superintendent had about him a dictatorial way when he found himself in authority over anybody. It so happened one day that I went downstairs into the office, where Mr. Cleveland worked, and asked him to copy a poem. He did so, and when he had nearly finished the work, the superintendent came in and said, in a very insolent way: 'Miss Crosby, when you want Mr. Cleveland to copy a piece for you, I will thank you to come and ask me.' Of course I felt very much hurt, and when the superintendent went out, Mr. Cleveland said to me: 'Now, Fanny Crosby, how long do you intend to allow that man to harrow up your feelings like this?' I asked him: 'What can I do to stop it?' and he said, 'By giving as good as he sent.'

"I was nonplussed, and in reply I said, 'Mr. Cleveland, I never was saucy in my life.' To this he replied: 'But it is not impudent to take your own part, and you never will be taught independence and self-reliance any younger. Now, we will try an experiment. Come down to-morrow and ask me to copy another poem for you. I will do so, and then you come in as usual, and you will see the consequences; but in any event make up your mind never to let any one impose upon you.' According to this agreement, I went down and asked Mr. Cleveland to copy a poem for me. As was anticipated, the superintendent came in and made the same remark. Then I turned round and said to him: 'I want you to understand that I am second to no one in this Institution except yourself, and I have borne with your insolence so long that I will do so no longer; if it is repeated, I will report you to the managers.' The superintendent looked at me with the greatest astonishment, but my reply had just the effect that Mr. Cleveland said it would have. I never had any further trouble with the obnoxious superintendent, nor did he assume such a manner toward me or Mr. Cleveland any more.

"After young Cleveland left the Institution I myself remained until 1858. I never heard from him or about him until he was nominated for Governor in 1882, while Mayor of Buffalo. But he took occasion the first time he heard from me to show his kindly feeling. While he was Governor one of my friends gave me a sort of benefit, and sent an invitation to the Governor. He immediately wrote back expressing regret at his inability to attend, but saying, 'I remember my old friend Fanny Crosby very well,' and in further token of his remembrance he sent to the friend managing the affair a neat little sum of money.

"I have always regretted that I did not keep up a correspondence with him after he became Governor or President; but in both cases I felt that, as I had neglected him for so many years, it would not seem just the right

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thing to open a correspondence with him then, because it might look as though I wanted to court favor. So I never met him again until that winter at Lakewood.

"I do not think that, when I knew Mr. Cleveland, he looked upon his teaching work as other than preparatory for the more serious struggles of life; but he did his duty then, in a humble position, as conscientiously and as well as he has done it since in the great responsibilities thrust upon him.

"While he was Governor he made a visit to the Institution in company with the late Augustus Schell, who was one of the managers during Mr. Cleveland's term of work there. Afterward, when I went to the Institution, I heard many of the inmates, some who had been there as pupils in his day, say: 'Well, although Grover Cleveland rose to great power, he did not forget the Institution for the Blind, and we all praise him for it.'

"It seems very odd to me to recall after nearly forty years the injunction of his older brother, William, to me. The brothers were very close friends and associates in spite of the fact that William was several years the elder. He always showed his desire to protect his younger brother, and would not allow anybody to be ungenerous or unjust to him. When they were first there together the younger brother was petted a good deal. Naturally, he grew out of this to some extent toward the close of the joint association there, and yet I recall with pleasure how William, when he was to be absent for a time, would say to me: 'Well, I know you will be kind to my little brother'— a fatherly sort of feeling, something quite in consonance with the beautiful character of William Cleveland, who, even as a young man, was an exemplary Christian, generous to every one in his class, just in everything he did."

CLEVELAND AS A LAWYER*

BY HIS LAW PARTNER, WILSON S. BISSELL

"BUFFALO, N. Y., August 1, 1892.

"DEAR MR. PARKER: My acquaintance with Mr. Cleveland began in August, 1869. I had just graduated from Yale and made application for and was admitted to a clerkship in the office of Laning, Cleveland & Folsom, the firm of which he was a member, and which was then just organized. The firm did a very large business. They were the attorneys for the New York Central and the other Vanderbilt railroads centering at Buffalo, and they had a large miscellaneous practice as well. I was one of the six clerks employed by them. They defended the New York Central Railroad in a class of suits brought to recover penalties for overcharge of fare. These suits became a very remarkable class of litigation, aggregating more than three thousand in number.

"I soon found that Mr. Cleveland was the 'working member.' Laning and Folsom were both brilliant men, but Cleveland was undoubtedly the most profound lawyer and was the mainstay of the office. He was generally the first one in the office in the morning and the last one out of it at night, and all the hours of these long days were devoted with patience and zeal to the work he found before him.

"He had already attained prominence at the bar, the result of no influence or relationships or of adventitious circumstance, but of patient industry and of downright — and always upright — hard work. And so, even then, he was of the lawyers of his years *facile princeps*. His further achievements as a lawyer, which brought him into the very front rank of his profession, were only added and natural results of his untiring industry and energy. To these the disadvantages of limited education and early mental training yielded.

"How well and how encouraging it would be to the younger struggling lawyers of to-day if they could appreciate the exact truthfulness of these statements, and take the lesson of it to themselves! True, he was endowed with a great fund of good common sense, and he was honest — honest with himself, honest with his client, honest with his subject. He thus became, mentally, rather judicial than partizan, and he would have made as able and capable a Chief Justice as he was a President.

"In the trial of a cause he neither relied on 'genius' nor the inspiration of the moment to help him out, but upon most careful and painstaking preparation of the case in advance and the anticipation of every possible adverse contingency. Before the trial he was always timid and self-distrustful; once pushed or

* This was first published in a life of Cleveland used as campaign literature in the campaign of 1892.

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dragged into court by his client, however, he was not only part and parcel of the case, but bold and self-reliant; and through much practice he acquired great skill and sagacity in marshaling his facts before the jury.

"During a trial he would devote himself to the case absolutely and completely, whether it was large or small, whether with fee or without, and for a rich client or for a poor one. The noon hour was, for him, always an opportunity for further study and preparation — not for eating — and the hours of the night, not infrequently the whole night, a further opportunity.

"And so he honestly bought and paid for success with honest work. In an address before the bar on the occasion of the death of his devoted personal friend, Oscar Folsom, referring to his qualities as a lawyer, he said: 'In the practice of his profession, and in the solution of legal questions, he clearly saw which was right and just, and then he expected to find the law leading him directly there.' This with truthfulness could and should be said of Mr. Cleveland.

"In those days it was the habit of the judges of that locality, more than now, when a close legal question would arise in a trial, to call for an opinion upon it in open court from some lawyer in the court-room not engaged in the case. So good and so well recognized was Cleveland's judgment, and so great his legal attainments, that he would almost invariably be the lawyer thus consulted, whenever he happened to be present. 'The law is a jealous mistress,' but there was never occasion in Cleveland's case to suggest a lack of devotion. Of course it would have been impossible to yield such devotion to his profession if he had not loved it; but he loved his professional work, found his greatest pleasure and satisfaction in it, and he loved also the study of the law as a science.

"This fact will serve to explain the interruption in his professional career which he permitted when he became Sheriff. His opportunity for considering that step was less, perhaps, than of any other important act of his life. The circumstances were these: There was an important local ticket to be nominated, and there seemed a fair opportunity to overcome a normally large adverse majority by the selection of a strong combination of candidates. Cleveland was popular and had made a splendid run for District Attorney of the county not long before. On the day before the nominating convention was to be held it was suggested that Cleveland should take the nomination. Such a contingency had never entered his mind, and he at first declined to listen to the suggestion. Party managers then surrounded him, and at length successfully urged upon him the importance of the subject as a party matter, and his duty and obligation to his party. Yet in connection with his reluctant assent was the consideration, expressed to me that day, that if he should be elected it would afford him a longed-for and splendid opportunity to study law.

"His partners were loath to lose him, both because they were personally much attached to him and because they had come to know and rely upon his great strength and ability as a lawyer. He had had the laboring oar in all their more important litigations, and was in the midst of great activity and usefulness. He was conservative by nature and a safe counselor. Indeed, if he erred at all, it was on the side of conservatism and safety.

"Mr. Cleveland was in the best sense a successful lawyer. He never belonged to the class of 'money-making' lawyers, although he often received large fees for his professional services. He always met his personal obligations promptly, and he abhorred debt; but he never had any desire to accumulate a fortune, and he was generous to a degree. I recall the fact that, on resuming the practice of law after the expiration of his term as Sheriff, his first act was to lend a considerable sum of money to a poor client in distress. His generosity was evidenced not alone by direct gifts of money, but by professional advice and service. He tried many a case without fee or the expectation of it, and often intervened to prevent the doing of injustice because of his hatred of injustice. A notable instance of this was his devotion to the case of Flannigan before Governor Cornell. Cleveland's first relation with the case was after the man had been sentenced to be hanged, and, despite Cornell's well-known disinclination to exercise the pardon power, he secured a commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment.

"It seemed to him always a pleasure as well as a duty to give aid and counsel to the younger members of the bar, and many a successful lawyer of to-day in Buffalo will recall and attest the readiness and cheerfulness with which he aided in complicated legal situations, or assisted as counsel in the trial of causes, accepting for himself, at most, nothing but nominal fees.

"On January 1, 1874, he resumed the practice of law, becoming a member of the firm of Bass, Cleveland & Bissell. Mr. Bass was then a member of Congress, and by reason of failing health he removed to Colorado at the

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expiration of his term of office, so that Mr. Cleveland became practically the head of the firm at once. The business of the office was large and active, consisting of a general miscellaneous practice, and he applied himself to it as assiduously as ever during the ensuing eight years. This was the period of his greatest activity and usefulness as a lawyer. He tried and argued cases in all the courts of the State and in the District and Circuit Courts of the United States. He was one of the counsel for the plaintiff who secured the largest verdict ever rendered by a jury in western New York — upward of $240,000. He worked incessantly, and his vacation period never exceeded ten days in the year.

"He was engaged in the trial of a case in court in October, 1881, when he was again called upon by his party to do further public service by accepting the nomination for Mayor of Buffalo, which was then tendered and urged upon him. He yielded to this demand the more readily because he saw before him an opportunity not only to serve his party, but to perform a public duty, and, although he remained a partner in the law firm of Cleveland, Bissell & Sicard during the following year, still, with characteristic regard for and conscientious devotion to the performance of official duty, his personal interests as a lawyer were set aside for a time, and, as events proved, for seven years.

"Two things remain to be said in portraying Mr. Cleveland's career as a lawyer: one, that in all his varied relations with clients, lawyers, and courts his every act was characterized by the highest sense of honor and by the most delicate appreciation of and compliance with all the rules of professional ethics; and the other, that every professional engagement, great or small, received the best judgment, thought, and energy of which he was capable. Nothing he undertook was slighted; therefore all his work was done well.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. S. BISSELL."

I WOULD NOT BE THE HOUSÈD SOUL

BY

MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

I WOULD not be the housèd soul,— not I,—
In the pale limit of one dwelling set,
Having my treasures in a cabinet,
And of these lovely lands — this dawn flung high—
Pale copies done in oil hung coldly by,
Books in a careful row lest I forget,
In place of field romances dewy wet
And that perpetual tender page — the sky.

Not this, O god of the Open, god of the Sea,
God of the Air, whose every breath is change!
Let thy star-set, illimitable distance be
My body's house; for my possessions all
Thoughts, and one Dream forever great and strange;
And for my feet one Path running ever out of call.

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OURSELF AND A WOMAN

BY

INEZ G. THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY POWER O'MALLEY

PATROLMAN MONAHAN timed his rounds to intercept Number Twelve, as that officer went on duty.

"Billy Brennan's out to-day." He gave his warning briefly. Number Twelve, who had distinguished himself by taking Billy Brennan *in*, nodded acknowledgment of all that the information conveyed.

"Well, I'm feelin' husky," he answered easily; and went his leisurely way, with no outward indication of the added alertness of his wits. Alley entrances and dark doorways would hold no new menace for him — Number Twelve would have been the first to aver that Billy Brennan wasn't *that* kind; but the ominously simple assurance of a reckoning to come, that Billy Brennan had given his captor a twelvemonth back, had remained the one clear item among many unheeded similar debts, incurred in the course of active service. And the welcome and wassail that an admiring ward waited to lavish on the newly released might well unsettle the judgment of a steadier man.

"If only he don't bring the gang wit' him," Number Twelve allowed himself to hope. His apprehension was filliped by two choice spirits posted on the steps of "Callahan's" to herald the coming of the hero.

"What'd hire yuh t' be *him?*" one inquired satirically, with a nod toward the blue bulk pacing by.

"Rockyfeller's bundle an' then some wouldn't," the other made answer fervently.

"When Billy Brennan"—the first raised his voice to make sure it would reach the ears of the marked one — "when Billy Brennan says he'll get a feller, that feller'd better crawl inter a hole an' pull the hole in after 'm."

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"An' Billy Brennan'd get 'm at that!" the second finished in stentorian tones. Then both grinned appreciatively, and lounged in their respective corners, waiting.

Blocks away, Billy Brennan and Hughie Neil, his pal, were coming on, shoulder to shoulder, heads up, not speaking. Hughie Neil, chosen unanimously and with instinctive delicacy a committee of one to meet the returning one, had waited hours for the train that brought his friend; had waited, eschewing lesser companionship, in threatening quiet, during the year of separation — since retribution was the prerogative of the aggrieved. But now they were together and going to their own!

"There's old Mother Murphy's on the corner"; Hughie welcomed the landmark that gave him pretense for breaking the silence. He had said, "H'are yuh, Willy," and proffered cigarettes, at the moment of meeting; and Billy Brennan had said, "H'are yuh, Hughie?" and taken a "nail" nonchalantly with his left hand, while his right and Hughie's right crushed together. But of lesser things it was possible to speak.

"Mother Murphy's a peach!" Billy Brennan left the sidewalk and struck across to the crack in the wall where old Delia Murphy — his friendly enemy since boyhood — sat breathing on her stock of stony apples, one by one, and rubbing them to faint luster on a corner of her shawl. About her were what seemed the identical newspapers, large, dusty chocolate creams, soggy peanuts, dented oranges, and aged bananas that he remembered.

"Gimme a day after yestiddy's poiper, Mis' Murphy," he greeted her in the fulness of his hungry heart, emotion making his voice unnatural. Without vouchsafing a glance, old Delia put aside her apple, twitched a paper from the pile of latest editions, and kept a precautionary clutch on it while she reached for her money.

"Sure, wouldn't yuh even gimme the news?" gibed Billy Brennan joyously. His hands reached to grip her unlovely claws — his throat hurt with the familiarity of it. He was *back!* Old Delia Murphy leaned forward on her stool and peered up at him, her little eyes screwed to pin-points; looked beyond him to Hughie Neil's tolerant smile; and slammed the paper down on its pile.

HUGHIE

"*No*, I wud not — ye jail-burrd!" she snarled, and took up her apple. Billy Brennan stood motionless as the words struck him.

"Yah — y' old hell-cat!" Hughie Neil's face blazed as he thrust it toward her. "Av it was a man said that — another word like it an' I'll make kindlin's av yer dirty box!"

"Jail-burrd," repeated old Delia in cold defiance; and spat, contemptuously.

Billy Brennan caught Hughie's arm.

"Quit it — it ain't enough t' get inter trouble

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"ANNIE FOLEY HERSELF OPENED THE DOOR"

f'r. Come away — quit it, now!" He jerked Hughie past the enraging indifference of the wrinkled face; but the barb of the unexpected taunt burrowed deeper as they walked. Hughie Neil glanced furtively at the rigid profile.

"Arrh — ferget it!" he burst out at length, wrathfully. "Didn't yuh know her tongue, anyway? An' she wouldn't 'a' said it, only she's got it in f'r you ——" he caught his own tongue between his teeth too late. Billy Brennan looked at him, his blue eyes burning somberly.

"What's *she* got agen meh? I never did anything to her — I ain't done anything to any one," he added bitterly, "f'r a long enough time, God knows!"

Hughie's arm came close.

"Ferget it," he growled consolingly.

"I ast yuh what she'd got against meh!" said Billy Brennan once more; and there was a timbre in his voice, telling of nerves strained to the snapping point, that the other knew better than to evade. Hughie hesitated a second, pulled his hat far down on his forehead, tilted his head back, to look ahead under the shadow of the brim, and put his hands in his pockets.

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"Well — after you — went away —" he kept his gaze interestedly on some distant object— "after you was — some time gone——"

"Get ahead!" Billy Brennan fretted.

"Sure, I dunno how t' tell it! After you was — sent away, then — folks found out about — Annie Foley."

Billy Brennan kept on with him for three steps; then, with no warning, staggered sideways. Hughie Neil had his elbow on the instant.

"Buck up!" he hissed. "Get yer feet — come inside here a bit, then!"

The lookouts at Callahan's shifted impatiently in their places. Billy Brennan was overdue. At the bar, Billy Brennan's own cousin polished, mechanically, with frowning, anxious glances at the clock. The back room was full. And three minutes away, at a dingy table in a basement bakery-restaurant, Hughie Neil sat plying his soul's brother with coffee. Coffee!

"Take it down," he ordered; and, by way of encouragement, insulted his own stomach with a great gulp, and hacked at a wedge of pie with a fine simulation of appetite. But Billy Brennan reached for his glass of murky ice-water and drank that, feverishly. That, in such a place, was his first drink, in his first hour of freedom! Hughie Neil called down curses, under his breath, on women, on fate, on himself and his own helplessness — on all things that had brought them to this pass. Billy Brennan folded his arms, rested them on the table, and leaned on them heavily.

"I'll hear about — Annie," he commanded.

Hughie pushed aside plate and cup and made an end of delaying.

"If ye're thinkin' wit'in a mile of the truth, *I don't need t' tell yuh. I guess it struck yuh* — back there — what it was. After yuh was a month gone, why — Annie, she turned on t' gas. Her a'nt smelt it, though, an' they busted in the door. Nobody knew what she done it f'r — but the a'nt — ev'ry wan knows what *she* is wit' her gab! — they say she gave Annie no peace wit' her quizzin' an' rubberin' an' pryin' an' hullalooin'. An' she got Father Wallace at Annie — Annie wasn't goin' t' church at all, them days. But not a word could they get f'm her. After a while — it got plain enough — what the matter was — an' ev'ry wan guessed — seein' she never'd looked twicet at any feller but you —

"'I SUPPOSED YOU'D COME—SOMETIME'"

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but they didn't *know*. The a'nt she got crazy 'cause Annie held out an' wouldn't tell her — who it was — see? An' she turned the girl out one night. Annie tried the river, but she had no luck at all. A — a cop stopped her, an' 'stead av arrestin' her he took her to the Sisters. They took her in. Since — why, *since* — ol' Delia Murphy, she's got a rat-hole she calls a lodgin'-house, an' she — she took in the two av them — an' Annie works f'r their keep."

Very slowly there crept over the grayness of the tense face opposite a tinge of red that deepened till the bright hue was even from collar to close-cropped brown hair; and, with it, something welled into the fickle, blue depths of Billy Brennan's eyes — something that was a brightness, a warmth, a revelation.

"The — *two* av them," he said; and put his hands up quickly, to shield his face. Hughie Neil watched him, unhappily, and cleared his throat many times to no purpose.

"Say," he ventured finally, "you — don't go t' thinkin' what ain't so. I — last night I went t' see her." The hands came down.

"Annie, yuh mean?"

Hughie nodded. "I been before, too. When I heard — about the a'nt — I went, but Annie wouldn't see meh. Las' night, though, she did. I told her yuh was comin' out t'day."

"Wha'd she say?"

"She ast meh what of it! I told her *she* knew better'n *me*. I got hot hevin' her take it so. An' then she opened up. She's no use f'r yuh. Oh, she said a lot — but she meant it, all right, all right. Honest, she's no use f'r yuh. She's goin' t' take the boy away ——"

"'Tis a boy!" Something akin to that new look trembled in the exclamation.

"'Tis a boy," Hughie assured him reluctantly. "She — now — look-a here, Billy! Yuh ain't goin' to her!"

"I ain't, ain't I? What'll be keepin' me?" But for that unwonted something, it was the old, devil-may-care Billy Brennan who stood up and squared his shoulders with the little reckless chuckle that, of old, had preluded his fights, his frolics, and his love-making. Hughie admired while he protested.

"'Cause yuh'll get turned down — plenty. Take it f'm me — she means it, Billy. She's — aw, say, Willy — cut it out! There's nothin' in it — an' the crowd's waitin' t' Callahan's. They're goin' t' give yuh a blow-out — the whole bunch. I told 'em I'd bring yuh there, straight — what'll they think?"

"What worries them don't keep *me* awake! You c'n come along where I'm goin', or yuh c'n go t' Callahan's an'— aw, I don't mean that, Hughie. I'd go—but—I *gotter* ten' t' this! See?"

There was a convincingness in his manner that took Hughie Neil along to the very door of Delia Murphy's lodging-house; but no farther.

"I'll be stayin' outside," he explained hastily, "t' put yuh wise if the ol' woman comes. Yuh don't mind goin' in alone?"

"Sure not," Billy Brennan lied; and went up the steps springily. Indeed, he had not known how greatly he minded till Annie Foley herself opened the door. Annie Foley . . .

Hughie Neil, watching from a discreet distance, gaped incredulously at the spectacle of Billy Brennan, hat in hand, staring, speechless and immovable — silent where all his power and persuasiveness would scarce avail him. Yet, bewilderingly to the observer, the black oblong widened. Suddenly, of her own accord, Annie Foley opened the door wide; and Billy Brennan stepped clumsily within.

"You'd better come down to the kitchen —" There was absolutely no trace of feeling in the girl's lifeless voice. The lack of opposition, of anger — of everything he had prepared to meet — numbed Billy Brennan, who stumbled after her through the ill-smelling hall and down the rickety stairs, lighted only by a white beam of gas-light in the basement-entry below. The kitchen was a sorrier place, damp, dark, well-nigh plasterless, the floor worn and warped into hillocks and hollows, the water-pipes sagging, the old range broken beyond repair. But it was clean, and that was Annie Foley's work, beyond guess.

A pail of black water, brushes, soap, and cloths had been dropped hastily beside the sink; and she went to them, emptied the water, and put things neatly in place before she spoke. As she turned, she drew her bare arm across her forehead, to put aside her disordered curls. The gesture was infinitely weary.

"I supposed you'd come — sometime —" She did not look at him, but down at her water-soaked hands, which she wiped slowly on her apron as she talked. "I didn't expec' you this soon. I let you in because the street 'd been rubberin', else, an' I want to say what I got to say. I guess Hugh Neil told you I let out at him last night, but I was mad at *him* — that's all. I'm all over it at you. I jest want to tell you I don't look to you f'r anything. You — wa'n't so much to blame — I guess. I was a fool. I wanted it to say that I'd got you away f'm the others — I thought I knew how t' look out f'r *my*self. I didn't, that's all. I was a good girl, too." There was no reproach in the statement, merely a dull wonder that the fact had not sufficed to protect her. "I've never told it was you — nobody could swear to it. An' you needn't think I'll ever come round to

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"HUGHIE NEIL BENT OVER IT IN AN AGONY OF EMBARRASSMENT"

bother you, or ask you f'r anything, f'r I won't. I'd — die sooner." For the first time she looked straight at the motionless figure across the room. The cheap alarm clock, on a shelf between the useless windows, clacked noisily in the silence. "I'm goin' away into the country, somewhere — I can get plenty to do — I'm gettin' strong, now. That's all I got to say," she ended suggestively.

Billy Brennan cleared his throat.

"Say," he demanded, "wha' d' yuh take meh f'r!"

Annie Foley was dumb, for an instant, before the effrontery of it. Then she choked with the impotence of words to fit her detestation.

"Take you for!" she echoed,—"*take* you for! Don't I know what you are — don't I know? Don't I know ev'ry word an' act an' look to be a lie, ev'ry thought a black one, an' the very breath you draw turned poison in your mouth? I'd no need to hear all I've been told this year past — *I* knew! An' now you come — you c'n stan' there an' face me — *me* — when the sight of me should strike you blind! *You* know what I was — you know how you found me, an' how you worked on me an' flattered an' fooled me till I'd no wit left t' help me. An' you swore — swore in ways I don't das' to name — that you loved me, that you'd right me — Glory be! I'd ought to know there's no shame in sech as you, no name black enough t' fit you! D' you hear me? I'm done! You've got what you come for — you needn't ever worry about *me* chasin' you. You've found out how I feel. Now get out."

But he took a step toward her.

"Don't, Annie — *Annie!*"

At his tone Annie Foley's hands went to her breast — barriers against the danger she knew.

"Don't you dare —" she cried at him,— "don't you dare try comin' it over me with your wheedlin' tongue — you hear? I ain't the fool you found me ——" Suddenly her woman's wit gave her the weapon to wound him. "What is there, anyhow," she sneered, "f'r you to want of the likes of *me* — now?"

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"*Cut* that!" Billy Brennan took a quick step forward, his teeth clicking together. "You say what yuh gotter say t' *me*," he warned, "but don't go to slingin' mud at yer*self* — see? What I want er *you* is what I wanted the whole time. Whether you believe it er not, I meant what I said t' yuh — that time. *I* knew what you was — hadn't I seen enough of the other kin' t' tell a *straight* girl? Only — when I seen how yuh cared — cared f'r *me* — why, I went dotty, that's all. I hadn't ever had it — the real thing — before — not in m' life. A — yer — I know what you'll think at that, but it don't cut any ice. I'm tellin' yuh, no decent woman ever came my way before — an' I never cared for nobody — that way. An' yuh c'n take that or leave it! I didn't know how t' hold meself — that's all. All I knew was — *you* belonged t' *me*. . . . But when I got alone, I gotter thinkin' about your side of it, an' seen what I'd done, an' what kind of er dog I was — an' I got bad. That's what I got — *bad!* I couldn't go near folks, n'r inter the house, n'r think er sleepin' — I had t' walk an' keep thinkin' what yuh'd said t' meh — else I'd done somethin' t' meself. As soon as it got mornin', I was goin' t' Father Connell's — hol' on now, *I'm* talkin'! I was goin' t' Father Connell's, I said — see? But I got pulled. An' all this time, you been thinkin' I went straight f'm yuh — after *that* talk — an' went hellin' roun' wit' the gang, eh?"

"Well — an' you did!" she cut in. "You might as well save your breath ——"

"I might, huh?" His anger flared a bit. "Well, no matter what yuh think — you'll listen t' meh till yuh hear what the trut' was. The Drivers was out that time, yuh mind? An' word got about that the Company was to try sneakin' in scabs — t' break the strike — at daylight. So the fellers laid f'r 'm, an' they was a mix-up f'r fair. I run against it, like, but not till the worst was over. There'd been a scab hurted, bad. An' Hen — er — the feller that mebbe done it — he put the way I was comin'. See? I took t' the alley when I heard the row — I got wise. But Hen — er — he made his get-away. I got rattled an' run, an' the cop heard me an' let drive — thinkin' I was his man, I s'pose. But I was bad, that night — the shootin' madded me. I wanted t' fight. I went back at him, but he had his club — well — that's how it was."

Annie Foley drew a long breath and looked away from him. "That — that p'liceman," she said, "I s'pose you'll want t' get even with him; but he — one night I tried the river — I was about crazy, I guess — an' that same cop got me in time. He was good t' me. He had a cousin with the Sisters — I guess you'll let him off, maybe — seein' as that's the only thing I'll ask you. Let 'm alone." She swallowed hard. "The rest of it — how you got mixed up an' all — it's a pity you'd not thought of t' tell the Judge when your hearin' came. Not knowin' you, he might 've believed it."

Billy Brennan swayed back.

"D' yuh mean ter say — yuh think I — *framed* that ——?"

"What diff'rence does it make to me whether 'tis true or not?" she interrupted. "Even if it was so — then you stayed a year, an' better, in jail, to help another feller out, an' let me go through ——"

"Are y' a fool entirely?" he found his voice. "D' you think I — look-a here, an' then ferget I ever told it t' yuh! D' yuh mind I am *not* in the Union? What? An' was it good f'r the Union, that time, t' get credit f'r that night's job? Hadn't they gone as far's they dared, that time, an' wouldn't th' troops 'a' been called out on 'em f'r one thing more? Have sense, girl! I tell yuh — they got word t' meh — the big fellers did — to take my dose an' say nothin' an' they'd get me off light. But so sure as I split — why, they'd bring forty t' say they seen meh do it, an' then swear I was hired by them that wished the Union harm. An' there was the cop had meh cold — say! Who was I to buck that lot — what? Ain't I — an' ain't *you* seen it tried — an' what come to them that tried it? I *had* t' say yes. An' they kep' their word an' got meh off light. But I couldn't write it t' yuh — n'r tell any one — I'd none t' trust. An' I sent letters askin' yuh t' wait till I c'd tell yuh how 't had been, askin' yuh t' sen' meh a word, askin' yuh t' go t' Hughie f'r anything needed — an' never a word at all did I get back. How was I t' know what yer a'nt done — how was I t' know anythin'— shut up there, eatin' the heart av meh out, wonderin' had yuh shook meh — oh, but the reckonin' I'll have wit' them that's hurted yuh! The cop — why, I'll give 'm all I got — that cop — f'r savin' you to meh. I can't think av it, now — what has been. All I know is, I'm here — lookin' at yuh! I don't mind yer words, Annie — it had t' be cleared up. Only now — now, Annie —" He took a step toward her, his arms out, his great chest laboring.

"In God's name," she shrilled, "will you have done! Get away — leave me — leave me be in peace, I say. I don't believe you — I can't, I won't! I'll never take a step with you — I'll die sooner! What is it you're tellin' me this for — what is it you want of me ——"

In two strides he was across the floor and had her in his arms.

"What is it I want?" He caught the thinned,

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pretty face in his right hand, tilting it back till he looked into her eyes, despite her struggles; and as she gazed, perforce, she saw that Something in the blue depths — the new look that held her own brown eyes wide, unbelieving and piteously hopeful. Her white throat swelled. "My girl — *my* girl," he crooned huskily. "Ain't I held yuh so, ev'ry night all this long time alone — an' woke up, reachin' f'r yuh, meh arms empty — an' now I got yuh — here! D' yuh think I'll let yuh loose? Ah — yuh don't wanter go, girl! But afore I kiss yuh — afore I — see — *him* — I want — I want yuh — t' *cry* — darlin'— *here!*" He swept her close; and Annie Foley's head dropped to his shoulder with a little wail of surrender. . . . She began to cry. . . .

Hughie Neil ceased whistling through his teeth and leaned more heavily against the lamp-post when he saw them come out — Billy Brennan with the baby in his arm, Annie Foley fluttering alongside with frettings of concern and transparent attempts at concealing her consuming joy; but he manfully conquered his impulse to flight and approached, hesitatingly. Billy Brennan greeted him with a preoccupied nod.

"Say, where's there a place I c'n get 'm into f'r to-night — know any?"

"Why — mebbe — I guess the old woman c'd make a bed f'r 'm," stammered Hughie. Inwardly he gave praise for the adoration, sometimes irksome, that held his mother slave to his whim. "'Twould be better t' come there——"

"Sure," agreed Billy Brennan. "We — hi! Here!" He halted under the light. "Look-a here, Hughie."

"Billy — you got a right to let him alone," objected Annie Foley.

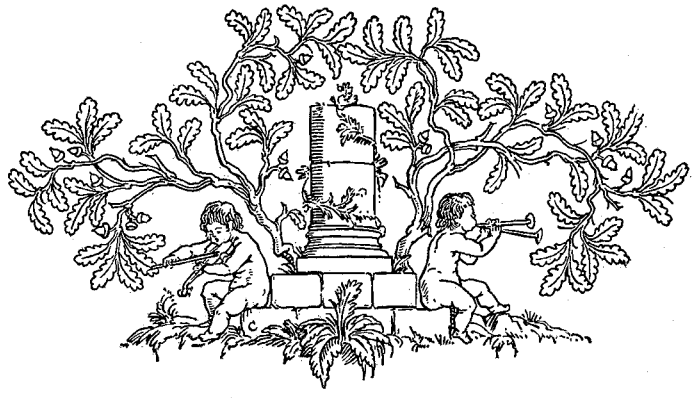
"Aw —" he scoffed. With wonderful gentleness he lifted the veil from the tiny face, and Hughie Neil bent over it in an agony of embarrassment. The baby nestled, puckered his face, drew in his button of a mouth, produced two balls of fists and squirmed them aimlessly. One soft atom brushed Hughie Neil's chin, and he thrilled.

"Huh! Looker that, now," he growled, and grinned sheepishly. "He struck meh!"

"Gotter get use' t' it," exulted Billy Brennan, as they started ahead. "He'll use you hardest of any one — 'cept me — bein' godfather."

"Sure," mumbled Hughie. It was an announcement. So he was to lose his pal. A man married was a man marred for chumming. But he would have a godson. Queer how he took to the notion. He heard a muffled sound from the other side of Billy Brennan. Annie Foley was crying. She was happy. Billy Brennan did not stop her — he put up his head, squared his shoulders, and walked on, proudly, with his son. He was happy. Hughie felt himself grow happy — strangely, ridiculously happy. He burst into poetry.

"Gee — but it's goin' t' be *some* of a night! Looker that new moon comin' up — pretty rotten — what?"



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CONQUERING SPINAL MENINGITIS

WHAT THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE HAS DONE FOR CHILDREN

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

ONE of the most far-reaching discoveries of the Rockefeller Institute is a successful serum for cerebro-spinal meningitis. This achievement is the outcome of the meningitis epidemic which ravaged the tenement districts of New York City four years ago, remorselessly destroying three out of every four children it assailed.

Although this particular epidemic was the most wide-spread in the medical history of this country, New York had had many previous visitations of the disease. For more than a century cerebro-spinal meningitis, at certain well-defined periods, had grievously afflicted the city. As New York had confidently expected the arrival of typhoid epidemics every seven years, so this calamity regularly put in its appearance every ten. Like many other scourges, this infection is clearly one of the penalties exacted by an advancing civilization. Though by no means infrequent in more sanitary sections, it usually selects for its depredations the dark alleys, the sunless rooms, and the most noisome recesses of our large, closely packed modern city.

Meningitis in the Tenements

Starting in the lower East Side, the New York epidemic raged most fiercely among the immigrant populations. East of the Bowery it devoured hundreds of the children of the newly arrived Russian Jews; strangely enough, it developed an even more voracious appetite for Italians. In Mott and Elizabeth streets, now almost exclusively Italian in their population, tenement after tenement became infected; in the section known as Little Italy, farther north, the meningitis germs also found congenial soil. Though the more pretentious residential sections were not entirely spared, wealth apparently conferred some mysterious immunity. In the two years that the disease ran, there were in the neighborhood of six thousand cases of whom not far from forty-five hundred succumbed. Among the victims were people of all ages, but the majority were children under ten years of age. The younger the child, the more violent and destructive seemed the disease, and the appearance of the purplish spots upon babies under one year of age almost invariably signified their death warrant. Older people, however, were by no means immune, instances not being unknown where a whole family of children would go through unscathed, only to have an octogenarian grandmother drop with the disease.

Hardly any malady attacks more suddenly or more rapidly runs its course. In many cases in New York there was absolutely no premonitory sign. A child would go to bed apparently well and happy, and, before sunlight, begin tossing in the advanced stages of the disease. Children suddenly fell unconscious at play, and became acutely ill before they could be put to bed. In one child who thus collapsed in the street, that characteristic meningitis sign, the back-bending of the head and neck, appeared before the ambulance had arrived.

Once stricken, the meningitis symptoms develop rapidly. The disease consists of an inflammation of the several membranes, or meninges, that envelop, as a protective coating, the brain and the spinal cord. When the meningitis germ insidiously worms its way into this delicate mechanism, it sets up a violent inflammation, as a result of which a heavy, slimy exudate is formed, which oozes into all the cavities of the brain and spinal region. The sickness that assails these comprehensive organs extends throughout the whole nervous and muscular system. There are the acutest pains in the head — pains as great, according to one au-

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DR. SIMON FLEXNER

DIRECTOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE AND DISCOVERER OF THE SPINAL MENINGITIS SERUM

thority, "as if nails and screws were forced into the brain." Frequently the wildest delirium supervenes: the child shrieks and tosses so convulsively upon the bed that the strength of grown men is sometimes needed to hold it down. Every nerve becomes abnormally acute; the whole surface of the body is supersensitive to pain; a mere touch on the tip of the finger feels like the stinging of a bee. Sometimes the impact of simple sunlight upon the skin produces convulsions; quickly closing or shutting a door precipitates a spasm, and moving the child even slightly upon its bed is absolute torture. At other times the victim lies comatosed and paralyzed; a heavy anesthesia settles upon the body; one can rub a cotton swab roughly over the eyeball without producing the slightest sensation.

The external appearance fitly pictures the torments of the disease. Dark purplish spots break out all over the body, and small ulcerous swellings disfigure the lips and face. The patient lies with the knees drawn up and the muscles rigid and contracted, as in lockjaw; the head and neck turn backward, and sometimes the spine, as in the latter disease, almost doubles upon itself. If the disease is protracted, a frightful emaciation takes place, the child frequently becoming little more than a breathing skeleton.

Deformities that Follow the Disease

In the New York epidemic, death, in the great majority of cases, ended these sufferings at an early day; the few who survived were the real unfortunates. Seldom were complete recov-

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eries made, and in most cases the physical and mental complications were of a kind that make life unendurable. The mildest were blindness or deafness, and sometimes both; many babies, deprived of their hearing at a tender age, necessarily became deaf mutes. Others left their beds with their spines so bent that they will be virtual cripples for life. Still others, permanently paralyzed in their legs and arms, will spend their remaining days in invalid chairs. The fearful headaches that accompany the disease in its acute stages in many cases will pursue the victims indefinitely; and children after leaving the hospitals were found helpless with palsy — an affliction that they will carry to their graves. Many others had that monstrous swelling of the head that indicates the dreaded hydrocephalus. In some instances the meningitis germ had attacked children bright, happy, and physically robust, and left them incurable imbeciles.

The medical profession of New York, in the face of this destroyer, stood practically helpless. Medical science had accumulated little information on meningitis; back in 1887 a German investigator, Weichselbaum, had isolated a specific microörganism as the causative agent, but the scientific world had not definitely accepted his conclusion as proved. A little morphia now and then to ease the patient's pain, perhaps an occasional cold bath or ice pack to reduce the devouring fever — with these the physician's resources practically reached an end. In a panic some doctors attempted to treat the disease by injecting diphtheria anti-toxin — a remedy for which there was no rational demand, and which, naturally, proved entirely worthless. Driven to desperation, the Mayor of New York City appointed a special commission to make a detailed investigation, and, if possible, to devise some means of successful treatment.

Two directors of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Dr. Simon Flexner and Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, became members of this commission. To Dr. Flexner was assigned what proved to be the most important part of the work — the bacteriological investigation of the disease. Dr. Flexner's medical career had well equipped him for this task. His investigations in many lines had already given him an extensive reputation, both in this country and in Europe. He received his medical education at Johns Hopkins,— thus becoming another of the many brilliant pupils of Dr. William H. Welch, the head of its medical department. He afterwards studied in Berlin and Strassburg and at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and for several years served as Professor of Pathology at Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania. As a member of the United States Army Commission in the Philippines he had done much important work, especially in dysentery, discovering the causative bacillus of one form of the disease. These and other achievements had led the directors of the new Rockefeller Institute, in 1904, after they had looked carefully over the entire field, both in this country and Europe, to select Dr. Flexner as the head of its scientific laboratory. Here, while supervising in general the whole working staff, Dr. Flexner had devoted the larger part of his time to investigations in bacteriology.

A Weak and Fastidious Microbe

Dr. Flexner, at an early stage of the experiments, confirmed the discovery, made nearly twenty years before by Weichselbaum, as to the cause of meningitis. This was merely another member of that great army of infinitesimally small organisms which is waging constant warfare against mankind. For many years this organism had been known as the *diplococcus intracellularis meningitidis* — a formidable but exceedingly descriptive name. By carefully analyzing these several Latin and Greek words, one gets a fairly accurate description of this malevolent microbe. It is a *coccus* because it is a little round ball, like a seed,— instead of rod-shaped, like its cousins, the bacilli; it is *diplo* because it seldom travels alone, but usually in pairs, though frequently even more are found in close association. It is *intracellularis* because, in the body, it is usually found neatly wrapped up inside of cells; and it is *meningitidis* in character because the poison it sets free causes that inflammation of the meninges which results in the terrible disease in question.

Deplorable as are its effects, this *diplococcus* is in itself a veritable weakling. Races of microbes have individualities almost as pronounced as animals; they have their likes and dislikes, almost like men; some are strong, energetic, and full of life, like the typhoid bacillus and the cholera vibrio, others are weak, sluggish, and cowardly, such as this meningitis germ. Many bacteria live for months, some for years; this particular organism lives only for a few hours. Dr. Flexner even found considerable difficulty in artificially cultivating it in test-tubes. The food that satisfies the average microbe apparently failed to stimulate its appetite. Less fastidious bacteria will feed eagerly upon an old potato, or in a smear of gelatin no bigger than the tip of one's little finger, and in concoctions of Japanese seaweed, known as agar-agar, colonies many millions strong can easily be raised. But the *diplococcus* preferred

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death to food of this kind. Its meals had to be especially prepared. Dr. Flexner finally placed before it an appetizing potpourri composed of sheep serum, a little beef infusion, a small quantity of agar-agar, and a soupçon of glucose, and this the *diplococcus* did not absolutely disdain. Even under these conditions, however, it manifested no marked vitality. If placed in a thermostat room — a room in which the temperature represented that of the human body — it did fairly well; but in most cases it wound up its career within twenty-four or forty-eight hours. It grew feebly and reproduced itself with difficulty. Unlike many bacteria, it could not withstand much cold, and, whenever the sunlight fell squarely upon it, it shriveled up like a guilty thing and died.

Meningitis in Animals

There was only one possible way of studying the disease-producing powers of this microbe, and that was by experimenting on living animals. Here, however, certain practical difficulties developed. Meningitis is one of the diseases that animals do not naturally take. There are more or less well authenticated accounts of meningitis epidemics among horses; no other animal, however, has any natural susceptibility to it. There exists a certain community of interest between animals and men in that many of the same microörganisms attack both impartially. Thus a dog living in a tuberculous family will frequently contract tuberculosis, and, after a rapid course of the disease, perish wretchedly. Rats are peculiarly subject to the bubonic plague, and are the usual media of communicating it to mankind; horses, and not men and women, are the greatest sufferers from tetanus. On the other hand, there are many human diseases to which animal flesh is not heir. The monkey can sleep in a bed occupied by a smallpox patient and roll himself up in its blankets without the slightest injurious effects; and it is only in recent years that science has succeeded in inoculating him with that infection. The tenement-houses in which cerebro-spinal meningitis raged in New York were full of domestic pets — dogs, cats, rabbits, parrots, and canary birds; but they all went through the epidemic unharmed.

Certain animals that do not take particular diseases in nature, can receive them by injection — that is, by having pure cultures directly introduced into the tissues. Unlike the domestic dog, the guinea-pig does not "catch" tuberculosis; if a small culture is injected under the skin, however, it develops a fatal infection, which may kill it within a week. Until Dr. Flexner's experiments, laboratory animals had manifested the utmost resistance toward inoculations of *diplococci*. The most useful animal for studying meningitis is the monkey, because of its upright position and its general anatomical resemblance to man. But previous attempts to produce the disease artificially in monkeys had failed. There is a common belief that the *diplococcus* enters the human body by way of the nasal cavity; the repeated rubbing of these microörganisms in the noses of monkeys, however, had not produced the slightest unfavorable results. At other times pure cultures had been directly introduced into the brain and spinal canal, but the monkeys had remained as saucy as before. Dr. Flexner found that ordinary white mice could successfully resist doses that would easily have killed many men. Unless animals could be inoculated, however, there was no possibility of progress. By using large doses, Dr. Flexner soon found himself able to infect guinea-pigs, and, by introducing what he describes as "colossal cultures" directly into the spinal canal, monkeys readily acquired the disease.

For all practical purposes, these laboratory monkeys had the same infection which was working such havoc outside among the children of the tenements. They did not endure, however, a fractional part of the agony that assailed the human sufferers. They gave few evidences of those paroxysms of pain that constantly tortured the children; at most, they merely stepped from the perches and huddled in the corners of their cages, while the children had frequently to be strapped to their beds. Only rarely did the monkeys manifest the tetanic symptoms that were so familiar a sight in the city hospitals; in only one did the head bend backward, and then only for a brief period. Rapidly as the disease progressed in human beings, it sped more swiftly still in these animals; in many cases the victims inoculated in the afternoon had succumbed by morning.

The infection of monkeys marked a great step in the way of ultimate success; the next move obviously was an attempt to cure them.

II

In conquering this disease ordinary medication could avail little; the experimentalist must depend, as in so many other infections, upon the natural defenses of the body. Very few drugs are known that have any particular power in contagious diseases; tremendously potential combative agencies, however, exist in the body itself.

For ages mankind has marveled at the varied phenomena now comprehended under the general name of immunity. We all know that if

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we ever have a particular contagious disease, even in a light form, we seldom take it again. Men and women only occasionally have the diseases of children, and children seldom have the diseases of adults. The fact that animals escape many of the diseases of human kind has already been noted. Insects have their own peculiar epidemics from which all vertebrate races are exempt. Even diseases that attack human kind sometimes show queer freaks of selection; England, once a prolific breeding-place of leprosy, is now immune against it. Until recent years science has been content to observe these facts and has hardly dreamed of penetrating the cause. But in the last quarter of a century experimentalists have made many important discoveries and turned them practically to account in the cure of infectious diseases.

Bodily Fluids Have the Power to Destroy Disease

Among the most interesting of these discoveries is the fact that certain fluids possess great powers, protective and curative. At times these demonstrations almost border upon the grotesque. Take a guinea-pig, for example, and inject into its peritoneum a small quantity of ordinary beef bouillon. Twenty-four hours afterward you can inject into the same place enough pure cultures of cholera germs to kill several men; and although the guinea-pig is exceedingly sensitive to this disease, absolutely no injurious results follow. This simple injection of broth has saved its life. Certain animal fluids, in their normal condition, have much greater therapeutic value. The watery substance always present in the peritoneal cavity has great power; animal serum, however, is the most potential. Serum, it may be explained, is the liquid part of the blood. If you withdraw a quantity of blood from the circulation, and place it in a jar, the red blood corpuscles and other substances coagulate — form into a clot, and sink to the bottom, leaving on the surface a transparent straw-colored liquid. That is blood serum. This fluid, taken in its natural state from one species of animal, frequently has considerable power in destroying the most deadly diseases in another. Thus, a little serum from a healthy man injected into guinea-pigs mortally sick with cholera, will often restore them to health. The therapeutic power of normal serum, however, is mild compared with the serum that, in the medical phrase, has been made "specific,"— that is, the serum taken from a body that has suffered from the particular disease it is desired to cure. In many cases such a serum, taken from a patient who has recovered from a specific disease, prevents an attack of the same disease in other bodies, and also cures aggravated infections.

What is the physiological mechanism by which these results are obtained? If you could observe, with a powerful microscope, the changes that take place in the afflicted body after the introduction of this specific serum, you would have before you the finest example of nature's magic that modern medical science has unfolded. The region at first swarms with myriads of bacilli, rapidly reproducing themselves and secreting their frightful disease-producing poisons. When the serum is injected, however, the malevolent little organisms immediately show that they have encountered a force more powerful than their own. They lose first the power of motion, then become stupid, dull, and cease to multiply. Finally, almost as though seeking mutual protection, they huddle together — form into little pasty colonies, or, as the medical man says, "they agglutinate." In some cases, perhaps, they die merely as a result of the serum injections — though on this point scientists are divided; at least, they lose their aggressiveness and are made susceptible to attacks from other quarters.

Nature's Defenders of the Body

And these new attacks now rapidly follow. Away down in the marrows of the bones, billions of white microscopic cells are being constantly manufactured, which afterward become one of the constituent substances making up the circulating blood. These are the white blood corpuscles, or the leucocytes. Metchnikoff, the great zoölogist of the Pasteur Institute, to whom we are chiefly indebted for these discoveries, has given them a new and descriptive name. He calls them the phagocytes, a Greek word meaning *cell-eaters*. These phagocytes are the constantly vigilant defenders of the body against extraneous elements. Let any injury happen to animal tissue or any malevolent foreign substance invade it, and the phagocytes savagely set to work. Cut your finger, for example: the phagocytes, by the million, escape from the blood stream, squeeze their way through the walls of the blood vessels, and set to work repairing the injury. The swelling that takes place, or the pus that forms, consists simply of these massed white blood corpuscles. Similarly, if any foreign substance gets into the body, they rush to the defense. They cause the process commonly known as absorption, or the disappearance in the body of outside elements. Inject, for example, a little turpentine under the skin; inflammation follows, dead tissue begins to accumulate, but in a short time both the turpentine and the dead tissue are destroyed by the

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phagocytes. In the opinion of most scientists, the operation is simply one of digestion. In general, what happens to the turpentine is similar to what happens to food in our own digestive tracts. In the stomach and intestines, food is attacked by the digestive juices, and transformed into the elements of which bodily tissue is formed. In their turn, the phagocytes come armed with powerful digestive fluids. They swallow the extraneous molecules, and, in their own interior, transform them by their digestive ferments into substances that are not harmful to the body, and, indeed, may be highly beneficial.

The pet abominations of the phagocytes are disease-breeding bacteria. Metchnikoff has divided them into two great families: the macrophages,— or the big eaters,— which attack most vigorously foreign elements, such as the turpentine in question, and the microphages,— the little eaters,— which concern themselves chiefly with disease-causing germs. But for the microphages we should have been destroyed by microbes eons ago; they now save our lives a hundred times a day. If you are "exposed" to a contagious disease and do not "catch" it, it is because the microphagic leucocytes have eaten and digested the enemy. If you do "catch" it and get well, it is because, after a bitter struggle, they have carried the day. If you sicken and die, it is because their most heroic efforts have failed,— the bacteria, that is, have been too numerous and too powerful for them.

Serum Stimulates Activities of the Phagocytes

Now, the activity of these microscopic scavengers can be diminished or stimulated. If a lethal dose of cholera vibrios and a small quantity of opium are injected simultaneously into a guinea-pig, it will presently die. The opium narcotizes the phagocytes,— stupefies them, makes them drunk, as it were,— and, while they are thus sleeping at the post, the bacteria destroy the animal. On the other hand, certain substances thoroughly arouse them and make them unusually voracious. Beef bouillon, as described above, does this to a certain extent; normal blood serum has greater influence, while the specific serum acts most powerfully of all. Thus, specific serum works in two ways: it degenerates the bacteria — renders them chumpy and motionless, and according to some authorities, destroys them outright. It also produces abnormal activities in the phagocytes. Immediately after it is introduced the phagocytic army, many millions strong, swoops down upon the weakened bacilli, and in a few hours the invaders, which came upon the scene lean and hungry, are gorged and distended with their prey; sometimes they are swollen to many times their normal size. The bacilli have now entirely disappeared from the infected parts, and are found only inside their conquerors. Once here, their day is done. They may survive for a few hours, and, in exceptional cases, for days, but ultimately their prisons also prove their graves. The phagocyte bathes them in its own digestive fluids, and the once death-dealing microbes are broken down into innocuous chemical elements. Ultimately, in all probability, they become simple proteids — the elementary substances of which the normal body is largely composed.

Why Serums Are Not Always Successful

One might hurriedly conclude that, once having discovered this phagocytic process and the influence upon it of the specific serum, the elimination of all contagious diseases was in sight. That obviously is not the fact. Only a few infections have thus far successfully responded to serum treatment. In many cases these fluids can be used as preventives; in only a few cases have they developed great power in checking infections that have already gained much headway. This circumstance is largely explained by the fact that the mortal injury is done, not directly by the microbe itself, but by the poison it secretes. Merely destroying the bacteria after the harm is already done will evidently avail little; you have killed the poisoner, but, by that act, you do not get rid of the poison. If, however, you inject the serum before the disease attacks — before the arrival of the bacteria — you have successfully forearmed the patient. In that event the serum lies in wait and destroys the microorganisms before they have accomplished their deadly purpose. Thus the preventive vaccination against typhoid fever, the bubonic plague, and other diseases has been successfully undertaken.

Again, sometimes the injection of a specific serum in the early stages of the disease cures the patient. It accomplishes this because it kills and stops the multiplication of bacteria, and because the destructive toxins already set free are too limited in amount to cause death. This explains why, in serum treatments, the greatest success is attained when the disease is attacked early.

In the main the successful serums are those that destroy not only the bacteria, but their toxins. The one with which we are most familiar is that now generally used against diphtheria. Another, of which we hear little in this country, because the disease against which it is directed is not especially virulent here, but which has had

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great success in tropical climates, is the dysentery serum. Its discovery is the work of Shiga, a great Japanese bacteriologist; and in Japan alone it has reduced the mortality from dysentery more than one half. In Russia, also, it has been used with similar effect. This serum both destroys the bacilli and neutralizes their poisons; in the early stages of the disease, it is almost invariably successful, and is usually so if applied within the first two weeks.

Lockjaw Serum and Fourth-of-July Accidents

An anti-toxin against tetanus, or lockjaw, has also been evolved. As a curative this has not had the same success as the similar treatment for diphtheria. This is explained by the fact that the tetanic poison attacks the most delicate parts of the body. The diphtheria toxin has an affinity for general body cells,— the liver, the kidney, and other easily recuperative forms of tissue. The tetanic poison ignores these and goes directly for the nerve cells, upon which any serious lesions are almost inevitably fatal. As a preventative, however, the tetanus anti-toxin is wonderfully successful. Any one who receives a serious surface wound, especially if accompanied by dirt, should immediately receive an injection, as infection from tetanus can thus almost always be forestalled. Lockjaw as a regular accompaniment of our Fourth-of-July celebration is decreasing annually because of the general use of this simple prophylactic.

Peculiarity of the Meningitis Poison

The destructive molecule in meningitis is what the scientist calls an endotoxin. Many bacteria manufacture their poisons and excrete them into the body they inhabit; the *diplococcus*, however, carefully keeps his poison within his own person, and only gives it up when he is himself destroyed. A serum that causes his disintegration, therefore, and the consequent setting free of poison, seems at first the particular thing to avoid. On the other hand, the early destruction of all *diplococci* would free the body of its original enemies, even though, in this, some poison — though probably not enough to produce fatal results — might be freed. There was also the chance that a meningitis serum might develop anti-toxic properties.

An especially encouraging fact was that the microörganisms could readily be attacked. The disease does not assail the whole body, but only the meninges of the brain and the spinal cord. In most serum treatments the fluid is injected under the skin or directly into the veins. Hence it slowly permeates the whole system,— that is, it has an enormous territory to cover. Dr. Flexner believes that this fact explains many failures in serum treatment, because, in the late stages of the disease, it is impossible to inject enough serum to reach all the affected parts. In the case of meningitis, however, forehanded nature seems greatly to have simplified this problem. Deep within two of the spinal membranes is a conduit or canal, filled, in time of health, with a thin, watery, transparent fluid. Instead of injecting the meningitis serum into the veins, far from the battle-ground, why not inject it directly into this canal? Here it would not have to skirmish about to find the objects of attack, but would have them immediately at hand. Meningitis offered great opportunities of this kind because the spinal canal is so near the surface of the body and thus so accessible. Simply thrust a hypodermic needle in between two of the vertebrae and the thing is done.

III

The serum of an immunized goat developed certain powers in curing guinea-pigs sick with meningitis; but it was not until Dr. Flexner experimented upon several members of the *Macacus rhesus* family that greatly encouraging results were obtained.

Serum Absolutely Prevents the Disease in a Monkey

In curing monkeys, serums derived from monkeys themselves were used. In the course of several months two large animals were thoroughly immunized, and the serum of their blood tried upon five of their compatriots. Into the first animal Dr. Flexner injected enough meningitis culture to destroy several grown monkeys, and simultaneously a small quantity of the new serum. That monkey for the next few hours became the object of much anxious observation. The animal himself, however, was entirely unconcerned. Having been anesthetized, even the slight pricking of the injecting needle had not disturbed his composure. He had not the slightest suspicion that anything unusual had happened, or that in making a solid contribution to the successful treatment of a dreadful malady, he might become one of the great monkeys of history. He sat cheerfully upon his perch, jumped about the cage, and showed all the monkey's characteristic interest in his surroundings. He did not become sick even in a slight degree; and a year after the experiment he was entirely healthy. The conclusion seemed inevitable — the cultures of the disease and the protective serum injected together had completely neutralized each other.

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A Very Sick Monkey Cured by the Serum

At about the same time, Dr. Flexner injected into a second monkey another lethal dose of the same culture. A few hours afterward the animal fell terribly ill with cerebro-spinal meningitis. He was then given a small dose of the serum. In a few hours he began slowly to get better. The following morning the anxious experimenters visited the cage and found their patient convalescent; before the day had passed, he was on his perch, busily eating and chattering.

The first two experiments therefore seemed successful. Still, there was one theoretical flaw; possibly the cultures used might have been a "weak strain,"— not strong enough, that is, to produce fatal infections. In order to remove doubts of this kind, Dr. Flexner inoculated a third monkey with the same dose of identically the same culture that was used in the preceding two cases. To this animal no serum was given. Almost immediately he developed marked meningitic symptoms, and in thirty-eight hours he was dead. The net result of the experiments was then this: One monkey which had received fatal doses of *diplococci* and serum injections simultaneously, developed no traces of the disease. A second, which was injected with *diplococci*, rapidly developed a severe attack, but, on receiving a small quantity of serum, promptly got well. A third, which was given precisely the same quantity of *diplococci* as the preceding two, but no serum, just as promptly died.

Dr. Flexner had only two more monkeys left in the laboratory; he gave them both fatal cultures of *diplococci*, following the injections, when the disease appeared in virulent form, with the serum. Both animals made quick and complete recoveries. As it was impossible to purchase any more monkeys in the open market at that time, the experiments came to an end.

The mechanism of the meningitis serum, as disclosed by a microscopical examination, was essentially that described above. Once introduced into the spinal canal, it searched out in every crevice the *diplococci*, weakened them, and caused them to become shapeless and motionless. It stimulated also the phagocytes, which rushed upon the degenerated microbes, gulped them in, and destroyed them with their digestive fluids. The serum also demonstrated some anti-toxic power; that is, after destroying the bacteria, it had a certain capacity for neutralizing their poisons.

These experiments clearly proved that the serum of a monkey thoroughly immunized against meningitis prevented the disease in monkeys and rapidly cured the most acute infection. But could the same treatment be applied to man? This did not necessarily follow. The laboratory infection could be readily controlled, the experimentalist could apply the treatment at an early stage of the disease,— he received all his patients, in other words, under the most favorable circumstances. But in the case of human beings, the patients, for the larger part, could be reached only some days, in many instances more than a week, after the first onslaught. In view of the fact, however, that no other treatment was known, it would certainly have been a crime not to use the serum upon the stricken children.

Mankind's most patient friend, the horse, was selected as the source from which to obtain a serum for this purpose. The blood of most animals acts as a poison upon human tissues, but that of the horse is practically harmless. Dr. James W. Jobling, of the Rockefeller staff, who had already coöperated with Dr. Flexner in his experiments, undertook the task of immunization. In rendering this animal adamant to the attack of the meningitis organism, the experimentalist simply applied once more the great discovery of Pasteur — that by using first small doses of organisms which had been largely deprived of their virulence, and then gradually increasing them in quantity and in strength, the animal is ultimately rendered absolutely incapable of taking the disease.

In this way, by inoculations extending through nine months, the Rockefeller horse reached a condition in which no power on earth could give it meningitis. Moreover, there was fair reason to believe that its serum had acquired new powers that would destroy the disease in other bodies.

First Three Human Beings to Receive the Serum All Get Well

By the time the serum was ready, the New York epidemic had practically run its course. But in the northern part of Ohio is the little town of Castalia — a place with only six hundred inhabitants, among whom meningitis, in recent years, had been practically unknown. In January, 1907, the plague suddenly appeared in this quiet village. The sufferers were few, there being in the town and in the surrounding country only eighteen well-defined cases in three months. Few as they were, they caused a panic, half the people in terror leaving the region, taking their children with them. In the early part of March, Dr. Louis W. Ladd, of Cleveland, appeared in Castalia, bringing a supply of the serum, prepared to test it, for the first time, upon human beings.

When Dr. Ladd arrived, only three patients

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were left upon whom the new remedy could possibly be tried. Of the eighteen cases, twelve had died, and three had practically recovered, while three still remained in the convulsive grip of the disease. These three patients lived at widely divergent places in the country surrounding Castalia, and, in order to get the serum to them, it was necessary to take long rides through a sparsely settled country district. A girl sixteen years of age was the first human patient to receive the new treatment. Until suddenly attacked by meningitis in the latter part of March, she had been a healthy, normal girl; by the time Dr. Ladd arrived, however, although she had been ill only three days, the disease had gained a most destructive headway. When Dr. Ladd first saw the patient, she lay in a condition of semi-consciousness, with retracted head and all the other marked manifestations of the disease. She was burning in a high fever, the pulse was rattling on at the rate of a hundred and twenty, and the thermometer registered a temperature of 103 degrees. The physician set to work immediately, adopting the method of introducing the serum that has been followed generally since. Placing the patient in a sitting posture, he inserted a hypodermic needle between two of the lower vertebrae, withdrawing first a considerable quantity of the purulent spinal fluid. Into the same place Dr. Ladd then injected a small amount of the serum. The girl having resumed a recumbent position, the foot of the bed was lifted slightly, so as to permit the new fluid to flow down the spinal canal and into the brain. As this was the first use of the serum, only a small amount was injected; its effects, however, were soon plain. By the afternoon of the next day the fever had considerably subsided, and for brief periods the patient became mentally normal. That same afternoon a considerably larger amount was injected; and fifteen hours later the mental condition cleared, and the muscular rigidities, including the retraction of the head, began to subside. After another injection, the girl's improvement became regular, finally resulting in a complete recovery.

Dr. Ladd next used the treatment upon a three-year-old child, whose attack had been even more violent than the foregoing. In this case also perfect recovery followed. The next patient was a powerfully built man twenty-three years of age — a railroad employee who had arrived one evening at the near-by country hotel apparently in excellent health and was found the next morning unconscious in bed. The assault had been so violent and the sickness had made such startling progress by the time Dr. Ladd arrived that the case seemed absolutely hopeless. But after three injections of the serum the patient slowly came out of the unconscious state, and in three or four weeks he had returned to his work completely restored.

Thus all three of the patients upon whom the Flexner serum was first used entirely recovered.

Meanwhile, another severer epidemic had broken out in Akron, Ohio. Several schoolchildren and workers in a local rubber factory suddenly contracted the most aggravated form of the disease. A considerable number were at once removed to the Akron City Hospital, where, under the supervision of Dr. W. S. Chase and Dr. M. L. Hunt, the new serum had its first trial on any considerable scale and under conditions permitting detailed scientific observation.

Here Viola Houser, a nine-year-old Akron school-girl, furnished the medical world its first opportunity to learn something of the workings of the new remedy. One morning in April Viola went to bed complaining of a headache, and, before nightfall, she had become unconscious. The next evening the child was delirious, hurling herself wildly about the bed and screaming in agony. The illness that followed was very severe and protracted; admitted into the hospital on the last day of April, the child did not leave it until the early part of August. It was one of those chronic cases which are so greatly feared, and which frequently terminate, in case the patient gets well, in a hydrocephalus. When Viola Houser finally left the hospital, however, she was a well child, in complete possession of her mental and physical powers.

At the same time, Drs. Chase and Hunt treated several other patients with the Flexner serum. When the Akron epidemic ended, a casting up of accounts showed that there had been nine cases outside the hospital in which the serum had not been used. Of these, eight had died. On the other hand, there had been eleven cases in which the serum had been used. Of these only three had died. The mortality in the non-serumized cases was therefore ninety per cent., and in the serumized cases it had been reduced to twenty-five. In one of the fatal cases, however, the serum had not been used until the patient had become pulseless.

Dr. Flexner, with characteristic caution, refused to accept these results as conclusive. Eleven successful cases, though they might justify further experimentation, hardly furnished grounds for definite conclusions. Other opportunities were soon found. Immediately following the Akron experience, a small-sized meningitis epidemic broke out in Cleveland. Here Dr. Ladd administered the Flexner serum in thirteen cases. The results almost dupli-

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cated those obtained in Akron. Of the thirteen patients eight got well and five died — a recovery percentage of sixty-one against a mortality percentage of thirty-eight.

Wonderful Work Done in California

Far out in the San Joaquin Valley, California, nestling at the foot of the Sierras, is the little town of Porterville; here, in December, 1907, an epidemic of meningitis suddenly appeared. The mortality that resulted was excessive, even for this disease. In a few weeks twelve unfortunates, many of them men and women, were stricken, and of them only one, a boy eight years old, recovered. Here, therefore, the death toll amounted to ninety-one and a half per cent.

When matters had reached this pass Dr. Philip K. Brown, of San Francisco, came into possession of a small quantity of the Flexner serum. Jumping upon a train he made a three-hundred-mile journey to Porterville, and placed the precious fluid at the disposal of Dr. Andrew Miller and Dr. A. S. Barber, who had most of the cases in charge. By the time Dr. Brown arrived, one of Dr. Barber's patients, a baby but fourteen months old, had just fallen ill. "I don't want any experiments tried on my baby," said the mother, when the physician asked permission to use the serum. She soon consented, however; and twenty-four hours afterward the retraction of the head had disappeared, the child was conscious, wide awake, and nursing at the mother's breast. In a couple of weeks he had entirely recovered, manifesting, among other healthy signs, what the doctors describe as a "ravenous appetite."

The next patient was a boy eight years old. The day after receiving the serum this child, upon whom the meningitis onslaught had been extremely severe, had regained consciousness; a month later he sat at table and ate breakfast with his family, entirely cured. A young woman aged nineteen, under the serum treatment, made most satisfactory progress; one night, however, a few days after the first onslaught, she became rapidly worse. Unfortunately the supply of serum was exhausted, and the young woman died. The doctors declared their belief that, had they had more serum at the time, the patient would have got well. An additional supply soon arrived, however, and it was needed. A little girl six years old had developed an aggravated case; tossing in agony, she at one time hurled herself entirely off the bed. An injection of the serum had an immediately quieting effect; and in less than a week the child had entirely recovered. In one other case the serum was used, and here again successfully. The Porterville epidemic thus showed these net results: in twelve cases in which the serum had not been used there were eleven deaths and one recovery — a mortality record of ninety-one per cent.: in six cases in which it had been used there were one death and five recoveries — a mortality record of sixteen per cent.

Meantime, in other places similar results were regularly obtained. Dr. Charles Hunter Dunn, of Boston, used the Flexner serum in sixty-one cases during 1907 and 1908; of these forty-four recovered and seventeen died — a mortality of twenty-five per cent. Dr. Dunn declares that the results in these cases "afford a very strong basis of hope that the treatment" will demonstrate "a value commensurate with that of anti-toxin in diphtheria." At the Garfield Memorial Hospital in Washington Dr. J. D. Morgan and Dr. W. W. Wilkinson used the serum in ten cases; seven recovered and three died — a mortality of thirty per cent. The last epidemic, in the District of Columbia, in 1898, showed, out of 110 cases, a mortality record of eighty-one per cent. Dr. W. T. Longcope tried it in five cases — all that there were — in the Pennsylvania Hospital at Philadelphia; four got well and one died.

Serum Used in Edinburgh with "Remarkable Results"

News of these successes had now reached Great Britain. At the time of the New York epidemic, several cities in Scotland and Ireland had been visited by meningitis. In all instances the mortality record was about the same as that in New York. In Edinburgh it had been eighty per cent., in Belfast seventy, while that of New York had been seventy-five. Several German and English scientists had been working on anti-meningitis serums, which had been tried practically without success in these epidemics. Dr. A. Gardner Robb, physician in charge of the Belfast Fever Hospitals, had used three different serums in seventy-nine cases, without the slightest reduction in the death rate. He had become extremely pessimistic on the possibility of a successful serum treatment and took up the American discovery with the greatest reluctance. For four months, however, he used it in all meningitis cases in his hospital. "The results obtained," he writes in the *British Medical Journal*, "have been remarkable." In this period he tried the new remedy upon thirty people; twenty-two recovered and only eight died. In the same time there were thirty-four cases treated outside the hospital without the serum; and of these twenty-nine died. Up to date Dr. Robb has

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used the serum upon ninety patients, with a mortality result of only thirty per cent. Dr. Claude B. Ker, lecturer on infectious diseases at the University of Edinburgh, who has used Dr. Flexner's preparation with similar results, says: "I am convinced that, in Flexner's serum, used intraspinally, we have a wonderfully effective treatment for cerebro-spinal meningitis." In France and Germany the new remedy is now being used with the same success.

Those Who Recover Get Entirely Well

Up to the present time, there are official records of the use of the serum in about six hundred cases. In these the mortality rate has been about twenty-five per cent.— against the seventy-five that had previously prevailed. Important as these figures are, physicians say that the visible results at the bedside are far more convincing. In successful cases, the administration is almost invariably accompanied by a fall in temperature; and afterward the extreme sensibility to pain disappears, there is a return to consciousness, and an end to delirium. The physician who sees a little girl one day writhing with meningitis, and then, after a few injections of the serum, finds her sitting up in bed playing with her dolls — and this has happened — cares little for the evidence of statistics, conclusive as they may be. And even more impressive is the fact that those who recover almost invariably get entirely well. The frightful mental and physical deformities that previously followed convalescence are virtually absent. In his last official communication on the subject, Dr. Flexner gives the records of two hundred and ninety-five patients who have recovered under serum treatment. In these there was only one case of mental impairment and there were only seven of deafness. All the other recoveries were absolutely complete. In the old days recovery in meningitis simply meant that the patient did not die, — in at least one third of the "recovered" cases, however, there resulted merely a vegetative existence, made useless by frightful mental and physical deformities; while under the serum treatment, "recovery" means a normal restoration to health.

Great Reduction in Infant Mortality

Upon babies and very little children the serum also appears exceedingly efficacious. Hitherto infants under two years almost never recovered from the disease. The records of the Babies' Hospital of New York show fifty-five cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis of children under two years; among these there were forty-nine deaths — amounting to ninety per cent. Among the children under two years of age who have received the Flexner serum, the mortality has been only fifty-three per cent. In the Babies' Hospital of New York, during the recent epidemic, of twenty infants under one year, ill with meningitis, not a single one got well. One half of the babies of this age who have been treated with the serum have been transformed into normal healthy children.

NOCTURNE

BY

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

IF she could stand here in my sight,
I should not miss the lost moon's light,—
Her grace would make my poor room bright.

If on this dim and murky air
Shook out the savor of her hair,
I should know Spring had climbed the stair.

If even Love, this long while dead,
Took his old place at the bed's head,
I should feel somehow comforted.

But I shall wake alone, all night.

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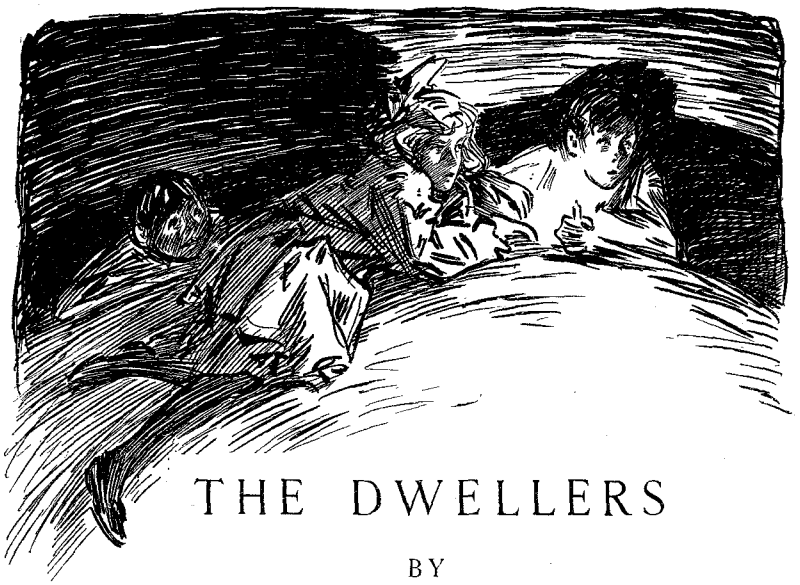

THE DWELLERS

BY

E. NESBIT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

WE live at Yalding in a big, square red house with servants and gardens and gardeners, and a carriage and three horses and a dog-cart, and a donkey and cart of our own. The other things are father's and mother's. I tell you this, not because I am a purse-proud aristocrat like the unfortunate perishers in the French Revolution, but just to show you that we do not live in horrible alleys, where the light of day hardly penetrates, and we are not villa-dwellers either. It was Uncle Reginald who told us about villa-dwellers, and of course lots of our friends do — villa-dwell, I mean; and he also told us about lake-dwellers and tree-dwellers and cave-dwellers, all of it most interesting, though, I believe, perfectly true. They have found the bones of cave-men mixed with bears and mammoths, I believe, and they used flint weapons, and used to draw pictures in dark caves, and it is considered mysterious how they could see to do it — because matches and candles had not yet been thought of. And the lake-dwellers did not live in the lake, like the cave-dwellers did in the caves, but in houses built on stilts, that had their feet in the water. And the tree-dwellers lived in trees, as naturally they would. Uncle Reginald said he did not think there were any tree-dwellers alive now, except our poor relations. He meant the monkeys. But he said people still lived in stilted houses, and also in caves. If you are going to understand our story at all, you will have to attend to what I am now saying, even if I do seem instructive. I give you my word, I will not go on being — not a single moment more than necessary. I do not like it myself. These different kind of dwellers I have been telling you about were ferocious savages, who sometimes ate their enemies. They were as fierce as they could possibly be, and wore hardly any clothes — only beast-skins. They were all like this except the villa-dwellers, who are quite different, and just like other people. That is all the instructive part; we now come to the narrative.

I will begin by saying that I am Clifford, and there are four others, not counting Madeline, who is but a mere cousin, and not really one of us. The other names are Olive, Alan, Martin, and Laura. I never can see that it is any use telling people's names if you don't at once tell what they are like. But the finest authors do it — so I suppose it is right.

I need not really have said anything about Martin and Laura, because they were having measles, and were in bed at the time, and so were wholly out of it — I mean, out of the adventure.

Their measled condition was half the cause

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of everything that happened. Measles is an infected disease, which means that if you are anywhere about where it is you catch it. It is a painful and sniveling disorder. I wonder Madeline did not catch it. She is always catching hay-fever, and I should have thought one sniffing disease was as easy to catch as another. But Madeline thought otherwise. She often thinks otherwise. So when the fell plague had become known, and the others were put to bed, Olive and Alan and Madeline and the present author were sent off at once to stay with our uncle at Chislehurst, a spot we had never before visited. He was a newish uncle, having but recently retired from the army (artillery), in which, and in India, he had spent most of his manhood's prime. Uncles who have been in the army are more difficult to please than the plain kind of uncle. Accustomed as they are to the unquestioning obedience of their regiments, they jump down your throat if you do the least thing. And there are not many books in their houses that you care about reading. At least, this was the case with the uncle on whose hospitable shore we were cast up by the measles. Noise upsets this kind of uncle more than you would think when you remember how noisy drums are, and soldiers' boots, to say nothing of trumpets and the clash of battle. When we had been at his house about forty-eight hours, we were as near bursting as I ever wish to be. We seemed to have been holding our breaths ever since we came, and there was no getting away from the uncle. He pounced on you in his stiff military way, in spots you would have thought far out of his beat. But the artillery motto is *Ubique*, which means all over the shop, and I suppose he had had to practise being it.

It was on the second morning after breakfast, which was porridge, eggs and bacon, cold beef, marmalade and toast, and only speak when you're spoken to. We met together in cautious despair in a summer-house — very tidy and shiny with green paint, at the bottom of the garden — and Alan said: "Measles lasts three weeks."

"More than we shall if this goes on," said Clifford.

Madeline said: "I shouldn't mind it so much if everything was different."

And Olive said: "Well, it *is* different from home; but it's no use repining."

"No," said Clifford, "we've jolly well got to stick it!"

"Couldn't we tame him?" Madeline suggested, as if retired colonels were mice.

"It isn't taming he wants, my child," said Clifford, "he wants *warming*. It is iced water that flows in those veins — not blood at all."

"We could do something to wake him up," said Alan cheerfully.

"Let sleeping uncles lie," said Clifford. "What we've got to do is to devise a plan to alleviate our desperate existence. Can't any one think of anything?"

Curiously enough, nobody could. Only at last Madeline said: "We might take him out into a wood, and leave him there!"

This was what we once did to her, though very sorry for it afterwards.

"I think some noble task would help us most," said Olive, taking no notice of Madeline. "I shall buy some blue wool and knit him some bed-socks — in two shades."

"My only comfort," said Clifford, "is that my collars won't hold out. Three a day isn't what they've been used to!"

It is rare indeed for an uncle to notice what you have got on. Aunts are more observative.

"I suppose it's being tidy himself," said Olive. He *was* tidy; more so than I have ever seen any one in human shape. No matter where he went, he never got dusty. The muddiest day had no power over his boots. He never got blacks on his nose, even in trains. There are few uncles like him in this fair and untidy world. This was why he was always sending Clifford to put on a clean collar, little knowing how near the end of them was.

"But what can we do?" Martin impatiently asked.

"Grin and bear it," said Clifford.

"I will bear it," said Madeline, who always thinks what you say is exactly the same thing as you mean. "But grinning is vulgar, and it wasn't my fault I upset my coffee at breakfast. I expected it to be tea, and it upset me when I found it wasn't."

Nothing whatever came of this talk. I only tell it you to show you what it was like staying with that uncle.

Up to now the uncle had not punished us, and we had really not done anything deserving such conduct, either. But he had jawed, and that was enough to show us what it would be like when he *did* begin to punish. And we knew it would be improbable for us to go on doing nothing to excite his just vengeance. We feared the worst — and the worst happened, as it so often does, quite unexpectedly.

Like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter, the worst sprang full-armed out of a tea and address to Serious Sergeants. The tea was in the garden, with lots of buns and cakes, and the address was not quite fair really, because, when once our uncle had got the Serious Sergeants there, he loosed a whole pack of addressers on them — all old gentlemen, very long-winded

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and eloquent, and they jawed quite without pause or tiredness. They were good stayers. One was a bishop.

We fled the scene as soon as the buns were over. The time seemed ripe for a game of silent "I spy," which we had long thought would be the bow-what-do-you-call-it of excitement. We never thought we should get to do it; but now every one was out in the grounds — even the servants — being addressed like mad, and the large, quiet house, with three staircases, lay waiting our manoeuvers. It is rather a fine game, really. Clifford invented it. Instead of shouting "I spy!" you exchange meaning glances with the found, and there is always a paralyzed period of glare before you start running or he starts catching you. The others have to take their chance. You run as quietly as you can; but somehow your movements are usually heard by the others.

"HE WAS A NEWISH UNCLE BUT RECENTLY RETIRED FROM THE ARMY"

Before beginning the game, Clifford thought he would do a kind act for the tidy uncle. There was a bit of string, with a knot, sticking out from behind a piece of furniture, and Clifford cut it with his new knife and threw it away. Then, with a happy something-attempted-something-done sort of feeling, he started on "I spy."

It was all right till Madeline and Olive were chasing Alan and me, and we came down the front stairs, and they came down the back to head us off, and we met at the hat-stand in the hall. We were all going at a pretty good lick, and it was like four locomotives meeting at a railway accident — or rather *five*, for the hat-stand took a sudden and spirited part in the game. It waved itself a little in the air, and then down it came, burying us under an avalanche of coats, while high hats thundered around us on the marble floor like discharges of artillery. There were losses on both sides. The hat-stand lost several pegs, Madeline's head was bumped, Olive hurt her elbow, and I know I felt the place on my back for weeks. We freed ourselves from the hurtling hat-stand. It turned out afterwards it had always been of a wavering disposition and had to be controlled by string, which was what I had cut. And how was I to know? The uncle was simply frightful to the butler about it afterwards — said it was a living lie, and he ought to have had lead nailed under it, if it wouldn't stand upright by itself.

And when we had got free, and gazed around on the wreckish results, the stoutest of us quailed. There was a Chinese jar that a missionary had looted from China and given to the uncle. It must have been a noble smash, if only we could have seen it. And a brass tray dented. Three umbrellas smashed right through their ribs, looking like broken-winged birds. But the high hats! The others did not seem to know; but Clifford knew, for he is nearly a man. They were bent, and rubbed up, and scratched. The hat-stand had fallen on one, and Olive had sat on another. All poetical dreamers, who ever imagine anything, must have imagined sitting down hard on a high hat as one of the heights of worldly bliss; but to do it like this, without knowing about it at the time, is not at all the same thing — it is a wasted joy, besides being a devastating accident that no being awfully

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sorry for can wipe out. And of course, when we picked up the most firmly sat-on hat, we saw the loops of cord, and knew it was the bishop's. It would be. Life is like that.

We looked at each other, and at the ruins of that once happy hat and hall and hat-stand. And we heard the Serious Sergeants clapping one of the addressers — we never knew which.

"Oh," said Madeline, "I *can't* bear it! Let's hide till he's got over it a little."

"We ought to face the music," said Clifford, who wishes to be a conscientious hero.

"We needn't face it *yet*," said Alan. "Wait till the Serious Sergeants have gone."

"Let's fly," said Olive. "We can come back and face it better, when our hearts aren't going it like this, and when we've had time to find out exactly where we're hurt, and how much."

"We'll leave a letter, then," said Clifford. And with fingers that trembled, not from fear, but because the hat-stand had trampled on them with its mahogany foot, he wrote on a leaf of his pocket-book:

"We are guilty, and we will come back and suffer it when the Serious Sergeants are over."

We signed our names, put the paper amid the ruins of the bishop's hat, and stealthily fled. Clifford had the sense to conduct the flight by a roundabout route that did not pass the addressed lawn, and that did happen to go through the pantry. Here the instincts of a born general taught him to provision his men for the march. We took bread and jam tarts, cake, and the departed remains of what was once a large fowl; also cold sausages; and some stoned raisins we found in a basin — ready for a pudding, I suppose.

Clifford, at the risk of capture, honestly went back and wrote on the paper: "We have taken some grub — necessity nos no law." So it was not stealing.

We fled to the fence that is the end of the uncle's domain. But this did not seem far enough, so we climbed the fence. I don't know how we got Madeline over, but we did, and the tear in her frock has been mended since, and does not show so very much.

"Only a fence, a simple oak fence," like they say in books about faded flowers; but what a difference! The uncle's garden was tidy and gravelly — you couldn't drop a bit of silver-paper off butter-scotch or spit out a cherry-stone without its showing. But here all was wildness and adventure. The trees were much taller, the undergrowth was thick and close like in tropical forests; there were ferns and brambles and dried branches and dead leaves thick and deep and rustling; and here and there patches of fine green turf and soft, cushiony green moss.

"No human eye," said Clifford, throwing himself down on the green cushioniness, "can mark our proceedings."

"It *is* a jolly place," said Alan, and he sat down too, and so did Olive.

But not Madeline. Oh, no. She said it was sure to be damp, and she thought the nice dry leaves would be much better for us. So she went prowling about looking for an extra dry place.

Clifford was lying on his injured back, looking up into the trees, where it is so light and green, and you would like to nail a house up there and live like the Swiss Family Robinson.

He had just cut off six-feet lengths of nine by two and a half dream-boards with an imaginary saw to begin making the house, when howls met his ear.

Madeline, a prey as usual to conflicting destiny, was rustling and struggling among the leaves, and saying "Ow! Ow!" with despairing violence. She appeared to be on her knees.

"Ware snakes," said Clifford, with calm decision, and we all went — really quite quickly — toward Madeline.

We were nearly there — only the brambles were strong and twisty, because we went the nearest way, and interpeded our advance — when Madeline began to disappear. I saw her head going lower and lower, and if I had not known geography I should have said a boa-constrictor had entwined itself about her reluctant form and was dragging her to its fell lair. But, of course, in Chislehurst this would be far from an every-day occurrence. On the other hand, if not a boa-constrictor, what was it?

This was the question we all asked.

"What is it, Mad?" we asked, in variating tones. "What is it?"

We now saw Madeline, buried in the leaves up to her elbows, which she was leaning on.

"What is it?" we kept on saying.

And she answered in the following remarkable remark: "I have lost my legs," was what she said.

Again the serpent writhed through the fragile brain of Clifford, but was rejected as not likely in the garden of England, which I believe Kent is called.

"Lost your legs?" said Olive. "You can't have."

"Hold on to me," said Madeline, in accents of great terrifiedness; "if you don't I shall lose all the rest of myself."

"Why," said Clifford, declining the serpent for good and all, "you must have fallen into a hole." And he caught her by one arm, signing to Alan to catch the other.

But Alan was not quick enough. Already

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"WE KNEW IT WAS THE BISHOP'S"

the hem of Madeline's dress was standing up round her in a frill. It looked like the petals of a black rose, which is a silly, romantic idea, and it was Olive who thought of it afterwards.

And now, before Alan had time to obey the ready Clifford and catch her other arm, Madeline's arms went up over her head, and she sank out of sight.

I need not assure the reader that Clifford held on as long as he could, but all was vain. You can't hold a great girl like that up with one hand. As it was, Clifford's arm was very near disconnected at the socket.

"Ow!" said Madeline, just before her mouth went under the dead leaves.

The last that was seen of her was the ends of her hair. Then they vanished with a quiet rustling of the leaves.

And there we were in the wood — just three of us, who had been four — and Madeline had disappeared into the ground.

We listened in vain for the sickening thud that always happens in newspapers when people fall from any height. There was none, and the leaves seemed to have closed over her disappearance like waves. Only some of the damp leaves turned up from underneath marked the fatal spot.

We hastened to clear away the leaves in armfuls. They were very thick indeed. The voice of Madeline suddenly yelling just underneath us made us stop for a minute, and then go on harder than ever, replying to the buried one by whispered yells, so as not to be heard by the Serious Sergeants, of "All right," "You hold on," and "We're coming."

We had lifted away quite a lot of leaves — you see, they kept tumbling in from the sides and choking up the hollow as fast as we made it — before we found the hole in the ground through which our cousin had happened to sift.

It was just about big enough for a man to get through, not more.

"Are you hurt?" "Where are you?" "Can't you get out?" we now said all at once.

And Madeline replied from the depths of the earth: "I'm here — no, of course I can't. It's all soft leaves. I'm not hurt. I wish you'd come down and help me."

Clifford's ambition is, of course, to be the bravest brave that was ever tolled for, but he owns that he said: "Is it far? — far down, I mean?"

"Oh, *no*," said Madeline, "you can drop quite easily."

So then he put his boots into the hole and followed them. No hero can do more.

He felt about with his feet, and found stones sticking out of the side of the hole that he might have climbed down by, but he thought it safest to drop from the top in case dropping became

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needful farther down, at some spot where he couldn't get a good grip and swing clear.

You would not believe how little he liked to do that drop into the unknown, and perhaps on to Madeline, though he had already shouted "Stand from under!" before inserting his boots.

Well, no matter what his feelings, he did drop — and it was a much longer drop than he expected, though I don't suppose Madeline meant to deceive. He fell quite soft, into a heap of dry leaves and crisp twigs. And when he had recovered from all fours, which is what he landed on, owing to the springiness of the leaves, he stood up and felt for solid ground and found it.

Then he said, "Where are you?" And Madeline said, "Here, of course!" And he struck a match and lit a bit of candle. All us boys always carry matches and candles. You never know. And how true that was in this case!

"WE OWNED THAT WE WERE LOST"

The unintending explorers found themselves not, of course, in a serpent's lair, nor even, which Clifford had also thought of, a bear-pit long disused since the days in history when they used to bait them. No; it was better than that by long chalks. It was, quite really and truly, and with no nonsense about it, a *cave*. It arched up over our heads about as high as a ceiling, and quite as white. The floor, except where the leaves had fallen through the hole and heaped up under it for countless ages, was covered with smooth sand. And it was *large* — not just a hole-and-corner sort of cave, but a big cavern that stretched out behind us and before us like a winding underground tunnel.

"I want to get out," said Madeline.

"I daresay you do," said Clifford brightly, and he looked up at the roof of the cave where the hole was that we had come down by. Of course, it was far beyond our reach.

"Hi!" was now heard to be being shouted by Olive and Alan above, "what is it?"

"It's a cave," said Clifford; "a jolly big one."

"I say — I'm on," remarked Alan. And as the hole shut up, I knew he had put his boots into it.

"You can't get out again!" I shouted, but too late; his boots and his body had shut off our voices from his ears. Next moment he stood beside us — on all fours.

"Stay where you are!" Clifford yelled up to Olive. "Look here, you mustn't come down. I'm sorry for you — you'll have to break it to Uncle, and make him send ropes and rescues. I should wait till the Serious Sergeants are out of the way. We shall be all right here."

She said it was perfectly beastly of us, shoving it on to her; but Clifford explained patiently how we couldn't help it. We got her to roll most of the grub up in her pinafore and drop it down the hole, in case of the Serious Sergeants being a long time going.

"And now," said Clifford, "I vote we explore a bit." We explored. It was like the Hampton Court maze, only, instead of being hot sun, and grit under your feet, it was quite cool, and soft sand, and very dark. And it went on and on. It was rather like the crypt of Rochester Cathedral, only the pillars were too big, and not carved at all. There were rough arches in the walls here and there, and flat stones inside, something like the tombs in a church, only much rougher. And we went on and on and on, and it was most interesting — even Madeline said so. We ate our grub in one of the tomb-like arches, and there was a stream running along through the sand in one place that we drank out of like dogs.

And then we suddenly remembered that it was time to get back to the hole we had tumbled in by, so as to be ready to be hauled up by ropes and royally rowed — which we knew must be, however undeserved. You will hardly believe that Clifford had quite forgotten the injurious hat-stand, and the others said afterwards that they had too.

"We came round by that pillar," said Madeline.

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"'BACK!' HE CRIED, 'THEY AREN'T HUMAN AID: THEY'RE CAVE-DWELLERS!'"

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"It is the first to the left," Alan said.

And perhaps it was. Only what happened is exactly what you are expecting, so why waste pages and pages in working you up to it, as if I was a grown-up author? The plainest words are the best, as some great author beautifully observes. And no decorated words can express our horrible state better than these plain ones: *We were lost in those caves, and we could not find the hole we had come in by.*

The author begs you to stop and make despairing reflections, which you can do quite as well as us, especially when you learn that we had not thought we should be lost, and so had spent the candles with the freedom of a royal ransom.

There was about two inches of candle left; it was in two pieces.

When we had owned that we *were* lost, and I am sorry to say blamed each other, which I will draw a veil and dots over, Clifford assumed command.

"Out with the candles," he said, and suiting the action to the word he blew.

The darkness was like black velvet.

Madeline screamed.

"Do not scream," said Clifford patiently; "it won't do any good, and it makes your throat sore if you go on. Yes, certainly; Alan and I will sit on each side of you and hold your hands. There's nothing to be afraid of. When they find we aren't at the opening, they'll send down the butler or one of the footmen to hunt for us with stable lanterns."

Clifford said this, but he did not altogether feel it.

We sat down in the sand and were silent.

"We'd better yell every now and then," said Alan presently. I do really think Alan and Clifford behaved rather well. Madeline, also, might have been worse. She pinched our hands like mad, and burbled, but she did not yell. And the darkness went on being like black velvet.

We said poetry, and tried to tell each other tales, but it was difficult. If we had had more candle, of course, we wouldn't have given up like that; but it is easier to sit in the velvet dark if you know you can light it up whenever you choose, than to have no candle ends left for emergencies.

We explained this to Madeline so often, that I think in the end she began to understand that there might be something in it.

And after a very long, dark time, when our ears had got quite stiff inside with listening to hear if any one was shouting to us from the hole, Alan suddenly said: "I see a light — sunlight, I think. Let's go to it — perhaps it's another way out." And then, like a true duffer, he struck a match. Clifford blew it out again at once, but of course we couldn't see anything for ever so long afterwards.

But at last, by Alan explaining very carefully what he meant, and it was a streak of yellow light, we crawled towards it, and it got brighter and brighter like a star would if it was shaped like a line instead of a point (Euclid), and then Clifford, leading as usual, saw many stars, because he bumped his head. It was against the wall of the cave, we found, when we lighted a match, and the light proved, when darkness again appeared, to come from *under* the wall. So then we all knelt down and began to scratch away the sand with our hands, digging exactly like you have seen your fox-terrier do when he is gardening in the flower-beds of your kind parents. And we dug and scratched, and the sand was very loose — and the light got larger. And the light was redder than we expected, and we thought what hours we must have been there, and that it was sunset.

And at last the hole looked big enough to crawl through. So we tried — but of course it wasn't. So dog-digging was resumed. And at last it *was* big enough, and Clifford crawled through flat on his front, like a serpent is doomed to go. He had to shut his eyes because of the sand, and when he felt he was through the hole he opened them again, and the light was gone, and all was black velvet once more. It was a baffling moment, and if Clifford's voice was choky as he said, "Hold on!" and struck a match, I for one do not blame him. He lit his candle, and looked, and it was just another cave that the young explorers had so carefully dog-dug their way into.

"Come on," said Clifford, "it's just another cave, but there must be some one here, because of the light." So they came on, and we began to walk with one candle, hoping to find the human aid which is so often despaired of. But we couldn't find any. And the candle was nearly done when we heard a confused sound of voices very loud and echoing. They were quite close — just a turning or two off, I should say, and we could hear all their words very distinctly. *But we could not understand them.* And almost at the same moment I stumbled over something, and it was a pick-ax, very old and worn. And then the voices grew louder, and there was a peal of fiend-like laughter.

Clifford caught Madeline's arm. "Back!" he cried — "back to the dog-hole! They *aren't* human aid: they're cave-dwellers!"

We all backed for all we were worth, but we couldn't find the dog-hole — of course. But there was an arch, and the roof or the sides or

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something had fallen in and made a mound that nearly reached the roof. We climbed up on this, and lay flat on the top of the mound under the roof. There was just room.

I will not deceive the reader. Our hearts were not strangers to alarm. We knew all about cave-dwellers, you remember, and how fierce they were, and what, very likely, they ate — and about their axes (pick ones as well, no doubt). In fact, I scorn to deny it — we were jolly frightened. Villa-dwellers we knew still existed, also lake-dwellers. Why not cave-dwellers, who had gone on unsuspected by the busy world — like in Mr. Wells' "Time Machine" — lurking underground. I did wish then that I hadn't read the "Time Machine."

We lay there flat and frightened, and we heard the voices go by, and light shone on the stone roof just above our faces. And again we heard the voices, and could not understand a word they said.

They did not now sound fierce. The present writer thought their tones were more as if they were having one of their primeval jollifications than as if they were up to any of their dark cave-dwelling dodges. But he felt it would not do to trust to their feeling jolly at the moment. For of course they would never let any one out who could tell the people outside about how the long-lost cave-dwellers still subsisted in their primitive way, unknown to the police, and most likely living by secret burglary when people were asleep in their beds.

You cannot look down when you are lying on your back on the top of a mound. But we heard the voices go by, and lights gleamed on the chalk roof that our faces were quite close to. Some of the dust had got into Clifford's throat, and he wanted to cough more than he ever has in his life, and he was holding his breath, and determining to choke rather than betray his presence in that silly way, when suddenly the worst — once more — occurred. There was a rattling, rustling sound, a stifled cry, a scrabbling and a scratching, and one of us rolled from the top of the mound down its earthy sides. Need you ask which one? It was Madeline. And Clifford hastily rolled over on his front in time to see her land bang in the middle of the astonished cave-dwellers. He only saw very dimly, because her rolling had made clouds of dust. He scrambled down after her.

I do not say it was a hero's deed. I only say it was better to do that and feel comfortable in your inside, than to wait where you were and be discovered later feeling like a skunk. And the end would be the same anyhow. As he scrambled, he shouted, "All right, Mad, I'm coming!"

[This was really all he did, but when it came to facing the uncle, the way Madeline told about it made the uncle a different being. He was most frightfully jolly afterwards, and said things about heroes, and the hat-stand was forgiven and forgotten.]

All this time Madeline and our young hero were in the cave surrounded by the crowd of dread cave-dwellers. It was an awful moment, you will think? You are wrong. For, strange to say, they turned out not to be cave-dwellers at all, but a party of Italian tourists being shown over the caves by a proper English guide with a lantern. And the caves are just show-caves, though very old and wonderful, and every one knew they were there except us! It was a silly ending to the finest adventure we ever had.

Only there was *some* glory in it — because nobody knew of the hole we had fallen in by, nor yet the hole we had scraped under the wall. The part we fell into was unknown to man, and the guide, who proved most jolly, said he should call that part "the Clifford Caves." What we fell down was a dene-hole. If you go to the Chislehurst caves you'll see it. But it is better to go in by the front way.

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"MARRIAGE À LA MODE"

BY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH A DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

VII

"YOU'RE off to the meet?"

"I am. Look at the day!" Chloe Fairmile, who was standing in her riding-habit at the window of the Duchess' morning-room, turned to greet her hostess.

A mild November sun shone on the garden and the woods, and Chloe's face — the more exquisite, as a rule, for its slight, strange withering — had caught a freshness from the morning.

The Duchess was embraced, and bore it; she herself never kissed anybody.

"You always look well, my dear, in a habit, and you know it. Tell me what I shall do with this invitation."

"From Lady Warton? May I look?"

Chloe took a much blotted and crossed letter from the Duchess' hand.

"What were her governesses about?" said the Duchess, pointing to it. "*Really* — the education of our class! Read it."

"Can I persuade you to come — and bring Mrs. Fairmile — next Tuesday to dinner, to meet Roger Barnes and his wife? I groan at the thought, for I think she is quite one of the most disagreeable little creatures I ever saw. But Warton says I must — a Lord Lieutenant can't pick and choose! — and people as rich as they are have to be considered. I can't imagine why it is she makes herself so odious. All the Americans I ever knew I have liked particularly. It is, of course, annoying that they have so much money — but Warton says it isn't their fault — it's Protection, or something of the kind. But Mrs. Barnes seems really to wish to trample on us. She told Warton the other day that his tapestries — you know, those we're so proud of — that they were bad Flemish copies of something or other — a set belonging to a horrid friend of hers, I think. Warton was furious. And she's made the people at Brendon love her for ever by insisting that they have now ruined *all* their pictures, without exception, by the way they've had them restored — et cetera, et cetera. She really makes us feel her millions — and her brains — too much. We're paupers, but we're not worms. It's so odd she shouldn't even want to be liked! — a young woman in a strange neighbourhood. But she evidently doesn't, a bit. Warton declares she's already tired of Roger — and she's certainly not nice to him. What can be the matter? Anyway, dear Duchess, *do* come! — and help us through."

"What, indeed, can be the matter?" repeated Chloe lightly, as she handed back the letter.

"Angela Warton never knows anything. But there's not much need for *you* to ask, my dear," said the Duchess quietly.

Mrs. Fairmile turned an astonished face.

"Me?"

The Duchess, more bulky, shapeless, and swathed than usual, subsided on a chair, and just raised her small but sharp eyes on Mrs. Fairmile.

"What can you mean?" said Chloe, after a moment, in her gayest voice. "I can't imagine. And I don't think I'll try."

She stooped and kissed the untidy lady in the chair. The Duchess bore it again; but the lines of her mouth, with the strong droop at the corners, became a trifle grim. Chloe looked at her, smiled, shook her head — the Duchess shook hers — and then they both began to talk of an engagement announced that morning in the *Times*.

Mrs. Fairmile was soon riding alone, without a groom, — she was an excellent horsewoman, and she never gave any unnecessary trouble to her friends' servants, — through country lanes chequered with pale sun. As for the Duchess' attack upon her, Chloe smarted. The Duchess

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had clearly pulled her up; and Chloe was not a person who took it well.

If Roger's American wife was by now wildly jealous of his old fiancée, whose fault was it? Had not Mrs. Barnes herself thrown them perpetually together? Dinners at Upcott! — invitations to Heston! — a resolute frequenting of the same festal gatherings with Mrs. Fairmile. None of it with Roger's good will, or his mother's — Chloe admitted it. It had been the wife's doing — all of it. There had been even — rare occurrences! — two or three balls in the neighbourhood. Roger hated dancing, but Daphne had made him go to them all. Merely that she might display her eyes, her diamonds, and her gowns? Not at all. The real psychology of it was plain. "She wishes to keep us under observation — to give us opportunities — and then torment her husband. Very well, then! — *tu l'as voulu, Madame!*"

As to the "opportunities," Chloe coolly confessed to herself that she had made rather a scandalous use of them. The gossip of the neighbourhood had been no doubt a good deal roused; and Daphne, it seemed, was discontented. But is it not good for such people to be discontented? The money and the arrogance of Roger's wife had provoked Roger's former fiancée from the beginning,— the money to envy, and the arrogance to chastisement. Why not? What is society but a discipline?

As for Roger, who is it says there is a little polygamy in all men? Anyway, a man can always — nearly always — keep a corner for the old love, — if the new love will let him. Roger could, at any rate; "though he is a model husband, far better than she deserves, and anybody not a fool could manage him."

It was a day of physical delight, especially for riders. After a warm October, the leaves were still thick on the trees; Nature had not yet resigned herself to death and sleep. Here and there an oak stood, fully green, among the tawny reds and golds of a flaming woodland. The gorse was yellow on the commons; and in the damp, woody ways through which Chloe passed, a few primroses — frail, unseasonable blooms — pushed their pale heads through the moss. The scent of the beech-leaves under foot; the buffeting of a westerly wind; the pleasant yielding of her light frame to the movement of the horse; the glimpses of plain that every here and there showed themselves through the trees that girdled the high ground or edge along which she rode; the white steam-wreath of a train passing, far away, through strata of blue or pearly mist; an old windmill black in the middle distance; villages, sheltering among their hedges and uplands; a sky, of shadow below widely brooding over earth, and of a radiant blue flecked with white cloud above: all the English familiar scene awoke in Chloe Fairmile a familiar, sensuous joy. Life was so good — every minute, every ounce of it! — from the Duchess' *chef* to these ethereal splendours of autumn — from the warm bath, the luxurious bed, and breakfast, she had but lately enjoyed, to these artistic memories that ran through her brain, as she glanced from side to side, reminded now of Turner, now of De Wint, revelling in the complexity of her own being. Her conscience gave her no trouble; it had never been more friendly. Her husband and she had come to an understanding; they were in truth more than quits. There was to be no divorce — and no scandal. She would be very prudent. A man's face rose before her, that was not the face of her husband, and she smiled — indulgently. Yes, life would be interesting, when she returned to town. She had taken a house in Chester Square from the New Year; and Tom was going to Teheran. Meanwhile, she was passing the time.

A thought suddenly occurred to her. Yes, it was quite possible — probable even — that she might find Roger at the meet! The place appointed was a long way from Heston, but in the old days he had often sent on a fresh horse by train to a local station. They had had many a run together over the fields now coming into sight. Though certainly if he imagined there were the very smallest chance of meeting her, he would give this particular meet a wide berth.

Chloe laughed aloud. His resistance — and his weakness — were both so amusing. She thought of the skill — the peremptory, smiling skill — with which she had beguiled him into the garden, on the day when the young couple paid their first call at Upcott. First the low-spoken words at the back of the drawing-room, while Mrs. Barnes and the Duchess were skirmishing:

"I *must* speak to you. Something that concerns another person — something urgent ——"

Whereupon, unwilling and rather stern compliance on the man's part — the handsome face darkened with most unnecessary frowns. And in the garden — the short colloquy between them:

"Of course, I see — you haven't forgiven me! Never mind! I am doing this for some one else — it's a duty." Then abruptly: "You still have three of my letters!"

Amusing again — his shock of surprise, his blundering denials! He always was the most unmethodical and unbusinesslike of mortals — poor Roger! She heard her own voice in reply:

"Oh, yes, you have. I don't make mistakes about such things. Do you remember the

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letter in which I told you about that affair of Theresa Weightman?"

A stare — an astonished admission. Precisely!

"Well, she's in great trouble. Her husband threatens absurdities. She has always confided in me — she trusts me — and I can't have that letter wandering about the world ——"

"I certainly sent it back!"

"No — you never sent it back. You have three of mine. And you know how careless you are — how you leave things about. I was always on tenterhooks. Look again, *please!* You must have some idea where they might be."

Perplexity — annoyance!

"When we sold the London house, all papers and documents were sent down here. We reserved a room — which was locked up."

"*À la bonne heure!* Of course — there they are!"

But all the same — great unwillingness to search. It was most unlikely he would be able to find anything, — most unlikely there was anything to find. He was sure he had sent back everything. And then a look in the fine hazel eyes — like a horse putting back its ears.

All of no avail — against the laughing persistence which insisted on the letters. "But I must have them — I really must! It is a horrid tragedy, and I told you everything — things I had no business to tell you at all."

On which, at last, a grudging consent to look, followed by a marked determination to go back to the drawing-room.

But it was the second tête-à-tête that was really adroit! After tea — just a touch on the arm — while the Duchess was showing the Nattiers to Mrs. Barnes, and Lelius was holding the lamp. "One moment more! — in the conservatory. I have a few things to add." And in that second little interview — about nothing, in truth — a mere piece of audacity — the lion's claws had been a good deal pared. He had been made to look at her, first and foremost; to realise that she was not afraid of him — not one bit! — and that he would have to treat her decently. Poor Roger! In a few years the girl he had married would be a plain and prickly little pedant — ill-bred besides — and he knew it.

As to more recent adventures. If people meet in society, they must be civil; and if old friends meet at a dance, there is an institution known as "sitting out"; and "sitting out" is nothing if not conversational; and conversation — between old friends and cousins — is beguiling, and may be lengthy.

The ball at Brendon House — Chloe still felt the triumph of it in her veins — still saw the softening in Roger's handsome face, the look of lazy pleasure, and the disapproval — or was it the envy? — in the eyes of certain county magnates looking on. Since then, no communication between Heston and Upcott.

Mrs. Fairmile was now a couple of miles from the meet. She had struck into a great belt of plantations bounding one side of the ducal estate. Through it ran a famous green ride, crossed near its beginning by a main road. On her right, beyond the thick screen of trees, was the railway; and she could hear the occasional rush of a train.

When she reached the cross-road, which led from a station, a labourer opened the plantation gates for her. As he unlatched the second, she perceived a man's figure in front of her.

"Roger!"

A touch of the whip — her horse sprang forward. The man in front looked back startled; but she was already beside him.

"You keep up the old habit, like me? What a lovely day!"

Roger Barnes, after a flush of amazement and surprise, greeted her coldly.

"It is a long way for you to come," he said formally. "Twelve miles, isn't it? You're not going to hunt?"

"Oh, no — I only came to look at the hounds and the horses — to remind myself of all the good old times. You don't want to remember them, I know. Life's gone on for you! ——"

Roger bent forward to pat the neck of his horse.

"It goes on for all of us," he said gruffly.

"Ah, well!" She sighed. He looked up, and their eyes met. The wind had slightly reddened her pale skin; her expression was one of great animation, yet of great softness. The grace of the long, slender body in the close-fitting habit; of the beautiful head and loosened hair, under the small low-crowned beaver hat; the slender hand upon the reins: all these various impressions rushed upon Barnes at once, bringing with them the fascination of a past happiness; provoking, by contrast, the memory of a harassing and irritating present.

"Is Heston getting on?" asked Mrs. Fairmile, smiling.

He frowned involuntarily.

"Oh, I suppose we shall be straight some day." The tone, however, belied the words. "When once the British workman gets in, it's the deuce to get him out."

"The old house had such a charm," said Chloe, softly.

Roger made no reply. He rode stiffly beside her, looking straight before him. Chloe, observing him without appearing to do any-

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thing of the kind, asked herself whether the Apollo radiance of him were not already somewhat quenched and shorn. A slight thickening of feature — a slight coarsening of form — she thought she perceived them. Poor Roger! — had he been living too well and idling too flagrantly on these American dollars?

Suddenly she bent over and laid a gloved hand on his arm.

"Hadn't it?" she said, in a low voice.

He started. But he neither looked at her nor shook her off.

"What — the house?" was the ungracious reply. "I'm sure I don't know; I never thought about it — whether it was pretty or ugly, I mean. It suited us, and it amused Mother to fiddle about with it."

Mrs. Fairmile withdrew her hand.

"Of course a great deal of it was ugly," she said composedly. "Dear Lady Barnes really didn't know. But then we led such a jolly life in it! — *we* made it!"

She looked at him brightly, only to see in him an angry flash of expression. He turned and faced her.

"I'm glad you think it was jolly. My remembrances are not quite so pleasant."

She laughed a little — not flinching at all — her face rosy to his challenge.

"Oh, yes, they are — or should be. What's the use of blackening the past because it couldn't be the present? My dear Roger! if I hadn't — well, let's talk plainly! — if I hadn't thrown you over, where would you be now? We should be living in West Kensington, and I should be taking boarders — or — no! — a country house, perhaps, with paying guests. You would be teaching the cockney idea how to shoot, at half a guinea a day, and I should be buying my clothes second-hand through the *Exchange & Mart*. Whereas — whereas ——"

She bent forward again —

"You are a very rich man — you have a charming wife — a dear little girl — you can get into Parliament — travel, speculate, race, anything you please. And I did it all!"

"I don't agree with you," he said drily. "But naturally ——"

He paused, and she laughed again.

"We can't argue it? Certainly not. I only wanted to point out to you the plain, bare truth, that there is nothing in the world to prevent our being excellent friends again — *now*. But first — and once more — my letters!"

Her tone was a little peremptory, and Roger's face clouded.

"I found two of them last night — by the merest chance — in an old despatch box I took to America. They were posted to you on the way here."

"Good! But there were three."

"I know — so you said. I could only find two."

"Was the particular letter I mentioned one of them?"

He answered unwillingly.

"No — I searched everywhere. I don't believe I have it."

She shook her head with decision.

"You certainly have it. Please look again."

He broke out with some irritation, insisting that if it had not been returned, it had been either lost or destroyed. It could matter to no one.

Some snaring, entangling instinct — an instinct of the hunter — made her persist. She must have it. It was a point of honour. "Poor Theresa is so unhappy, so pursued! You saw that odious paragraph last week? I can't run the risk!"

With a groan of annoyance, he promised at last that he would look again. Then the sparkling eyes changed, the voice softened.

She praised — she rewarded him. By smooth transitions she slipped into ordinary talk; of his candidature for the County Council — the points of the great horse he rode — the gossip of the neighbourhood — the charms of Beattie.

And on this last topic he, too, suddenly found his tongue. The cloud — of awkwardness, or of something else not to be analysed — broke away, and he began to talk, and presently to ask questions, with readiness, even with eagerness.

Was it right to be so very strict with children? — babies under three? Wasn't it ridiculous to expect them not to be naughty or greedy? Why, every child wanted as much sweet stuff as it could tuck in! Quite right, too — doctors said it was good for them. But Miss Farmer ——"

"Who is Miss Farmer?" enquired Mrs. Fairmile. She was riding close beside him — an embodied friendliness — a soft and womanly Chloe, very different from the old.

"She's the nurse; my mother found her. She's a lady — by way of — she doesn't do any rough work — and I daresay she's the newest thing out. But she's too tight a hand for my taste. I say! — what do you think of this? She wouldn't let Beattie come down to the drawing-room yesterday, because she cried for a sweet! Wasn't that *devilish!*" He brought his hand down fiercely on his thigh.

"A Gorgon!" said Mrs. Fairmile, raising her eyebrows. "Any other qualifications? French? German?"

"Not a word. Not she! Her people live

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somewhere near here, I believe." Roger looked vaguely round him. "Her father managed a brick-field on this estate — some parson or other recommended her to mother."

"And you don't like her."

"Well, no — I don't! She's not the kind of woman *I* want." He blurted it out, adding hurriedly, "But my wife thinks a lot of her."

Chloe dismissed the topic of the nurse, but still let him run on about the child. Amazing! — this development of paternity in the careless, handsome youth of three years before. She was amused and bored by it. But her permission of it had thawed him — that she saw.

Presently, from the child she led him on to common acquaintance — old friends — and talk flowed fast. She made him laugh; and the furrows in the young brow disappeared. Now, as always, they understood each other at a word; there was between them the freemasonry of persons sprung from the same world and the same tradition. His daily talk with Daphne had never this easy, slipping pleasure. Meanwhile the horses sauntered on, unconsciously held back — and the magical autumn wood, its lights and lines and odours, played upon their senses.

At last Roger with a start perceived a gate in front. He looked at his watch, and she saw him redden.

"We shall be late for the meet."

His eyes avoided hers. He gathered up the reins, evidently conscious.

Smiling, she let him open the gate for her, and then as they passed into the road, shadowed with overarching trees, she reined in Whitefoot, and bending forward, held out her hand.

"Good-bye!"

"You're not coming?"

"I think I've had enough. I'll go home. Good-bye."

It was a relief. In both minds had risen the image of their arrival together — amid the crowd of the meet. As he looked at her — gratefully — the grace of her movement, the temptation of her eyes, the rush of old memories suddenly turned his head. He gripped her hand hard a minute, staring at her.

The road in front of them was quite empty. But fifty yards behind them was a small red brick house buried in trees. As they still paused, hand in hand, in front of the gate into the wood, which had failed to swing back and remained half open, the garden door of this house unclosed, and a young woman in a kind of uniform stepped into the road. She perceived the two riders — stopped in astonishment — observed them unseen, and walked quickly away in the direction of the station.

Roger reached Heston that night only just in time to dress for dinner. By this time he was in a wholly different mood — angry with himself, and to some extent angry with Chloe.

He went first of all to the nursery, where he found the nursery-maid in charge, and the child already asleep. Miss Farmer, it appeared, had been enjoying a "day off," and was not expected back till late. He knelt down beside the little girl, feeding his eyes upon her. She lay with her delicate face pressed into the pillow, the small neck visible under the cloud of hair, one hand, the soft palm uppermost, on the sheet. He bent down and kissed the hand, thrilled with a passionate joy of possession, and glad that the sharp-faced nurse was not there to see.

A little later he found Daphne in her room, already dressed for dinner. He approached her uneasily.

"How tired you look, Daphne! What have you been doing to yourself?"

Daphne stiffly pointed out that she had been standing over the workmen all day — there being no one else to stand over them — and of course she was tired. Of late Roger's temper had been apt to give way under her constant peevishness; but on this occasion he showed no annoyance. The visitings of an inward compunction kept him gentle. He bent down and kissed her.

"I'll stay and help to-morrow, if you want me, though you know I'm no good. I say — how much more are you going to do to the house?"

Daphne looked at him coldly. She had not returned the kiss.

"Of course I know that you don't appreciate in the least what I am doing."

Roger thrust his hands into his pockets and walked up and down uncomfortably. He thought, in fact, that Daphne was spoiling the dear nondescript old place; and he knew that the neighbourhood thought so too. Also he particularly disliked the young architect who was superintending the works — "a priggish ass," who gave himself abominable airs — except to Daphne, whom he slavishly obeyed, and Miss Farmer, with whom Roger had twice caught him gossiping. But he was determined not to annoy his wife, and he held his tongue.

"I wish, anyway, you wouldn't stick at it so closely," he said discontentedly. "Let's go abroad somewhere for Christmas,— Nice — or Monte Carlo. I am sure you want a change."

"Well, it isn't exactly an enchanting neighbourhood," said Daphne, with pinched lips.

"I'm awfully sorry you don't like the people here," said Roger, perplexed. "I daresay they're all stupids."

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"That wouldn't matter — if they behaved decently," said Daphne, flushing.

"I suppose that means — if I behaved decently!" cried Roger, turning upon her.

Daphne faced him, her head in air, her small foot beating the ground, in a trick it had.

"Well, I'm not likely to forget the Brendon ball, am I?"

Roger's look changed.

"I meant no harm, and you know I didn't," he said sulkily.

"Oh, no! — you only made a laughing-stock of *me!*" Daphne turned on her heel. Suddenly she felt herself roughly caught in Roger's arms.

"Daphne! — What *is* the matter? Why can't we be happy together?"

"Ask yourself," she said, trying to extricate herself, and not succeeding. "I don't like the people here, and they don't like me. But as you seem to enjoy flirting with Mrs. Fairmile, there's one person satisfied."

Roger laughed — not agreeably. "I shall soon think, Daphne, that somebody's 'put a spell on you,' as my old nurse used to say. I wish I knew what I could do to break it."

She lay passive in his arms a moment; and then he felt a shiver run through her, and saw that she was crying. He held her close to him, kissing and comforting her, while his own eyes were wet. What her emotion meant, or his own, he could not have told clearly; but it was a moment for both of healing, of impulsive return, the one to the other — unspoken penitence on her side, a hidden self-blame on his. She clung to him fiercely, courting the pressure of his arms, the warm contact of his youth; while, in his inner mind, he renounced with energy the temptress Chloe and all her works — vowing to himself that he would give Daphne no cause, no pretext even, for jealousy, and would bear it patiently if she were still unjust and tormenting.

"Where have you been all day?" said Daphne at last, disengaging herself, and brushing the tears away from her eyes — a little angrily, as though she were ashamed of them.

"I told you this morning. I had a run with the Stoneshire hounds."

"Whom did you meet there?"

"Oh, various old acquaintance. Nobody amusing." He gave two or three names, his conscience pricking him. Somehow, at that moment, it seemed impossible to mention Chloe Fairmile!

About eleven o'clock that night, Daphne and Lady Barnes having just gone upstairs, Roger and a local Colonel of Volunteers who was dining and spending the night at Heston, were in the smoking-room. Colonel Williams had come over to discuss Volunteer prospects in the neighbourhood, and had been delighted to find in the grandson of his old friend, Oliver Trescoe,— a young fellow whom he and others had too readily regarded as given over to luxury and soft living,— signs of the old public spirit, the traditional manliness of the family. The two men were talking with great cordiality, when the sound of a dog-cart driving up to the front door disturbed them.

"Who on earth?— at this time of night?" said Roger.

The butler, entering with fresh cigarettes, explained that Miss Farmer had only just returned, having missed an earlier train.

"Well, I hope to goodness she won't go and disturb Miss Beattie," grumbled Roger; and then, half to himself, half to his companion, as the butler departed: "I don't believe she missed her train; she's one of the cool sort — does jolly well what she likes! I say, Colonel, do you like 'lady helps'? I don't!"

Half an hour later Roger, having said good-night to his guest ten minutes before, was mounting the stairs on his own way to bed, when he heard in the distance the sound of a closing door and the rustle of a woman's dress.

Nurse Farmer, he supposed, who had been gossiping with Daphne. His face, as the candle shone upon it, expressed annoyance. Vaguely, he resented the kind of intimacy which had grown up lately between Daphne and her child's nurse. She was not the kind of person to make a friend of; she bullied Beattie; and she must be got rid of.

Yet, when he entered his wife's room, everything was dark, and Daphne was apparently sound asleep. Her face was hidden from him; and he moved on tiptoe so as not to disturb her. Evidently it was not she who had been gossiping late. His mother, perhaps, with her maid.

VIII

In the course of that night Roger Barnes' fate was decided, while he lay, happily sleeping, beside his wife. Daphne, as soon as she heard his regular breathing, opened the eyes she had only pretended to close, and lay staring into the shadows of the room, in which a night-light was burning. Presently she got up softly, put on a dressing-gown, and went to the fire, which she noiselessly replenished; then, drawing up a chair, she sank back into it, her arms folded. The strengthening firelight showed her small, white face, amid the masses of her dark hair.

Her whole being was seething with passionate and revengeful thought. It was as though with violent straining and wrenching the familiar

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links and bulwarks of life were breaking down, and as if amid the wreck of them she found herself looking at goblin faces beyond, growing gradually used to them, ceasing to be startled by them, finding in them even a wild attraction and invitation.

So Roger had lied to her. Instead of a casual ride, involving a meeting with a few old acquaintance, as he had represented to her, he had been engaged that day in an assignation with Mrs. Fairmile, arranged beforehand, and carefully concealed from his wife. Miss Farmer had seen them coming out of a wood together, hand in hand. In the public road, this! — not even so much respect for appearances as might have dictated the most elementary reticence and decency. The case was so clear that it sickened her; she shivered with cold and nausea as she lay there by the now glowing fire which yet gave her no physical comfort. Probably in the past their relation had gone much farther than Roger had ever confessed to his wife. Mrs. Fairmile was a woman who would stick at nothing. And if Daphne were not already betrayed, she could no longer protect herself. The issue was certain. Such women as Chloe Fairmile are not to be baulked of what they desire. Good women cannot fight them on equal terms. And as to any attempt to keep the affections of a husband who could behave in such a way to the wife who had given him her youth, herself, and all the resources and facilities of life, Daphne's whole being stiffened into mingled anguish and scorn as she renounced the contest. Knowing himself the traitor that he was, he could yet hold her, kiss her, murmur tender things to her, allow her to cry upon his breast, to stammer repentance and humbleness. Cowardly! — false! — treacherous! She flung out her hands, rigid, before her in the darkness, as though for ever putting him away.

Anguish? Yes! — but not of such torturing quality as she could have felt a year, six months even, before this date. She was astonished that she could bear her life, that she could sit there in the night stillness, motionless, holding her breath even, while Roger slept there in the shadowed bed. Had this thing happened to her before their arrival at Heston, she must have fallen upon Roger in mad grief and passion, ready to kill him or herself; must at least have poured out torrents of useless words and tears. She could not have sat dumb like this; in misery, but quite able to think things out, to envisage all the dark possibilities of the future. And not only the future. By a perfectly logical diversion, her thoughts presently went racing to the past. There was, so to speak, a suspension of the immediate crisis, while she listened to her own mind, — while she watched her own years go by.

How she had come to hate this English *milieu!* how desperately, incredibly disappointed she was in it! It was her reaction against it that now subtly swelled and strengthened her wrath against Roger; that made, as it were, the soil from which sprang this sudden growth of angry will; on which, unconsciously, it throve. There was in her practically none of that affinity with a traditional, a parent England, which is present in so many Americans, which emerges in them like buried land from the waters. On the contrary, the pressure of race and blood in her was not towards, but against; not friendly, but hostile. The nearer she came to the English life, the more certain forces in her, deeply infused, rose up and made their protest. The Celtic and Latin strains that were mingled in her, their natural sympathies and repulsions, which had been indistinct in the girl, overlaid by the deposits of the current American world, were becoming dominant in the woman.

In her increasing ostentation and extravagance, in her love of dramatic and sensational effect, her scorn of half-measures, her quick, relentless imagination, she was the true child of the boastful, mercurial Irishman who had married her Spanish mother, as part of a trade bargain, on a chance visit to Buenos Ayres. For twenty years Daniel Floyd had leased and exploited, had ravaged and destroyed great tracts of primeval forest in various regions of the Middle West, leaving behind him a ruined earth and an impoverished country, but building up the while a colossal fortune. He had learnt the arts of municipal "bossing," meanwhile, in one of the minor towns, and had then migrated to Chicago, where for years he was the life and soul of all the bolder and more adventurous corruption of the city. A jovial, handsome fellow! — with an actor's face, a bright eye, and a slippery hand. Daphne had a vivid and on the whole affectionate remembrance of her father, of whom, however, she seldom spoke. The thought of her mother, on the other hand, was always unwelcome. It brought back recollections of storm and tempest; of wild laughter, and still wilder tears; of gorgeous dresses, small feet, and jewelled fingers.

It was but rarely that Daphne let her mind run on her own origins. But in this winter night, as she sat motionless by the fire, half her mind was held by a passion of jealous revenge, and the other half by the fierce assertion of her own independent personality, which involved a certain amount of reflection on her own history; on what she had made of herself, as some sort of

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guide to what she might still make of herself, if only she struck boldly for freedom and release, and refused to be dragged down by a husband whom she knew now to be unworthy of her. She was, indeed, very proud of her individual history, which had been suspended, so to speak, when she married Roger Barnes, and should now be resumed. She leant forward to the fire, her face propped in her hands, going back in thought to her father's death, when she was fifteen; to her three years of cloying convent life, and her escape from it, as well as from the intriguing relations who would have kept her there; to the clever lawyer who had helped to put her in possession of her fortune, and the huge sums she had paid him for his services; to her search for education, her hungry determination to rise in the world, the friends she had made at college, in New York, Philadelphia, Washington. She had been influenced by one milieu after another; she had worked hard now at music, now at philosophy; had dabbled in girls' clubs, and gone to Socialist meetings; and had been all through driven on by the gad-fly of an ever-increasing ambition.

Ambition for what? She looked back on this early life with a bitter contempt. What had it all come to? Marriage with Roger Barnes! — a hasty passion, of which she was already ashamed, for a man who was already false to her.

Well, thank goodness, modern life is not as the old! There are ways out.

Midnight had just struck. The night was gusty; the northwest wind made fierce attacks on the square, comfortable house. Daphne rose slowly; she moved noiselessly across the floor; she stood with her arms behind her looking down at the sleeping Roger. She was miserable, consumed with jealous anger; but what was really stealing upon her, capturing her, transforming her, was the temptation of a gospel long familiar to her, though of late forgotten — the gospel of a new freedom. Women have been trampled on and enslaved; in America, at least, they may now stand on their feet. No need to cringe any more to the insult and cruelty of men. A woman's life may be broken; but in the great human workshop of America it can be repaired. She remembered that in the majority of American divorces it is the woman who applies for relief. And why not? The average woman, when she marries, knows much less of life and the world than the average man. She is more likely — poor child! — to make mistakes.

Daphne came closer. In the dim light, the tension of her slender figure, her frowning brow, her locked arms and hands made of her a threatening Fate hovering darkly above the man in his deep, defenceless sleep.

All round glimmered the furniture and appointments of a costly room — the silver and tortoise-shell on the dressing-table, the long mirrors lining the farther wall, the silk hangings of the bed. Luxury, as light and soft as skill and money could make it — the room breathed it; and in the midst stood the young creature who had designed it, the will within her hardening rapidly to an irrevocable purpose.

Yes, she had made a mistake! But she would retrieve it. She would free herself. She would no longer put up with Roger, with his neglect and deceit,— his disagreeable and ungrateful mother — his immoral friends — and this dull, soul-deadening English life.

Roger moved and murmured. She retreated a little, still looking at him fixedly. Was it the child's name? Perhaps. He dreamt interminably, and very often of Beattie. But it did not move her. Beattie, of course, was *her* child. Every child belongs to the mother in a far profounder sense than to the father. And he, too, would be free — he would naturally marry again.

Case after case of divorce ran through her mind as she stood there; the persons and circumstances all well known to her. Other stories also, not personally within her ken; the famous scandals of the time, much discussed throughout American society. Her wits cleared and steeled. She began to see the course that she must follow.

It would all depend upon the lawyers; and a good deal — she faced it — upon money. All sorts of technical phrases, vaguely remembered, ran through her mind. She would have to recover her American citizenship,— she and the child. A domicile of six months in South Dakota, or in Wyoming — a year in Philadelphia — She began to recall information derived of old from Madeleine Verrier, who had, of course, been forced to consider all these things, and to weigh alternatives. Advice, of course, must be asked of her at once — and sympathy.

Suddenly on her brooding there broke a wave of excitement. Life, instead of being closed, as in a sense it is for every married woman, was in a moment open and vague again,— the doors flung wide to flaming heavens. A consciousness of recovered youth and freedom possessed her. The sleeping Roger represented a captive state — a state of bonds and humiliation. Why should a woman of her gifts, of her opportunities, be chained for life to this commonplace man, now that her passion was over?— now that

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she knew him for what he was, weak, feather-brained, and vicious? She looked at him with a kind of exaltation, spurning him from her path.

But the immediate future!— the practical steps! What kind of evidence would she want? — what kind of witnesses? Something more, no doubt, of both than she had already. She must wait — temporise — do nothing rashly. If it was for Roger's good as well as her own, that they should be free of each other,— and she was fast persuading herself of this,— she must, for both their sakes, manage the hateful operation without bungling.

What was the alternative? She seemed to ask it of Roger, as she stood looking down upon him. Patience?— with a man who could never sympathise with her intellectually or artistically?— the relations of married life with a husband who made assignations with an old love, under the eyes of the whole neighbourhood?— the narrowing, cramping influences of English provincial society? No! she was born for other and greater things, and she would grasp them. "My first duty is to myself — to my own development — and through that development to the world. Women have been the victims till now of their own fatal self-sacrifice. The way to a nobler future and to a better race lies through other paths."

Intoxicated with the rhetoric of her own thoughts, Daphne returned to her seat by the fire, and sat there wildly dreaming, till once more recalled to practical possibilities by the passage of the hours on the clock above her.

Miss Farmer. Everything, it seemed, depended on her. But Daphne had no doubts of her. Poor girl! — with her poverty-stricken home, her drunken father lately dismissed from his post, and her evident inclination towards this clever young fellow now employed in the house,— Daphne rejoiced to think of what money could do, in this case at least; of the reward that should be waiting for the girl's devotion when the moment came; of the gifts already made, and the gratitude already evoked. No, she could be trusted; she had every reason to be true.

Some fitful sleep came to her at last in the morning hours. But when Roger awoke, she was half-way through her dressing; and when he first saw her he noticed nothing except that she was paler than usual, and confessed to a broken night.

But as the day wore on it became plain to everybody at Heston — to Roger first and foremost — that something was much amiss. Daphne would not leave her sitting-room and her sofa; she complained of headache and overfatigue; would have nothing to say to the men at work on the new decoration of the east wing of the house, who were clamouring for directions; and would admit nobody but Miss Farmer and her maid. Roger forced his way in once, only to be vanquished by the traditional weapons of weakness, pallor, and silence. Her face contracted and quivered as his step approached her; it was as though he trampled upon her; and he left her, awkwardly, on tiptoe, feeling himself as intrusively brutal as she clearly meant him to feel.

What on earth was the matter? Some new grievance against him, he supposed. After the softening, the quasi-reconciliation of the day before, his chagrin and disappointment were great. Impossible she should know anything of his ride with Chloe! There was not a soul in that wood; and the place was twenty miles from Heston. Again he felt the impulse to blurt it all out to her; but was simply repelled and intimidated by this porcupine mood in which she had wrapped herself. Better wait at least till she was a little more normal again. He went off disconsolately to a day's shooting.

Meanwhile his own particular worry was sharp enough. Chloe had taken advantage of their casual tête-à-tête, as she had done before on several occasions, to claim something of the old relation, instead of accepting the new like a decent woman; and in the face of the temptation offered him he had shown a weakness of which not only his conscience but his pride was ashamed. He realised perfectly that she had been trying during the whole autumn to recover her former hold on him, and he also saw clearly and bitterly that he was not strong enough to resist her, should he continue to be thrown with her; and not clever enough to baffle her, if her will were really set on recapturing him. He was afraid of her, and afraid of himself.

What, then, must he do? As he tramped about the wet fields and plantations, with a keeper and a few beaters, after some scattered pheasants, he was really, poor fellow, arguing out the riddle of his life. What would Herbert French advise him to do? — supposing he could put the thing plainly to him, which of course was not possible. He meant honestly and sincerely to keep straight; to do his duty by Daphne and the child. But he was no plaster saint, and he could not afford to give Chloe Fairmile too many opportunities. To break at once, to carry off Daphne and leave Heston at least for a time — that was the obviously prudent and reasonable course. He believed that she was sick of Heston, and she

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clearly disliked the neighbourhood. But in her present mood it was of no use for him to propose it, tired as she was of Heston, and disappointed in the neighbours: any plan brought forward by him was doomed beforehand. Well, then, let him go himself; he had been so unhappy during the preceding weeks it would be a jolly relief to turn his back on Heston for a time.

But as soon as he had taken his departure, Chloe perhaps would take hers; and if so, Daphne's jealousy would be worse than ever. Whatever deserts he might place between himself and Mrs. Fairmile, Daphne would imagine them together.

Meanwhile, there was that Lilliput bond, that small, chafing entanglement, which Chloe had flung round him in her persistence about the letters. There was, no doubt, a horrid scandal brewing about Mrs. Weightman, Chloe's old friend — a friend of his own, too, in former days. Through Chloe's unpardonable indiscretions he knew a great deal more about this lady's affairs than he had ever wished to know. And he well remembered the letter in question; a letter on which the political life or death of one of England's most famous men might easily turn, supposing it got out. But the letter was safe enough; not the least likely to come into dangerous hands, in spite of Chloe's absurd hypotheses. It was somewhere, no doubt, among the boxes in the locked room; and who could possibly get hold of it? At the same time, he realised that as long as he had not found and returned it, she would still have a certain claim upon him, a certain right to harass him with enquiries, and confidential interviews, which as a man of honour he could not altogether deny.

A pheasant got up across a ploughed field where in this mild season the young corn was already green. Roger shot, and missed, the bird floated gaily down the wind, and the head keeper, in disgust, muttered bad language to the underling beside him.

But after that Barnes was twice as cheerful as before. He whistled as he walked; his shooting recovered; and by the time the dark fell, keepers and beaters were once more his friends.

The fact was that just as he missed the pheasant he had taken his resolution, and seen his way. He would have another determined hunt for that letter; he would also find and destroy his own letters to Chloe — those she had returned to him — which must certainly never fall into Daphne's hands; and then he would go away to London or the North — to some place whence he could write both to Chloe Fairmile and to his wife. Women like Daphne were too quick; they could get out a dozen words to your one; but give a man time, and he could express himself. And, therewith, a great tenderness and compunction in this man's heart, and a steady determination to put things right. For was not Daphne Beattie's mother? and was he not in truth very fond of her, if only she would let him be?

Now, then, for the hunt. As he had never destroyed the letters, they must exist; but, in the name of mischief, where? He seemed to remember thrusting his own letters to Chloe into a desk of his school-boy days which used to stand in his London sitting-room. Very likely some of hers might be there too. But the thought of his own had by now become a much greater anxiety to him than the wish to placate Chloe. For he was most uncomfortably aware that his correspondence with Chloe during their short engagement had been of a very different degree of fervour from that shown in the letters to Daphne under similar circumstances. As for the indelicacy and folly of leaving such documents to chance, he cursed it sorely.

How to look? He pondered it. He did not even know which attic it was that had been reserved at the time of the letting of Heston, and now held some of the old London furniture and papers. Well, he must manage it—"burgle" his own house, if necessary. What an absurd situation! Should he consult his mother? No; better not.

That evening General Hobson was expected for a couple of nights. On going up to dress for dinner, Roger discovered that he had been banished to a room on the farther side of the house, where his servant was now putting out his clothes. He turned very white, and went straight to his wife.

Daphne was on the sofa as before, and received him in silence.

"What's the meaning of this, Daphne?" The tone was quiet, but the breathing quick.

She looked at him — bracing herself.

"I must be alone! I had no sleep last night."

"You had neuralgia?"

"I don't know — I had no sleep. I must be alone."

His eyes and hers met.

"For to-night, then," he said briefly. "I don't know what's the matter with you, Daphne, and I suppose it's no use to ask you. I thought, yesterday — but — however, there's no time to talk now. Are you coming down to dinner?"

"Not to dinner. I will come down for an hour afterwards."

He went away, and before he had reached his own room, and while the heat of his sudden

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passion still possessed him, it occurred to him that Daphne's behaviour might after all prove a godsend. That night he would make his search, with no risk of disturbing his wife.

The dinner in the newly decorated dining-room went heavily. Lady Barnes had grown of late more and more anxious and depressed. She had long ceased to assert herself in Daphne's presence, and one saw her as the British matron in adversities, buffeted by forces she did not understand; or as some minor despot snuffed out by a stronger.

The General, who had only arrived just in time to dress, enquired in astonishment for Daphne, and was told by Roger that his wife was not well, but would come down for a little while after dinner. In presence of the new splendours of Heston, the General had — in Roger's presence — very little to say. He made the vague remark that the dining-room was "very fine," but he should not have known it again. Where was the portrait of Edward, and the full-length of Edward's father by Sir Francis Grant? Lady Barnes drew herself up, and said nothing. Roger hastily replied that he believed they were now in the passage leading to the billiard-room.

"What! that dark corner!" cried the General, looking with both distaste and hostility at the famous Signorelli — a full-length nude St. Sebastian, bound and pierced — which had replaced them on the dining-room wall. Who on earth ever saw such a picture in a dining-room? Roger must be a fool to allow it!

Afterwards the General and Lady Barnes wandered through the transformed house, in general agreement as to the ugliness and extravagance of almost everything that had been done, an agreement that was as balm to the harassed spirits of the lady.

"What have they spent?" asked the General, under his breath, as they returned to the drawing-room. "Thousands and thousands, I should think! And there was no need for them to spend a penny. It is a sinful waste, and no one should waste money in these days — there are too many unemployed!" He drew up his spare person, with a terrier-like shake of the head and shoulders, as of one repudiating mammon and all its works.

"Daphne has simply no idea of the value of money!" Lady Barnes complained, also under her breath. They were passing along one of the side corridors of the house, and there was no one in sight. But Roger's mother was evidently uneasy, as though Daphne might at any moment spring from the floor, or emerge from the walls. The General was really sorry for her.

"It's like all the rest of them — Americans, I mean," he declared. "They haven't our sense of responsibility. I saw plenty of that in the States."

Lady Barnes acquiesced. She was always soothed by the General's unfaltering views of British superiority.

They found Daphne in the drawing-room — a ghostly Daphne, in white, and covered with diamonds. She made a little perfunctory conversation with them, avoided all mention of the house, and presently, complaining again of headache, went back to her room after barely an hour downstairs.

The General whistled to himself, as he followed her to bed, after another and more private conversation with Lady Barnes, and half an hour's billiards with a very absent-minded host. By Jove, Laura wanted a change! He rejoiced that he was to escort her on the morrow to the London house of some cheerful and hospitable relations. Dollars, it seemed, were not everything, and he wished to heaven that Roger had been content to marry some plain English girl with, say, a couple of thousand a year. Even the frugal General did not see how it could have been done on less. Roger no doubt had been a lazy, self-indulgent beggar. Yet he seemed a good deal steadier and more sensible than he used to be; in spite of his wife, and the pouring out of dollars. And there was no doubt that he had grown perceptibly older. The General felt a vague pang of regret, so rare and so compelling had been the quality of Roger's early youth, measured at least by physical standards.

The house sank into sleep and silence. Roger, before saying good-night to his mother, had let fall a casual question as to the whereabouts of the room which still contained the débris of the London house. He must, he said, look up two or three things — some share certificates of his father's, for instance — that he had been in want of for some time. Lady Barnes directed him. At the end of the nursery wing, to the right. But in the morning one of the housemaids would show him. Had she the key? She produced it, thought no more of it, and went to bed.

He waited in his room till after midnight, then took off his shoes, his pride smarting, and emerged. There was one electric light burning in the hall below. This gave enough glimmer on the broad, open landing for him to grope his way by, and he went noiselessly towards the staircase leading up to Beattie's rooms. Once, just as he reached it, he thought he caught the faint noise of low talking some-

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where in the house, an indeterminate sound not to be located. But when he paused to listen it had ceased; and he supposed it to be only a windy murmur of the night.

He gained the nursery wing. So far, of course, the way was perfectly familiar. He rarely passed an evening without going to kiss Beattie in her cot. Outside the door of the night-nursery he waited a moment to listen. Was she snoozling among her blankets? — the darling! She still sucked her thumb, sometimes, poor baby, to send her to sleep; and it was another reason for discontent with Miss Farmer that she would make a misdemeanour of it. Really that woman got on his nerves!

Beyond the nursery he had no knowledge whatever of his own house. The attics at Heston were large and rambling. He believed the servants were all in the other wing, but was not sure; he could only hope that he might not stumble on some handmaiden's room by mistake!

A door to the right, at the end of the passage. He tried the key. Thank goodness! It turned without too much noise, and he found himself on the threshold of a big lumber-room, his candle throwing lines of dusty light across it. He closed the door, set down the light, and looked round him in despair. The room was crowded with furniture, trunks, and boxes, in considerable confusion. It looked as though the men employed to move them had piled them there as they pleased; and Roger shrewdly suspected that his mother, from whom, in spite of her square and businesslike appearance, his own indolence was inherited, had shrunk till now from the task of disturbing them.

He began to rummage a little. Papers belonging to his father, — an endless series of them; some in tin boxes marked with the names of various companies, mining and other; some in leather cases, reminiscent of politics, and labelled "Parliamentary" or "Local Government Board." Trunks containing court suits, yeomanry uniforms, and the like; a medley of old account-books, photographs, worthless volumes, and broken ornaments: all the refuse that our too complex life piles about us was represented in the chaos of the room. Roger pulled and pushed as cautiously as he could, but making, inevitably, some noise in the process. At last! He caught sight of some belongings of his own; and was soon joyfully detaching the old Eton desk of which he was in search from a pile of miscellaneous rubbish. In doing so, to his dismay, he upset a couple of old cardboard boxes filled with letters, and they fell with some clatter. He looked round instinctively at the door; but it was shut, and the house was well built, the walls and ceilings reasonably sound-proof. The desk was only latched — beastly carelessness, of course! — and inside it were three thick piles of letters, and a few loose ones below. His own letters to Chloe; and — by George! — the lost one! — among the others. He opened it eagerly — ran it through. Yes, the very thing! What luck! He laid it carefully aside a moment on a trunk near by, and sat with the other letters on his lap.

His fingers played with them. He almost determined to take them down unopened, and burn them, as they were, in his own room; but in the end he could not resist the temptation to look at them once more. He pulled off an india-rubber band from the latest packet, and was soon deep in them, at first half ashamed, half contemptuous. Calf love, of course! And he had been a precious fool to write such things. Then presently the headlong passion of them began to affect him, to set his pulses swinging. He fell to wondering at his own bygone facility, his own powers of expression. How did he ever write such a style! — he, who could hardly get through a note now without blots and labour. Self-pity grew upon him — and self-admiration. By heaven! How could a woman treat a man — a man who could write to her like this — as Chloe had treated him!

The old smart revived; or rather, the old indelible impressions of it left on nerve and brain.

The letters lay on his knee. He sat brooding — his hands upon the packets, his head bowed. One might have thought him a man overcome and dissolved by the enervating memories of passion; but in truth he was gradually and steadily reacting against them — resuming, and this time finally, as far as Chloe Fairmile was concerned, a man's mastery of himself. He thought of her unkindness and cruelty — of the misery he had suffered — and now of the reckless caprice with which, during the preceding weeks, she had tried to entangle him afresh, with no respect for his married life, for his own or Daphne's peace of mind.

He judged her, and, therewith, himself. Looking back upon the four years since Chloe Fairmile had thrown him over, it seemed to him that in some ways he had made a good job of his life — and in others a bad one. As to the money, that was neither here nor there. It was amusing to have so much of it; though of late Daphne had pricked his pride roughly by not a few reminders that the money was hers and not his. But he did not find that it had made as much difference to him as he had expected. On the other hand, he had been much happier with Daphne than he had thought he should be, up to the time of their coming to

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Heston. She wasn't easy to live with, and she had been often, before now, ridiculously jealous; but you could not, apparently, live with a woman without getting fond of her — he couldn't — especially if she had given you a child; and if Daphne had turned against him now for a bit — well, he could not swear to himself that he had been altogether free from blame; and it perhaps served him right for having gone out to the States to marry money — with a wife thrown in — in that shabby sort of way.

But now, to straighten out this coil — to shake himself finally free of Chloe, and make Daphne happy again! He raised himself on his seat; in the old Greek phrase, "the gods breathed courage into his soul"; and as he stretched out an indifferent hand towards Chloe's letters on the trunk, Roger Barnes had perhaps reached the highest point of his moral history; he had become conscious of himself as a moral being choosing good or evil; and he had chosen good. It was not so much that his conscience accused him greatly with regard to Chloe. For that his normal standards were not fine enough. It was rather a kind of "serious call," something akin to conversion, or that might have been conversion, which befell him in this dusty room, amid the night-silence.

As he took up Chloe's letters, he did not notice that the door had quietly opened behind him, and that a figure stood on the threshold.

A voice struck into the stillness.

"Roger!"

He turned, with a movement that scattered all his own letters on the floor. Daphne stood before him — but with the eyes of a madwoman. Her hand shook on the handle of the door.

"What are you doing here!" She flung out the question like a blow.

"Hallo, Daphne! — is that you?" He tried to laugh. "I'm only looking up some old papers; no joke, in all this rubbish." He pointed to it.

"What old papers?"

"Well, you needn't catechise me!" he said, nettled by her tone,— "or not in that way, at any rate. I couldn't sleep, and I came up here to look for something I wanted. Why did you shut your door on me?"

He looked at her intently, his lips twitching a little. Daphne came nearer.

"It must be something you want very badly — something you don't want other people to see — something you're ashamed of! — or you wouldn't be searching for it at this time of night." She raised her eyes, still with the same strange yet flaming quiet, from the littered floor to his face. Then suddenly glancing again at the scattered papers — "That's your handwriting! — they're your letters! — letters to Mrs. Fairmile!"

"Well, and what do you make of that!" cried Roger, half wroth, half inclined to laugh. "If you want to know, they are the letters I wrote to Chloe Fairmile; and I, like a careless beast, never destroyed them, and they were stuffed away here. I have long meant to get at them and burn them, and as you turned me out to-night——"

"What is that letter in your hand?" exclaimed Daphne, interrupting him.

"Oh, that has nothing to do with you — or me ——" he said, hastily making a movement to put it in his coat pocket. But in a second, Daphne, with a cry, had thrown herself upon him, to his intense amazement, wrestling with him, in a wild excitement. And as she did so, a thin woman, with frightened eyes, in a nurse's dress, came quickly into the room, as though Daphne's cry had signalled to her. She was behind Roger, and he was not aware of her approach.

"Daphne, don't be such a little fool!" he said indignantly, holding her off with one hand, determined not to give her the letter.

Then, all in a moment — without, as it seemed to him, any but the mildest defensive action on his part, Daphne stumbled and fell.

"Daphne! — I say! ——"

He was stooping over her in great distress to lift her up, when he felt himself vehemently put aside by a woman's hand.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir! Let me go to her."

He turned in bewilderment.

"Miss Farmer! What on earth are you doing here!"

But in his astonishment he had given way to her, and he fell back pale and frowning, while, without replying, she lifted Daphne — who had a cut on her forehead and was half fainting — from the ground.

"Don't come near her, sir!" said the nurse, again warding him off. "You have done quite enough. Let me attend to her."

"You imagine that was my doing?" said Roger grimly. "Let me assure you, it was nothing of the kind. And, pray, were you listening at the door?"

Miss Farmer vouchsafed no reply. She was half leading, half supporting Daphne, who leant against her. As they neared the door, Roger, who had been standing dumb again, started forward.

"Let me take her," he said sternly. "Daphne! — send this woman away."

But Daphne only shuddered, and putting out a shaking hand, she waved him from her.

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"You see in what a state she is!" cried Miss Farmer, with a withering look. "If you must speak to her, put it off, sir, at least till to-morrow."

Roger drew back. A strange sense of inexplicable disaster rushed upon him. He sombrely watched them pass through the door and disappear.

Daphne reached her own room. As the door closed upon them, she turned to her companion, holding out the handkerchief stained with blood she had been pressing to her temple.

"You saw it all?" she said imperiously — "the whole thing?"

"All," said Miss Farmer. "It's a mercy you're not more hurt."

Daphne gave a hysterical laugh.

"It'll just do — I think it'll just do! But you'll have to make a good deal out of it."

And sinking down before the fire, she burst into a passion of wild tears.

The nurse brought her sal volatile, and washed the small cut above her eyebrow.

"It was lucky we heard him," she said triumphantly. "I guessed at once he must be looking for something — I knew that room was full of papers."

A knock at the door startled them.

"Never mind!" The nurse hurried across the room. "It's locked."

"How is my wife?" said Roger's strong and, as it seemed, threatening voice outside.

"She'll be all right, sir, I hope, if you'll leave her to rest. But I won't answer for the consequences if she's disturbed any more."

Roger's steps receded.

There was a pause, as though of hesitation. Then Daphne pushed her hair back from her face, and sat staring into the fire. Everything was decided now. Yet she had rushed upstairs on Miss Farmer's information with no definite purpose. She only knew that — once again — Roger was hiding something from her — doing something secret and disgraceful — and she suddenly resolved to surprise and confront him. With a mind still vaguely running on the legal aspects of what she meant to do, she had bade the nurse follow her. The rest had been half spontaneous, half acting. It had struck her imagination midway how the incident could be turned — and used.

She was triumphant; but from sheer excitement she wept and sobbed through the greater part of the night.

TO BE CONTINUED

A HILLSIDE OF WHITE HEATHER

(PORTUGUESE)

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

A HILLSIDE of white heather
Dripping with ocean mist,
And miles of crumpled bracken
Red-brown and autumn-kissed.

Brown sheep that crowd and nibble,
Following the mountain-rills,
And little piping shepherd-lads
Brown as the wind-swept hills.

Two stone mills high against the sea,
Like Biblical watch-towers,
A walled sheep-fold, a herdsman's thatch
Drifted with heather flowers.

The barefoot shepherd boys pipe loud
Upon their oaten reeds;
The ocean mist hangs on their clouts
Like strings of precious beads.

They care not for the dank sea-fog,
The gathering white sea-gloom;
They call their brown sheep down the crags
And disappear, sheep, song, and rags,
Swallowed in snowy bloom.

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THE WATERS OF THUNDER

BY

EDMUND CANDLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

WE had been boxed up three days in the inn at Ried, and from the second day our patience had been tried by a garrulous and adhesive old man, a type from which one is not secure even in the most remote inns of Switzerland.

He had ferreted out an old Visitors' Book, and was rummaging for names of people one has heard of. He ran them over smoothly enough until he blundered on to the name of Cuthbert Bailey.

"Cuthbert Bailey," he said; "that's the man who abandoned Delacroix in Paraguay and left him for the aborigines to make soup of."

"I wish you would keep your criticisms to yourself, sir," snapped Malaher, glaring at him.

The old man was confused. He hoped he had not been indiscreet, he said, and after a decent interval shuffled out of the room. I turned to Malaher.

"You know Bailey?" I asked.

"Yes, and I knew Delacroix too. It is just five years since I met Bailey in the Club hut on the Bietschhorn. It was there that he told me the whole story.

"Delacroix had always been fascinated by the idea of exploring the unknown tracts of the watershed between the Paraguay system and the southern affluents of the Amazon. When Crevaux and his party were cut up by the Tobus at Ipanticopu, he persuaded Bailey to try his luck with him on the same journey. Thouar, you remember, got through a year afterwards where Delacroix failed, and he discovered the sources of the Pilcomayo, a tributary of the Parana. It was in Bolivia that Delacroix met his fate. He turned aside, not, indeed, through any slackening of sinew or resolve, for he meant to return on his tracks and see the thing through; but he was drawn off on a wilder flight to those 'Aguas Tronantes,' fabled by the Indians, which are generally believed to be legendary, and which have never been seen by any man articulate enough to record the sight. Aborigines of a kind dwell there, and I believe Delacroix saw them. That is part of the story.

"Bailey came back alone. He had no presentiment of the reception that awaited him. When he got to Buenos Aires, people were very civil and sympathetic. He felt, as he told me, rather like 'a glad worm.' He had come through a hideous dream. He was the Ancient Mariner, he said, but guiltless of the albatross' blood. For he had no qualms about Delacroix. He looked on him as a kind of wild Juggernaut man. It was as if the two had sailed through siren-haunted waters and Delacroix had leaped overboard while Bailey stood fast and tried to hold him back. He is not the kind of man who takes death as seriously as stay-at-home folk, his own death or other people's — of course, with the few natural exceptions. He was sorry for Delacroix, but quite as angry with him as he was sorry for him. In the meanwhile the comforts of the Argentine and that unparalleled spring air lapped him round like a physical caress and he had prospects of a month, nearly, of exquisite peace on the mail-boat. You know what it feels like to sit aft in the moonlight and watch the churning of the sea while the marble-veined trough of receding waters is the measure of one's path to something that is so dear that one hardly dares to think of it. Bailey was engaged. He was not naturally a wanderer like Delacroix. His mind was centered in one parish and a Hampshire manor-house. He took to travel as a kind of cure for an evil that hit him harder than it does most men. But the lady relented, some obstacle was removed, and her letter was one of the last that reached him before he struck out into the unknown. What an effort those next marches must have been, heavy foot and light heart, and that within his spirit which was enough to swing him round on his tracks and send him flighting home!

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"They were an odd couple to be together. Delacroix was the kind of man who sees the ground just round his feet, and one other point a very long way off, and nothing in between. Bailey's eyes were cast back. Yet the two went on side by side for months, one drawn dreamily and half ecstatically towards a magnet and the other plodding beside him in the fulfilment of a vow. I do not mean to say that Bailey had no zest in the business so long as there remained any reasonable hope of getting through with it; but his interest was subordinated to a more imperious one. He had only to turn and stretch out his hand to grasp what his soul longed for. Of the two, he was the braver man. He had never been afraid of dying in a violent manner, but the fear of losing his mistress cowed him sometimes, and he rebelled against the irony of the renunciation, of the gift too late. He would feel sometimes that she ought to be considered first, that to throw his life away was to injure her cruelly. And then an ugly suspicion would creep into his mind that he was deluding himself by means of casuistry. The path was clear, and she would despise him if he did not follow it.

"Delacroix' courage was of another kind. He believed that peril dissolves itself if one forgets about it. He had a knack of shutting his eyes, of seeing a ledge the other side of a chasm and landing on it. It was not the courage of ignorance, nor of dull senses, for the man was all nerves. It was simply a power he had of lulling his apprehensive faculties to sleep, one part of his mind exercising a sort of hypnotic influence over the other part until the mood became a habit, and he really did not believe that anything could happen to him. Did you ever see the portrait of him in the Alpine Club? He was very much like the poet Cowper, a palpable dreamer; and he became more so instead of less."

"Then how on earth did he manage to get through? Where did he get his driving power?"

"The odd part of it is, he had none. He was not a strong man, by no means a leader, and not even resourceful. To look at, he was the last man a sane explorer would think of taking with him on an expedition. The first time I saw him was at Covent Garden, and when he was pointed out to me as the man who had crossed Africa with L'Estrange I would not believe it. 'That Delacroix?' I said. 'Impossible! The man looks mere putty.' 'Putty and pig-iron,' said my friend; and he was right. His African exploit was a miracle. Hayden, who was with him in the Turaeg country, said he would drift into a tight place as innocently as a child into a hornet's nest. The only approach to initiative he had was his inability to consider for a moment any step that did not lead straight on. And this, when you come to think of it, taken with his appearance of having arrived in a place on a zephyr, was a pretty good equipment for a man who wanted to get through."

"But it did not serve him in the Pilcomayo country."

"No, but it might have done, if he had gone straight on and never heard of the Aguas Tronantes. At other times Delacroix was like a piece of thistle-down driven before an obstinate wind, but this time the breeze was capricious. He listened to the Indians, and they told him that the forests by the cataracts were inhabited by a malignant race of aborigines, not made in the image of man. Even their own hunters had perished there; brave as they were, and alert and apprehensive, none who had pursued that valley had returned. Others said there was a singing genius in the falls that lured to destruction all living creatures who penetrated within her call; that it could be heard three marches from the bivouac where Delacroix and his party were, faintly, at first, like the singing of the cinchona bark in the ears, and then with more insistence, losing its sweetness until it became a dreadful summons to which no man dared close his ears.

"'We will capture the Aguas Tronantes,' Delacroix said, with a light in his eyes, 'and then we will proceed by a valley parallel to Ipanticopu, avoiding the Tobus, debouch on to the Pilcomayo again a few marches farther north, and follow the river up to its sources.'

"Many marches farther back the country had become impracticable for mules, and the muleteers had been impressed as carriers, but when they heard that Delacroix was going to the Aguas Tronantes they would not move a step farther. This did not deter Delacroix; and Bailey, who had begun to understand the man by this time, realized with disgust that whatever course he might follow himself, his friend was now being driven on an insane quest from which nothing could recall him. Bailey had to follow or abandon him. He followed, of course. You must remember, it was Delacroix' show.

"The carriers were persuaded to continue with the party another three marches to the edge of the fatal circle. Thus far they had an Indian guide. The first two days they ascended steep rises of about 3000 feet and crossed torrents at the foot of them which they had to bridge by felling trees. On the third evening they emerged on a plateau overlooking

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an unexpected river of extraordinary rapidity and clearness. The stream was broader than the Pilcomayo and it raced in boiling eddies to their feet, where it was beaten by a resolute granite cliff and flung angrily at a sharp angle eastward. The existence of this river which so nearly debouches into the Pilcomayo is quite unknown. Bailey has written nothing about the expedition, and, as you can easily understand, he addressed no learned societies on his return. Delacroix, I believe, is the plaything of these waters, and he has solved in his grim way the riddle of their destination.

"They both stood amazed on the cliff. Even Bailey felt for a moment like Cortez, and Delacroix' high spirits found vent in badinage. 'Where is the voice?' he bawled at the Indians. 'Is your genius asleep, or is he afraid, or has he gone hunting?' he cried profanely. But, of course, they could hear nothing except the thunder of the waters. Yet at night, as they all lay awake, there was heard above that bass, infinitely faint, yet insistent and not to be denied, a kind of soft appeal, the echo of shell-music.

"In the morning Delacroix and Bailey started up the stream heavily laden. The carriers were to wait for them in the bivouac on the cliff — 'Prospice Camp,' Delacroix called it — and papers were given to them which they were to deliver to the British consul at Asuncion should the explorers not return within three weeks from the day of setting out.

"There was, of course, no manner of track, and they had to cut their way through the undergrowth sometimes for a mile or two at a time. The ascent was continuous and steep. Often they struck down a gully to the bed of the river and made their way along it until they came to a gorge and were driven up the cliff again. The gorges became more frequent, and on the third and fourth marches they were rock-climbing all day long beside a cataract. They were deafened by its thunder, and in spite of the din, that unearthly undertone still far off thrilled through the night and grew in compass and insistence.

"They had left the first cataract many miles behind when they came on the tracks. There was a distinct line of clearage in the undergrowth, breast-high, like an overgrown drive in a wood. It cut across their line of progress in the direction of the stream, but underfoot there was no spoor, only rock and red-baked earth and fallen leaves. All that day they pursued the divided brushwood up the hillside, bent, and cramped, and thirsty, and at nightfall they lay down on a smooth rock and cursed the creatures that had led them astray. Man or beast, all they knew of them was that they were stunted things, if they walked erect not more than four feet high.

"At dawn they followed the voice. Their lips had not been moistened for twenty-four hours, and the thunder of the stream below mocked their thirst. They had no stomach for food, which was providential. As they scrambled towards the water they crossed other mysterious aisles, neglected and overarched. The timid frequenters of these passages, whoever they might be, were never seen. Indeed, to hear them or anything else was impossible. Bailey told me he felt they were behind him and all about him. Delacroix would look behind him in an odd, suspicious way, sometimes jerkily as if he wished to confound something that was dogging his steps or as if he expected to be just in time to see an elusive pair of heels disappear, smooth or horny — I don't know what he expected. More than once Bailey was conscious, or thought he was, of the kind of smell that proceeded from human sweat and uncleanliness in the lower orders of man. But if any creatures were behind them they could only make themselves known by touch, for every sense was bewildered by the commotion of the waters. The two had long ceased trying to converse. They were so hoarse with the efforts of the first two days that they could not raise their voices above a whisper. An enemy's artillery might be muffled in the uproar of those cataracts above and below, whose combined orchestra no sound could penetrate or swell, save the singing genius whose voice vibrated through it all imperiously.

"There was no life in the forest. Day after day went by and they did not see a single bird or mammal. Delacroix floated on in a kind of happy trance, his lips moving to perpetual refrain.

"'What is it you keep saying?' Bailey asked him one day.

"Delacroix handed him his pocket-book and signaled to him to write.

"'What are you saying?' Bailey wrote.

"Delacroix scribbled a few words and handed it back with the same kind of absent-minded smile with which he would distribute teacups in a lady's boudoir. He had written:

"'"Y las palomas como están, ó ya las comieron los gatos?" It keeps running in my head.'

"'And the doves how are they, or have the cats eaten them?'

"The words were written by a little homesick Spanish boy in a letter to his mother from the Parana steamer on which the travelers had

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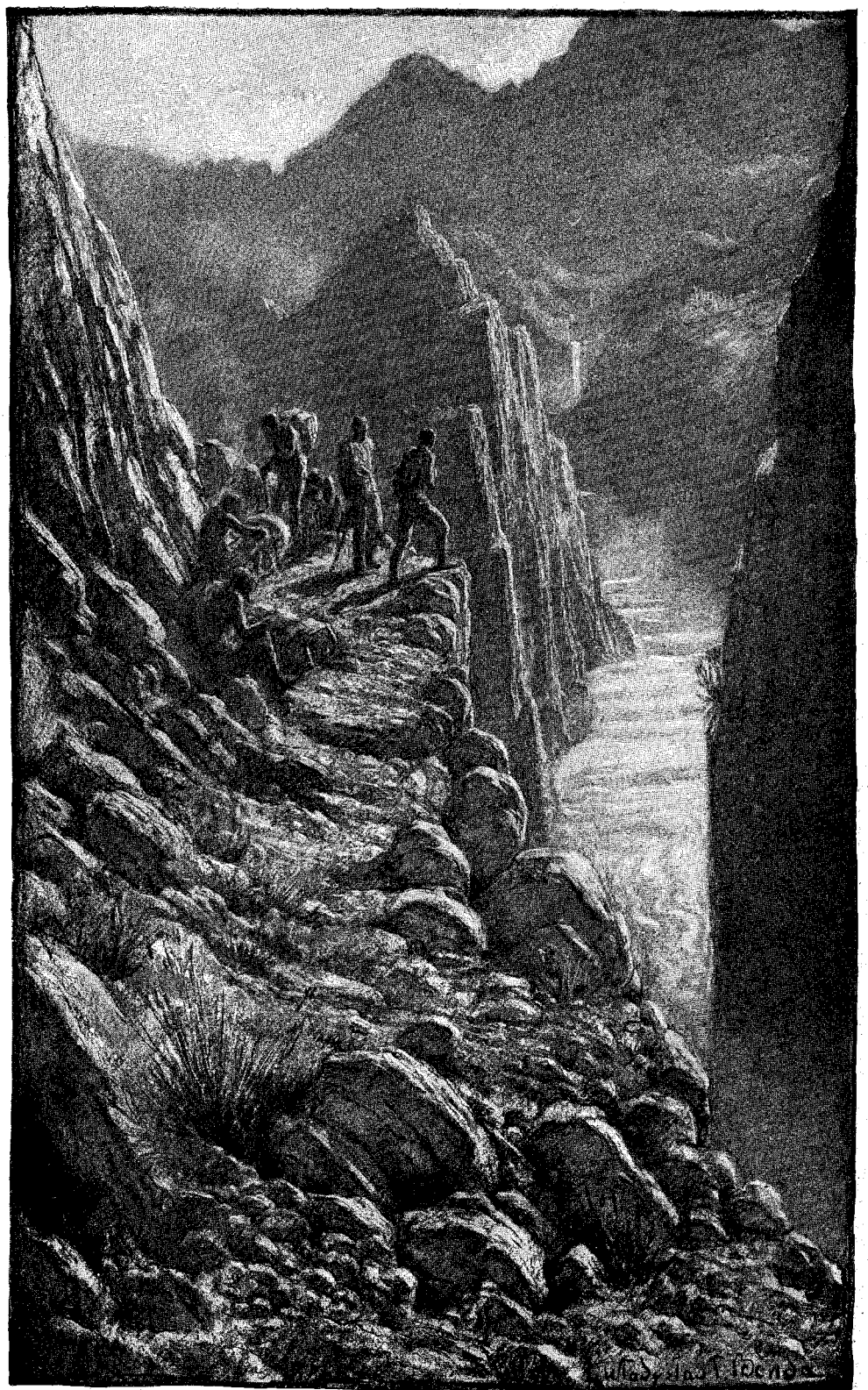

"THEY EMERGED ON A PLATEAU OVERLOOKING AN UNEXPECTED RIVER"

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begun their voyage. Delacroix had heard him reading it aloud.

"It was just the sort of tag that would stick in Delacroix' head. He was great in his way through this very minuteness. He would count the dewdrops on a gossamer that overhung a shelving ledge of precipice. His spirit had become taut, his mental processes mechanical. The odd words were buzzing in his head all day, but Bailey knew that they were only subconsciously suggested to him by the grim parallelism of the birdless cliffs, the lurking enemy, the poignancy of far-off remembered things. Probably he did not think half a dozen times in the day of the pass they were in and the way out of it.

"Their provisions were running short. Luckily they were always too tired to eat much, but lay down with parched gums, feverish blood, the stomach a pervading and haunting vacuum, legs and feet doing work for a vicarious trunk, and nerves that cried only for sleep. Their rucksacks had been packed with tabloids, extracts, essences, reputed to be of superculinary virtue, a whole beast in a lozenge. But there was no strength in them, and they were coming to an end.

"One beast only they saw and killed. It was a kind of rat, or it might have been a squirrel. It was the oddest thing imaginable. It had no ears, not even an aperture where they ought to be, only the faintest rudimentary vestiges of them. They killed it in its sleep and ate its profane flesh with more relish than all their desiccated chemical messes.

"They were nine days from the bivouac, and had rations enough, such as they were, to last them on very short commons for five days more, when they made a discovery. Bailey had lain awake all night preparing himself for a last struggle with Delacroix. He was going to put forth every faculty to retrieve him, and he had been reckoning his points all night but with no great hope of success. For the man was strung up, carried away by something outside himself like a leaf in a stream in which there are no backwaters.

"'I am going back,' he wrote in the book. It was the green pocket-book he showed me in the Concordia.

"Delacroix scribbled, 'I am sorry.' He did not believe it.

"'You must come with me.'

"'Not yet; we may reach the falls to-night.'

"'Will you promise to turn back if we do not reach the falls to-night? If you promise I will go with you.'

"'I am sorry. I can't promise.'

"'But what is the good? You will die. There is no food.'

"'We may meet these people; they must live somehow, and we could get food from them. Every rat we kill will take us on another half day, and those berries look edible.'

"'I tried them yesterday; they made me sick. So far the rat average is one in ten days. The natives, if there are any, are more likely to eat you than to give you anything to eat.'

"'There is still food for four days.'

"'But we have got to get back. We could never reach the bivouac; even if we do, it will be too late unless we turn back to-morrow. They won't wait.'

"'I am going on. It is all right. I always get through somehow.'

"'It is suicide.'

"'No, it is not, it is Kismet; it is all settled what is going to happen, and you and I can't alter it.'

"'It is settled that I am going back.'

"Bailey wondered if it was Kismet that he should renounce the girl he had won after so much trial, who had come to him when there had seemed no hope. He wrote in the notebook that he was engaged. The words in the context seemed absurd. What right had an engaged man in that wilderness? He smiled at the grimness of it, but Delacroix had no sense of humor.

"'To a girl,' Delacroix wrote.

"Bailey nodded.

"'I didn't know,' he wrote; 'of course you must go back. You ought not to have come. Why didn't you tell me?'

"If only the man could be angry or passionate Bailey felt that he might forgive him. It was Delacroix' lamblike placidity that exasperated him. It made his obstinacy unforgivable. 'Putty and pig-iron' described the man.

"'I will see you through one more day,' he wrote, 'and then I am going back, whatever happens. If you like to chuck your life away, you can, and be damned to you.'

"So they limped off again.

"It was at the end of the ninth day's march that they made the discovery which puffed out once for all any faint hope that Bailey might have husbanded of turning Delacroix back. It was one of those twilight tunnels in the undergrowth such as had crossed their tracks before, but never in the same direction. This one ran parallel to the stream and in the direction of the voice. It should solve both mysteries and accelerate the end. They had finished the day's march and were exploring a gully up and down for a smooth place where

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"ONE DRAWN HALF ECSTATICALLY TOWARDS A MAGNET, THE OTHER PLODDING BESIDE HIM"

they might rest for the night, when Delacroix almost fell into Bailey's arms from above. He clutched his elbow and led him to the place. The aisle was bisected by a dried watercourse, and a slanting shaft of sunset light penetrated it so that the aperture in front of them glowed mysteriously shot with dancing motes that took their color from the ocherous rock behind, while the passage that led in the direction of life, and home, and hallowed associations, lay obscured in an even and mysterious gloom. Delacroix was sucked into the charmed avenue unresistingly.

"Bailey panted after him far into the night until Delacroix stumbled and lay down too exhausted to rise. They neither of them slept. The clear insistence of the voice, the feeling that they were alone, and the knowledge that they could become aware of the approach of living things only by contact with them or the vibration of the ground, kept them awake or only allowed them to sink into a state of drowsy half-consciousness. Before dawn Bailey became aware of the same insidious human smell; he told me the scent reminded him of the Kukis of the Naga hills after a pig-drive. He lay awake alert and apprehensive until the rocks and trees began to appear in the morning light. He had reason for his vigil. For one boulder which he was watching with an effort to fix his mind on anything material almost as soon as it loomed into a shape was dislodged mysteriously by some unseen agent and leaped down towards the stream, crushing the vegetation by their side.

"They ran along the aisle a few yards crouching, and then Bailey scrambled up to where the rock had started rolling. It seemed to have been dislodged forcibly. His dry skin broke into a perspiration. It was a malignant place; the stale fetid human smell was strong all round it; dead leaves seemed to have been moved, but there were no tracks; the earth was hard as adamant. He does not know to this day whether he saw gray figures fleeting through the undergrowth, or whether his imagination tricked him, or whether the shadows have entered into his dreams since.

"They sat and waited, and when the sunshine began to enter the place — reluctantly,

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Bailey said — they saw an image, a red face on the rock. Its hideousness was undefined at first, low-browed, squat, amorphous; and there was something wanting in it, some feature it was without. It only gradually dawned on them that the god had no ears. Delacroix hovered round it like a medium. And as he did so Bailey saw the rock behind crumble, as if with an impact. Splinters of stone sprayed round him. Delacroix' back was turned; the bolt had struck the rock close to his shoulder. He did not hear it. The voice had become dominant, impenetrable; it absorbed all sound, and the dull roar of the cataract was a constant undersong.

"Before Bailey could attract Delacroix' attention he discovered that they were under fire. Another missile struck the rock over his head, and a stone bolt ricochetted at Delacroix' feet and swung him round staring. They took cover. The thickets above them, the still impenetrable cliff, were tenanted — by whom Bailey never knew. No sign of life was there. They were exposed to malignant and intangible forces, hidden, silent, timid, but of fearful resourcefulness. For when, exhausted and driven desperate with crouching there on the defensive, they leaped up and charged the thickets, the missiles ceased to strike the rock, and the unknown receded. The flight of those creatures appalled Bailey more than any resistance could and filled him with a sense of a subtle and more insidious peril.

"It was revolting to be the sport of those dwarfs, to think that anything so mean and puny could cut the thread of life, deliberately and with malice — that by a stroke or incision in the dark, or by secretly drawing a crossbow, they could interpose a veto to his desires, put their fetid hands to his throat, close his eyes and blot out forever that Hampshire garden, the green croquet lawn with its border of roses and hollyhocks, the half-tame blackbirds by the window, and their dear mistress,— his mistress now,— so that all these things should fall away from him. It was not to be borne. They must retreat. Hordes of these phantoms might be awed by the lifting of a finger, yet one could not stand there vigilant and aggressive forever, menacing the unseen. Darkness must come again, and sleep, and with it subjection — God knows how remorseless and obscene.

"When they had driven them off for a time at least they returned to the place where they had sheltered, and Bailey brought out his green pocket-book again, the one he showed me in the Concordia.

"'What are you going to do?' he wrote. 'The track ahead is impossible; they can command it in force. If we turn back they'll probably let us through, but it is a toss-up.'

"'They are afraid of us.'

"'All the more dangerous.'

"'I have been thinking that if we worship this idol of theirs they may come in. They may help us and give us food.'

"'Try,' said Bailey, humoring him; 'meanwhile I am going to sleep. Draw them if you can, but anyhow I start back to-night, and you must come with me.'

"Delacroix looked at Bailey vacantly as if he were an incomprehensible obstruction. The pocket-book lay between them on the rock, a futile appeal, the gage of a defeated man. Bailey knew that no words written in it would ever move Delacroix a hair's-breadth. He began to hate him.

"He lay on the terrace of rock, too overcome with exhaustion to move, and before he fell asleep he watched Delacroix with half-closed eyes as he groveled before the image and struck his forehead to the ground. They would have been exposed to repetition of the fusillade had the aborigines had courage to renew it, but Bailey told me that all hopes and fears and apprehensions were absorbed in an overwhelming anger with Delacroix. It had come to a struggle with him for their two lives. It was Delacroix he was fighting; in his sleep these phantom slingers and bowmen had become his friend's allies. And waking only confirmed the dream. Delacroix had returned to his prostrations. It was true, then: the man would make an alliance with the devil. Bailey picked up one of the missiles, a rough stone bolt the size of a bantam's egg and chipped into a rude sphere. He rolled it towards Delacroix to draw his attention. The stone grazed his foot and he started up to see Bailey beckoning him. He approached wearily and the futile parley began again. At the end Delacroix wrote in the book:

"'I can't.'

"It was true. It was not so much that he would not turn back as that he could not. He was possessed.

"Bailey, remembering that there were still some hours during which he had promised to remain with him, set about rolling stones against a cavity in the rock so that they might have cover if they were attacked again. He drew Delacroix inside and they slept.

"When he woke up it was moonlight and the rank human smell pervaded the cave. Bailey touched Delacroix and woke him. They stood together for a moment side by side.

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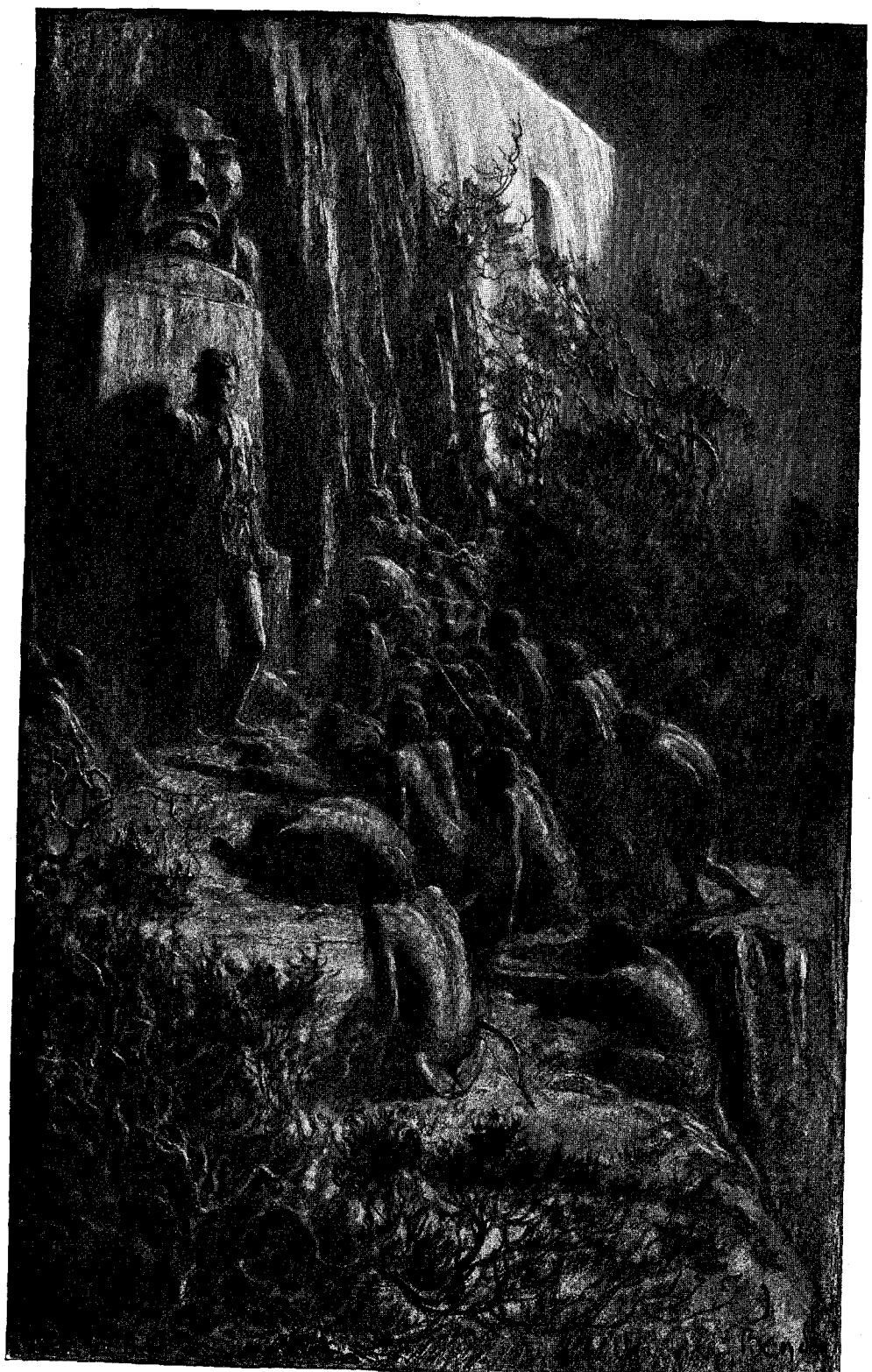

"AN EARLESS, MUTE, DWARFISH GANG WOULD ATTEND HIS SACRIFICE"

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Then Bailey took Delacroix by the hand and led him a few paces down the avenue until he began to resist, when Bailey lifted him bodily off the ground and carried him in his arms. He struggled on with him like this for a little way until he had to let him go. Delacroix shook his head, smiled sadly, and turned back again up the eerie moonlit avenue in the direction of the voice, and Bailey never saw him again.

"I have often tried to picture the end. I feel sure that Delacroix reached the voice. There was something that impelled him, that would not be denied. The idea of return had imperceptibly vanished; he was only afraid that he would not get to the falls, to the place where the water goes over the edge, just as a child is flung forward by some vague impulse when he hears the first heavy stroke of the hour on a still night and feels that the devil will catch hold of him if he does not get to the chestnut-tree before the church clock has finished striking eleven, or stakes his salvation on hearing a gate click behind him before the cock crows again, or some mysterious reiterated noise repeats itself in the night. Delacroix was a child; his ideals were infantile if you judge him by our sophisticated standard of values. He was just as susceptible to that voice as the Indians. The picture of him haunts me. I often see him running pantingly along those dim aisles attended by his unseen escort. They would become bolder, more curious. He would seem to them initiated, under the spell, and when he emerged on the open space, where all these aisles led, the

"HE GROVELED BEFORE THE IMAGE AND STRUCK HIS FOREHEAD TO THE GROUND"

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sanctuary of these people, they would break out of the forest, an earless, mute, dwarfish gang, and would honor him from afar and attend his sacrifice; while Delacroix, erect in this wonderland of flashing crystal waters, unterrified by their awful thunder, with music in his soul, would step forward as if he were marching to a sublime orchestra, those childish words on his lips, and yield up his spirit to the genius of the place."

Malaher paused and emptied his pipe.

"And Bailey?" I asked.

"Oh, Bailey got back somehow, half starved and utterly beat. He was three days late at the bivouac, but they had waited for him. He cabled to his lady from Buenos Aires asking her to write to him at Lisbon where his ship called. She wrote curtly breaking off the engagement."

We were both silent for a moment. Then Malaher asked me:

"In Bailey's place, now, what would you have done? Do you think there was any call for him to sacrifice himself, to join Delacroix in his foolish bushido, suicide, or whatever you like to call it? Was going back like cutting the rope?"

"It was Delacroix' show," I said, "and in a certain sense he was a sick man."

"That is the point," said Malaher. "Was he a sick man or one of those lunatics whose lives we are too careful to preserve?"

THE ROAD TO CABINTEELY

BY

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

OH, the lonely road, the road to Cabinteely,
'Tis there I see a little ghost, and gaily singeth she.
She plucks the swaying cowslip, nor stays for all my calling,
But flies at my pursuing, who once did run to me—
She once did run to me.

I follow ever eager the dancing shade elusive,
The phantom feet that leave me so lone and far behind.
Then comes her merry laughter like elfin music chiming,
She cares not for my sorrow, she once to grief so kind—
She was to tears so kind.

Her kiss falls swift and tender on breaking bud and blossom,
Her flitting fingers touch them, fair as white butterflies;
Her slender arm enfolds them with soft and sweet embraces,
Remembered shy caresses she now to me denies—
She all to me denies.

On the haunted road, the road to Cabinteely,
'Tis there a little dancing ghost her merry way doth take.
She sings no song of sorrow, nor knows no pain of weeping.
I would not wish her home again, though my lone heart should break—
Though my poor heart should break.

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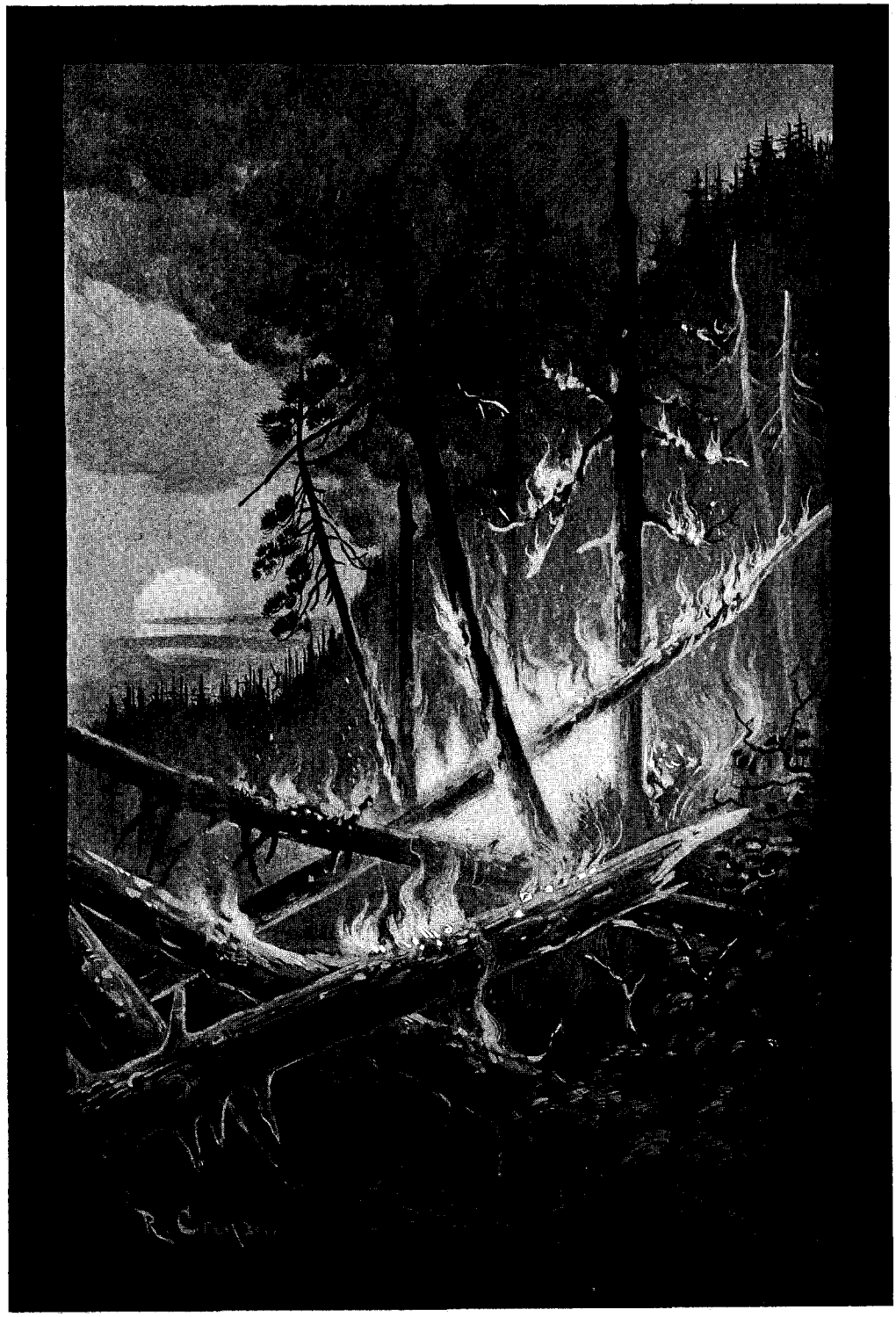

Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley

SEPTEMBER FOREST FIRES

AFTER A DRAWING BY RUDOLF CRONAU

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A CONTINENT DESPOILED

BY

RUDOLF CRONAU

ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR

ON my writing-desk lies a pile of photographs, some taken with my own camera, some obtained from friends or through the courtesy of the United States Forest Service and the Geological Survey. Besides, there are maps and papers covered with statistic figures.

If you look over this collection, you will be struck with horror, for these views disclose scenes so repulsive, that, if they were not photographs, you would believe them products of the sickly brain of some artist like the famous Belgian painter Wuerz, or the Russian Wereschagin, who, with cruel pleasure, indulged in portraying only the most unpleasant and disgusting scenes of this world.

Let us take up a few of these photographs.

Here we have the gloomy view of a forest destroyed by fire. As far as the eye can penetrate the picture, you see hundreds and thousands of straight black trunks, pointing as so many big needles toward heaven. There is not a limb left on one of the trees. Every branch is eaten away. And not a living thing is seen in this dreadful wilderness, nor will anything flourish there for many years to come.

This second picture discloses another scene of devastation: a primeval forest as it was left by lumbermen after they had taken out the choicest timber. What reckless barbarians these men have been! Everywhere we see the unmistakable evidences of frightful waste. The ground is covered with fragments of noble trees, and with young saplings crushed to pieces by fallen timber.

The next photographs show deforested hillsides and farm-lands, damaged by rain-storms which gnawed deep gullies into the naked ground and carried away all fruitful soil. And here we have villages and cities suffering by the flood of rivers. The water reaches into the first and second stories. Mills and houses have been swept away and landed on distant places.

After that we look into a bird's nest, in which we see a heap of young birds, dead from starvation. Another of these ghastly photographs affords a glance over rocky shores, strewn with the putrid bodies of thousands and thousands of seal pups, who perished while waiting in vain for the return of their slain mothers.

And then we see horrible views showing long rows of human corpses, distorted by explosions, burned by fire, crushed by fallen rocks, or maimed by railway engines or street cars.

There are dozens and dozens of such repulsive photographs. If thrown as lantern slides upon a screen and explained by a lecturer, this collection of views, maps, and figures would cause a cry of terror among the panic-stricken audience, and many, shocked to the bottom of their hearts, would leave, never to forget that horrible exhibition.

You ask where these photographs have been taken and what the whole collection means. As an American citizen, I feel ashamed to say that all these views, without exception, were made from actual scenes in the United States, and that, together with the maps and statistic tables, they are incontrovertible and convicting evidences of grave sins of which our nation is guilty. Some of the material has been used in preparing my little book, "Our Wasteful Nation," which is not an outcome of yellow journalism, dealing in sensations, but the honest work of a man who loves this country fervently as any native-born American, and who is inspired by the wish to help it along, that it some day may gain the proud title, the best among all lands.

Perhaps native-born American writers are so accustomed to the extravagance of American life, that they fail to see the amazing amount of our prodigality, which to the stranger becomes evident at once.

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Carl Schurz the First Apostle of Conservation

Indeed, it is a peculiar fact, that the first distinct warnings about the abuse of our national resources came, not from Americans, but foreign-born citizens of the United States, as, for example, from the late Carl Schurz, who as Senator, as well as Minister of the Interior, pointed frequently to the grave dangers our nation was encountering by the reckless destruction of its forests. But his recommendations for the protection of our sylvan resources failed to make an impression. They were laughed at, and brought him the nickname, "the United States Oberforester."

Later on came Fernoso, also a German, who had studied forestry in the old fatherland. Chiefly to his efforts the creation of the United States Forest Service and the establishment of a school for foresters at Cornell University are due.

Schurz was still in office when I, as correspondent and special artist for a great German illustrated magazine, made my first visit to America. Traveling about for several years, I found a land different in many respects from the United States of 1909. The Alleghanies and Adirondacks were then still covered with great tracts of their original forests. The northern districts of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were known only as the "howling wildernesses" and the huntir g-grounds of uncivilized Indians. The great plains of the West abounded with all kinds of game. In Wyoming and Montana, I observed herds of elk and antelopes counting several hundred heads. Accompanied by warriors of Sitting Bull, I hunted the buffalo along the banks of the Little Missouri. With the adventurous swimmer Paul Boynton, I floated for weeks down the Mississippi, which then was still the greatest carrier of commerce among all waterways of the globe.

The Western creeks, rivers, and lakes I found alive with delicious fish. The wild turkey clucked and gobbled in many beech and chestnut forests of the Central States. The ruffed grouse was an inhabitant of every thicket on the hillsides. Bob White's cheerful cry rang in all rural districts. The snipe made the marshes merry in the spring with its shrill *skeap*. The ponds, lakes, and rivers were visited by multitudes of geese, swans, and ducks. With profound astonishment I wandered through the primeval forests of Oregon and Washington, and was lost in admiration of the mighty redwoods of California. The immense iron and copper regions along the Great Lakes had just been discovered; it was not long since men had begun to make use of coal-oil and natural gas; and agriculture was still the principal occupation of our American people. In fact, our republic appeared to the world not only as the land of liberty, but as a land of inexhaustible resources.

Destruction Helped by Spread-Eagle Orators

Our boasting spread-eagle orators did much to impress this belief on the mind of the American people by telling them that America was in all respects not only the biggest but far the richest and best land on earth, and that no other could compare with or excel it. The great mass of people, indolent or unable to investigate for themselves, believed such assertions; believed in the great future of the nation as well as in its exhaustless resources, because all signs indicated a rapidly increasing wealth.

Our nation, living only in the present, not caring for the future, smiled at men like Schurz, Fernoso, and other "denudiatics and misanthropes," who, seeing everything in black colors, made an unnecessary noise about the forests, which nature undoubtedly had allowed to grow, that men should make use of them.

But time approved the warnings of the "denudiatics." In spite of larger output, greater efforts, and better methods, the prices of lumber, coal, iron, copper, game, fish, and many other things went higher and higher, because they became scarcer or had to be hauled from greater distances. Days came when we heard of the rapid dwindling of our wood-lands; of the diminishing of our water supplies; of exhausted soil and deserted farms; of the extermination of our game, fur animals, and fish; of the havoc among our birds; and of the threatening exhaustion of our fuel and mineral resources.

The cries of alarm became more and more frequent. And then, instigated by the Chief Officer of the United States Forest Service, Gifford Pinchot, came President Roosevelt's sensational calling of all the Governors of the United States to a conference at the White House, to consider the questions concerning the conservation and proper use of our national resources.

I doubt that the great mass of the American people understood the importance of this step; but later generations will appreciate it as the greatest of all services President Roosevelt did for our country.

The conference, held in the second week of May, 1908, was opened by the President himself with an address, in which he explained the question put before the assemblage as "*the weightiest problem now before the nation.*" That this is a fact will readily be seen by an

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investigation of the many reports published by the different departments of our government, especially those of the United States Forest Service, the Bureau of Fisheries, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Labor and Commerce, and others. These documents, not flattering, but stating in dry, businesslike language simply the facts, differ materially from the assertions of our Fourth-of-July orators, and convince us of the deplorable fact, that the natural resources of America indeed are threatened, and that it is not too soon to waken the nation to a thorough understanding of the situation.

Let us see what this situation is:

As the forests are the great fundamental basis of the welfare and success of any country, and as all natural resources are more or less interdependent, we cannot omit to consider briefly the present conditions of our sylvan resources.

That greed and reckless wastefulness made heavy inroads upon our most precious heritage, everybody knows. When the first colonists settled on our eastern coasts, the forests covered about sixty-two per cent. of the territory now encircled by the boundaries of the United States; eight per cent. was brush, while the remaining thirty per cent. was open country.

What are the figures to-day? The open land uncultivated remains as high as twenty-four per cent.; the cultivated area forms eighteen per cent., mostly taken from the forest; the remainder is forest and brush, with the brush increased from eight to thirty per cent., while the forest went down from sixty-two to twenty-eight per cent. There you have the decrease of our forest explained.

Lumbermen Waste Half of Every Tree They Cut

That the American lumbermen in their methods of cutting timber are wasteful, that our lumber companies are greedy, you have heard, of course, before. But I doubt whether my readers have an idea of the vast amount of damage they have done to the country at large. Right here let me give some facts, as obtained from experts. Dr. Bristol, chief of the Section of Wood Chemistry, states that fifty per cent. or more of the average tree as it stands in the forest is wasted before reaching the market in the form of lumber. He says, further, that the timber cut has increased from eighteen billion board feet in 1880 to fifty billion board feet in 1906, and that our present consumption of wood in all forms is equivalent to at least one hundred billion feet annually, and possibly much more.

Further, it may be new to you that white pine, in former years the greatest of all our lumber trees and the only wood dignified with the name "pine," has, under the heavy drain upon it, so fallen off, that its domination of the lumber market has practically ceased. In from ten to fifteen years the supply of other woods, for instance, the yellow pine and the Douglas fir, will be just as limited as that of white pine now. Rapidly decreasing also is our supply of hard woods, the prices of which go up higher and higher. White oak went up from $48 in 1890, to $85 in 1907; hickory from $38 to $65; and yellow poplar from $29 to $53. Expert foresters proclaim that we are, without having made any provisions against it, dangerously near a hardwood famine, which will strike at the very foundation of some of the country's most important industries. From other sources we learn that the amount of standing timber in the United States at present is estimated to be somewhere between fourteen hundred and two thousand billion feet. If we would not increase our consumption, that amount would last from twenty-eight to forty years; but if we increase our consumption to one hundred billion feet, as we probably will, then all our timber will be gone in from fourteen to twenty years. And then our nation must suffer the yet unknown hardships of a timber famine.

How wasteful our American people are also in the consumption of finished timber is clearly shown by the fact that the United States uses fully five hundred feet of timber a year per inhabitant, while in even the richest countries of Europe the consumption comes to only sixty feet per inhabitant.

Since 1870, forest fires have each year destroyed an average of fifty lives and fifty million dollars' worth of timber. Not less than fifty million acres of forest is burned over yearly.

One fourth of the standing timber is left or otherwise lost in logging. The boxing of longleaf pine for turpentining has destroyed one fifth of the forests worked. The loss in the mill is from one third to two thirds of the timber sawed. The loss in the mill product, through seasoning and fitting for use, is from one seventh to one fourth.

Only three hundred and twenty feet of lumber are used for each thousand feet that stood in the forest.

Impoverishment of Our Soil

Immediate consequences arising from the waste of our sylvan resources are the losses of our water supplies and fertile soil. When robbed of their vegetation, the hills and mountains are no longer protected against the mis-

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chiefs of heavy rain-storms. Rushing from the slopes, the water collects in torrents, cuts deep ravines into the ground, overflows villages and cities, destroys hundreds of homes, and carries away enormous quantities of soil from where they are needed, to deposit them where they do great and lasting harm. The amount of soil thus swept away is calculated at more than a billion tons every year. The Mississippi alone sweeps four hundred million tons of floating sediment annually into the Gulf of Mexico, twice the amount of material to be excavated in opening the Panama Canal.

In some of our Southern States, especially the two Carolinas, millions and millions of acres of once fertile land are torn and reduced to such extent that no industry and no care can restore them.

While most of these mischiefs happen in spring, we have during summer and fall the sad spectacle of empty creeks and shrunken rivers; of a country parching in hot sunshine; of steamers and flatboats sitting high and dry upon enormous sandbars, unable to move for many weeks; of hundreds and thousands of mills, factories, and mines lying idle, because they have been forced to close down for lack of water. And year in, year out, our government spends millions upon millions to dredge river channels and harbors that become clogged with gravel, snags, and mud deposited there by floods.

But the chief cause of soil waste, one of the most dangerous of all wastes now in progress in the United States, lies outside of the destruction of forests, and is akin to it only in being the result of the farmer's determination to realize in the present at the cost of future benefits. The persistent raising of a single crop, such as wheat, together with the lack of fertilization, is responsible for the exhaustion of our fields, the falling farm-land prices, and the desertion of our farms in many States. The census shows that between 1880 and 1900 land values in Ohio shrank sixty million dollars; that in one county in New York the population in 1905 was four thousand less than in 1855; and that, as Professor Carver of Harvard states, "agriculture as an independent industry, able in itself to support a community, does not exist any longer in the hilly parts of New England."

Our Miserable Farming Methods

"Our soil," said Mr. James J. Hill at the Governors' Conference, "once the envy of every other country,—the attraction which draws millions of immigrants across the seas,—gave an average yield for the whole United States, during the ten years beginning with 1896, of 13.5 bushels of wheat per acre. Austria and Hungary each produced over 17 bushels per acre; France, 19.8; Germany, 27.6; and the United Kingdom, 32.2 bushels per acre. For the same decade our average yield of oats was less than 30 bushels, while Germany produced 46 and Great Britain 42. For barley the figures are 25 against 33 and 34.6; for rye, 15.4 against 24 for Germany and 26 for Ireland. In the United Kingdom, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Denmark, a yield of more than 30 bushels of wheat per acre has been the average for the past five years."

Raubwirtschaft—so the economical Germans call the American methods of farming, which in the course of time result in the utter decline of good land that under proper cultivation would provide rich crops for centuries.

Raubwirtschaft is also the proper name for the wasteful manner in which the mineral and fuel resources of our country are mined and consumed. According to careful investigations and estimates made by competent geologists, our coal supply amounts approximately to two trillion short tons. If molded into a single block, this would form a cube seven and a half miles each side. But this enormous quantity, seemingly inexhaustible, will be gone before the end of this century, if our nation keeps drawing on its coal supplies with the same recklessness as it has done in the past.

The consumption of coal by decades was as follows:

	Short Tons
1816–1825	331,356
1826–1835	4,168,149
1836–1845	23,177,637
1846–1855	83,417,825
1856–1865	173,795,014
1866–1875	419,425,104
1876–1885	847,760,319
1886–1895	1,586,098,641
1896–1905	2,832,599,452

As these figures show, the quantity of coal used in any one decade is equal to the entire previous production. If this rate keeps on, as it probably will, the aggregate consumption of the ten years from 1906 to 1915 will approximate to the aggregate of consumption during the preceding eighty-five years. And in still later decades it may swell to proportions far exceeding our imagination.

Here we must consider the fact that our methods of mining are wasteful in the extreme. The Geological Survey found that in many coal-mines only the best parts of the so-called "pay streaks" are removed, while inferior qualities and such portions as are difficult to mine are never touched. Very frequently the richest, lowest beds are taken out first, in consequence of which it happens quite often that the over-

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lying strata cave in, which makes subsequent mining forever impossible.

Nine Billion Tons of Coal Wasted

The Geological Survey believes that of the total deposits of our coal from forty to seventy per cent. are left unmined underground. And Andrew Carnegie believes that, while the actual consumption of coal up to the present time has been seven and a half billion tons, some nine billion tons were either wasted or allowed to remain in the ground beyond reach of future use.

While other countries take the greatest care to preserve the prosperity of their coal-mines for the future by removing all the coal, we Americans, eager to get rich quickly, squander our most precious possessions.

The same wasteful methods confront us in the mining of iron, copper, zinc, lead, silver, and other ores. How large the original beds of these metals are, nobody knows. A generation ago the supplies were believed inexhaustible. But the fact that many districts have already been abandoned proves that this belief is false. Mr. Carnegie thinks that all iron ore now deemed workable will be used long before the end of the twentieth century.

If the present waste continues, the time will not be distant when our natural gas, the purest form of fuel, and of which the United States has a practical monopoly, will also be gone. Dr. S. C. White, State Geologist of West Virginia, calls the record of waste of this most ideal fuel a national disgrace. And, indeed, when we read that not less than one billion cubic feet of this gas escapes unused every day; that there have been wells which poured out streams of gas for periods of from five to twenty years without any attempt being made to shut or utilize them; when we hear that all effort to stop such frightful waste by appropriate legislation failed, —we cannot but agree with our famous geologist Shaler, that "of all the sinful wasters of man's inheritance on earth, the very worst are the people of America."

Slaughter of the Buffalo

And now we come to one of the most repulsive chapters in the story of American waste: the destruction of our game and fur animals, of our birds and fish. If you would read this chapter in all its details, you would feel more than once ashamed of the greed, brutality, and reckless wastefulness of man.

There is no doubt that North America in former centuries was of all continents the richest in animal life. To give to their countrymen at home an idea of the incredible numbers of buffaloes they had seen, the first European explorers of our country invariably used superlatives, as "millions upon millions"; "countless myriads"; "untold legions."

It is estimated that at the time of Columbus the American bison numbered not less than one hundred and fifty million head. Whatever the correct number may have been, it is a fact that the bison was an inhabitant of western New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas. During the first decades of the nineteenth century the buffalo was still hunted in Kentucky and Illinois, but its number had already decreased to about forty million. By the middle of the century the bison had retreated to the plains west of the Mississippi and Missouri. And here one of mother earth's most useful animals met its fate. It was destroyed in a most ignoble manner; not by the hands of the red man or the bold trapper, but by wretched pot-hunters, the scum of civilization. These fellows were set loose by greedy merchants, eager to make money out of the sale of buffalo hides. As soon as the railroads began to penetrate the buffalo regions, the merchants of the small towns springing up along the railroads were not slow to take advantage of this new opening. They organized parties, furnished them with arms, provisions, and wagons, and sent them out into the wilderness to slaughter buffaloes.

To secure prodigious numbers of these animals, the hunter took a position along the creeks and rivers, where the animals must come to satisfy their thirst. But every approach of the herds to water was met by bullets, and a number of buffaloes had to bite the dust. Care was taken not to permit the others to drink, for then they would not return. For this purpose, at night fires were lighted and shots delivered, and in this way the herds were kept away from water until the last of the tortured brutes had been killed.

The poor creatures were slaughtered without discretion, only for their hides, which brought first three dollars apiece, but later dropped to one dollar and even to fifty cents. All other parts of the carcasses, with the exception perhaps of the tongues, were left to rot.

The rapacious spirit of these miserable pot-hunters is best illustrated by the manner in which, at the height of the butchery, the buffaloes were skinned. As the ordinary process seemed too slow, the skinner made an incision across the back of the head, just in front of the ears, and around the throat. This thick skin was started by skinning down some six to eight inches, then connecting incisions were made from the throat to the belly, and from this down each leg to the knee. A stout rope was

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fixed around the thick skin of the head, the ears preventing its slipping off when pulled. Now a strong iron spike about three feet long was driven through the head of the carcass into the ground, pinning it fast. After that a wagon was brought up and the other end made fast to the hind axle. The horses were whipped up, and the skin torn from the carcass at one pull, in less than five minutes. Many skins were badly torn, but—"time is money, you know!"

That such slaughtering-places presented a horrible aspect can easily be imagined. The banks of the rivers were literally covered with putrid carcasses, and the air was rendered pestilential with the sickening stench. The descriptions of travelers who were obliged to cross such places make, indeed, not pleasant reading.

One of the best authorities of these times, Richard T. Dodge, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A., who then was stationed at Fort Dodge on the Arkansas, estimated the number of buffalo killed within the years 1872, 1873, and 1874 at four and a half million. The last cargo of hides was shipped to the East by the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1884. And the last buffalo hunt within the United States occurred in 1886, when William T. Hornaday, now director of the New York Zoölogical Park, made an expedition to Montana to collect a few robes and skeletons, which might be used in preparing a group of buffalo for the National Museum at Washington.

But it was not the buffalo alone that was brought to the verge of extermination by the white man. The moose, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goats, beaver, sea-otter, and many other game and fur animals of North America have also suffered so terribly under relentless persecution that they now are found only in small numbers in very remote places. The sea-otter, of which at the beginning of the nineteenth century more than fifteen thousand were killed every year, has become so scarce that its coat, in good condition, is worth a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars.

Seals Butchered and Their Pups Left to Starve

Among the "fin-footed" animals none fared worse than the fur-seals or sea-bears. Notwithstanding these animals contributed more to the world's wealth than any others, they have been persecuted with monstrous cruelty. From the South Sea Islands they were driven to Kamchatka, British Columbia, and Alaska, where one of the herds made the Pribilof Islands its principal breeding-ground. But peace was not accorded these poor animals, though the American government took great pains to protect them. Since 1874 their number has decreased from 3,198,000 to a total of only 172,512 in 1907. This frightful decline is due to the persistent attacks by so-called "pelagic sealers," who cruise about the breeding-grounds in sailing-vessels and kill every seal they find feeding or sleeping upon the water. Since it is impossible to distinguish bulls and cows in the water, the hunter kills all without exception. As such "raids" are made in the breeding season, the killing of every cow means also the starving of her pups which she left on land and which are unable to care for themselves. In 1895 no fewer than twenty-seven thousand dead pups were counted, those in the last stages of starvation not included.

As Henry Elliot described it, "the exhibition of these helpless offspring, starving in the greatest agony imaginable, is so very cruel and horrible, that if it did not occur so far away, the authors and perpetrators of the diabolical mischief would be jailed and punished like felons."

History of the Passenger Pigeons

Did you ever hear the sad history of the passenger pigeons? Of course you never saw one of these birds alive, although they are native Americans, which in former times appeared in countless multitudes.

In the "Ornithological Biography" of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, or the works of his colleague Wilson, or Fenimore Cooper's beautiful romance "The Pioneers," you will find vivid and most realistic descriptions of the annual flights of the passenger pigeons, as they rushed on like torrents, and with a noise like thunder. Audubon saw them dart by in this way for three days in succession. Making a dot for every flock within the reach of his eye, he attempted once to count the flocks that might pass by in an hour. But after a short time he found the task impossible, as the birds poured by in countless multitudes. Then he attempted to estimate the number of pigeons contained in one of these mighty flocks. Taking a column one mile in breadth, which was far below the average size, and supposing it to pass over him without interruption for three hours at a speed of one mile a minute, Audubon found that this would give a parallelogram of 180 by 1, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, this would give 100,150,136,000 pigeons in one flock.

When we hear of such incredible numbers, it seems impossible that they could be materially diminished. But Americans did it, and they performed this work within only a few decades

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so thoroughly that the passenger pigeon to-day is one of the scarcest birds of the continent. No reading is more disgusting than the descriptions of the different methods in which the passenger pigeons were captured and annihilated.

If you care to read about the revolting methods by which they were slaughtered, I refer you to my book, "Our Wasteful Nation," where the original sources are quoted.

Wholesale Slaughter of Birds

Market-hunters of the lowest character, who called themselves "taxidermists," killed hundreds and thousands of graceful little sea-terns or sea-swallows and white herons, which swarmed about our eastern coasts and the savannas of Florida. These birds were not slaughtered for food, but to satisfy woman's whims. Since it became a fashion to "adorn" ladies' hats with the stiff bodies of dead birds, millions and millions of feathered creatures have ruthlessly been killed.

Cruelty of the Heron-Hunters

Everything which possessed the fatal gift of "plumes" was sacrificed. Not the most useful birds, if covered with bright-colored feathers, were excluded. Ibises, flamingoes, kingbirds, parrots, hawks, owls, robins, woodpeckers, were threatened with extinction. The white herons, together with their young, were hunted in the most cruel manner. These birds during nesting season become adorned with "aigrettes," delicate spray-like plumes which constitute the heron's wedding dress. When the millinery trade offered to pay from five to ten cents apiece for these plumes, the "taxidermists" rushed to Florida, entered the breeding-grounds, and shot all the parent birds as they returned with food for their young. Many hundred thousands of these birds, which had often made the broad savannas and mangrove thickets white, were slaughtered. This meant also the death of millions of young nestlings, which starved, waiting in vain for food that never came.

Now the aigret is the rarest heron in the South. With it other species of birds are on the list of vanishing creatures. When, some years ago, Mr. Hornaday made an investigation about our birds, the reports collected from two hundred competent observers in all parts of the United States revealed a most alarming falling off in bird life, the decrease reaching in many States seventy, in Florida seventy-seven per cent.

For all this waste, for the sins committed by pot-hunters, game-hogs, and egg-collectors, the country as a whole has dearly to pay. When President William Dutcher of the National League of the Audubon Society, in October, 1908, opened the annual session, he stated that the damage done to our crops and forests by insects and rodents amounts to eight hundred million dollars annually.

As fared our game, fur animals, and birds, so did the fishes of America. There is hardly one river or lake not sadly overfished. Were it not for the untiring work of the United States Fish Commission, who, under great difficulties and enormous cost, stock our waters from time to time with spawn and fry, probably all our fish industries would be ruined. Wherever we go, the repulsive ravages done by rapacious fishermen, the insatiable greed of our great canning companies, and an incredible waste of valuable food are noticeable.

The famous salmon industry of the Pacific States would most assuredly be destroyed, if the United States Fish Commission did not make heroic efforts to rescue the salmon from complete annihilation.

Salmon Used for Fertilizer

One could scarcely expect to hear that so delicious and valuable a fish as salmon is used as a fertilizer, but this is done by the Alaska Oil and Guano Company, which for twenty-five years has run a factory at Killisnoo, where every year it transforms several million pounds of salmon and herring into guano. In 1906 the establishment converted 18,000 barrels of salmon and 33,500 barrels of herring into fertilizer.

Millions of trout gasp out their little lives upon the meadows and grain-fields of the West, swept there with the waters of the irrigation-ditches, which but few farmers take the trouble to screen at their outlet.

To reckless and illegal fishing is also due the decline of our lobster, the supply of which is entirely unequal to the demand. To check this decline seems a problem of almost insurmountable difficulties, as it becomes harder from year to year to get the necessary supply of lobster eggs. Besides, it is almost impossible to retain the fry in the hatchery for any length of time, as the mortality is astonishingly great. The larvae are therefore planted immediately after hatching. But as the young lobster has many enemies, only one in five thousand survives. These facts and the great demand explain why the price of lobster, which thirty years ago was but five cents a pound, has gone as high as thirty to thirty-five cents for a lobster that weighs not more than one and one half pounds and barely measures within legal size.

The prospects of our oyster industry are like-

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wise not very brilliant. The time will come when the Blue Point will range among the delicacies of the rich, just as is the case with the oyster in Europe.

America, formerly the continent richest in animal life, is rapidly becoming the continent poorest in animals. Foreigners strolling through our woods are surprised by their deep silence. They miss the lusty voices of the thousands of feathered songsters with which French and German forests resound. Instead of this, they hear perhaps the shrill noise of locusts and grasshoppers, or the hum of innumerable gnats and mosquitoes, which attack us with the same fierce greed as we persecute our best friends, the birds.

But now let us turn over the leaves of another chapter of America's prodigality. A foul odor steals into our nostrils — of graft, scandals, and corruption.

Public Lands Went to Grasping Corporations, Not to Husbandmen

After the United States of America had become an accomplished fact, Congress had at its disposal land amounting to 1,441,431,160 acres, formerly held by the British Crown or acquired from France, and so far unoccupied by settlers. It was decided that Congress might dispose of this land by sale to actual settlers, or by granting it to schools and other public institutions, or to corporations deserving encouragement and aid in the construction of railways in parts of the country where otherwise land would be unprofitable. These 1,441,431,160 acres constituted a tract of land forty-five times as large as the State of New York. What a chance for land-sharks and unscrupulous politicians! They were not slow to form corporations and railroad companies and to ask from Uncle Sam all kinds of subsidies.

Congress, never stingy, squandered the public lands in a manner before unheard of. The first grant to a railroad was made in 1850 to the Illinois Central. It received 2,595,133 acres, a tract larger than the total area of Rhode Island and Delaware. Several railroads in Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Missouri, and Arkansas were donated more than 10,000,000 acres. The Union Pacific, together with its various branches, got more than 32,000,000 acres. The Central Pacific, with its branches, more than 13,000,000 acres. Later on this policy of land grants became even more extravagant. There came the Southern Pacific, the Atlantic Pacific, and the Northern Pacific Railroads. The last-named, together with its branch lines, secured the free gift of 57,000,000 acres, a tract of land exceeding the combined area of the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

About 80,000,000 acres were given in grants to schools and colleges; 70,000,000 were turned over to the States; and 60,000,000 were disposed of by the gift of soldiers' scrip, a large part of which was bought up by capitalists for merely a song.

When Uncle Sam one day made an inventory, he found that the greater part of his estate was gone. On July 1, 1908, only 386,873,787 acres were left — Alaska excluded. This remainder contains all the great mountain ranges, deserts, and barren lands. Only a very little part is fitted for agriculture. And so the refrain of a popular song, which was heard in former times frequently,

> Uncle Sam has land enough
> To give a farm to each of us!

is no longer true.

The most deplorable part of this history is that an excessive share of these public lands did not, as it should, benefit the actual settlers, but speculators, wealthy capitalists, syndicates, and foreign noblemen, who swindled Uncle Sam out of the very best pieces of his property, to extort, later on, high prices from the actual home-seekers, or made them tenant-farmers, of which the census of 1900 numbered no less than three million families.

How the swindling was done by the bunco tactics of certain senators and representatives, and how the thieves found conspirators even in the office of the Commissioner of Public Lands, we must omit to describe for lack of space. Also, in what ways incredible amounts of public money, most valuable privileges and franchises are wasted and squandered by corrupt officials, aldermen, and legislators. It is a well-known fact that, in consequence of the extravagance of such gentlemen, almost all our great cities stagger under the loads of heavy taxation and bond issues, and that some of these cities are near the verge of bankruptcy.

Fire Waste and Losses

The greatest source of waste of structural materials and of money values is that due to fires, and is one which can be most readily reduced by the substitution of fire-resisting building materials for the inflammable construction now so prevalent. The cost of fire to the country, including not only property destroyed, but maintenance of fire departments, payment of insurance premiums, protective agencies, additional cost of water supplies, etc., amounted to over $456,485,900 in 1907, or about fifty per

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cent. of the total value of the new building construction in that year. This fire tax exceeded the total value of coal, silver, copper, and petroleum production of the United States in that year, and was thirteen times the interest on the national debt. Four fifths of this loss, or $365,000,000, is preventable waste compared with the present European standard of building construction and fire losses. The property loss from fires in the United States in 1907 was $2.51 per capita, while in the cities of six large European countries it was only 48 cents per capita. The total per capita loss, including interest and maintenance of fire departments, excessive water supplies, insurance premiums, etc., was $5.34. In addition, 1,449 persons lost their lives in fires, while 5,654 were injured.

A notable feature of this fire loss is that 27 per cent. was due to fires extending beyond the buildings where they originated. Such losses are the result of inflammable construction, for with brick and less inflammable buildings fires are more readily confined to the buildings in which they start. It is even more noticeable that only $68,000,000 of this loss was on brick, concrete, stone, and other slow burning construction, while double that amount, or about $148,000,000, was on frame buildings. In the last thirty-three years the total fire waste amounted to about four and a half billion dollars.

Nowhere Are Human Lives So Cheap

But we cannot well omit to consider another waste, that appears as a nasty blot in the history of American culture: the waste of human lives.

That human lives are nowhere so cheap and so often endangered as in the United States is a fact known the world over. That little interest is taken in the common welfare is best illustrated by the fact that, while we keep strict accounts of the number of cattle and pigs brought to market and transformed into provisions, we do not record the unfortunate human beings who are killed or injured in the whirl of American life and industrialism. Other civilized countries do, for the good purpose of finding not only the causes of such losses of human lives, but the means by which these losses may be lessened or prevented, as the loss of every life means, of course, a loss to the national wealth.

When I began to collect material for my book, "Our Wasteful Nation," I expected to get all statistics about accidents occurring in the different industries of America from the National Conservation Commission, the Bureau of Labor, or some other branch of the Department of the Interior. But to my inquiries I received the following reply:

"We asked the Bureau of Labor for any statistics of the losses of life in factories. They tell us that up to this time no reliable statistics on this exceedingly important subject have been gathered. They themselves endeavored to compile the data, but found that no State had an adequate force of men to carry out the work even when it was attempted."

Thus left to my own resources, I tried to find out facts myself. But soon enough I discovered that practically nothing is known about the number of casualties which happen on sailing-vessels, yachts, steamers, or in the building trades, some of which are very perilous. We know nothing about the number of persons killed and maimed in factories, or by reckless chauffeurs and bicyclists. Also our knowledge about accidents happening in the mining of metals and coal or in the quarrying of stone is very limited, since of the thirty States engaged in mining, only thirteen collect and publish information about that subject.

Are such conditions not unworthy of a nation whose great mission is to develop the culture of the Old World and carry it to a higher level?

Somewhat better we are informed about accidents which happen on our railways and in our coal-mines. The figures are collected by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Geological Survey. From their reports we learn that during the years 1897 to 1907, 97,373 persons were killed in railroad accidents, and 745,992 injured. And that during the period 1890 to 1907, 25,965 persons found their death in coal-mines of the United States. In 1907, 3,125 coal-miners were killed and 5,315 injured.

If you study the figures of railway accidents of each year, you will find that since 1897 the number of killed has almost doubled, while the number of injured has trebled. And when you compare the figures of accidents in our coal-mines with those of other countries, you find that there the number of fatal cases is decreasing, while in the United States it is increasing from year to year. In Belgium the number of men killed of each thousand men employed in coal-mines sank from 3.19 in 1831 to 0.94 in 1906; in Great Britain, from 1.50 in 1891 to 1.28 in 1898; in Prussia, from 2.66 in 1861 to 1.30 in 1904; in France, from 1.03 in 1901 to 0.84 in 1905. In the coal-mines of the United States, it rose from 2.67 in 1895 to 3.53 in 1905. As the decrease in the European countries is solely the result of mining legislation for the safeguarding and protection of the lives of work-

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men, and has been made possible by establishing testing stations for the study of problems relative to safety appliances for mining, including the use of explosives, the increase in the United States is principally due to the lack of such institutions and to the lack of proper and enforceable mine regulations.

We may place the figures of accidents resulting from different causes as follows:

	Number of persons killed and injured
Railroad accidents in 1907	122,855
Accidents in mines during 1907	8,440
Probable minimum number of accidents in factories, etc., during 1907	478,000
Aggregate loss of human lives in fires in one year	7,000
Total	616,295

This appalling figure would reach frightful proportions if we accepted the above-mentioned report of the Bureau of Labor as true. In place of the figure 478,000 we would have to set 2,035,000. The other figures added, we would get the amazing figure 2,173,295. Let us hope that the figures of this report are only guesswork and greatly exaggerated. Otherwise, life in our American factories would be many times more endangered than in the worst of wars.

What are the principal causes of such horrible waste of human lives? The comparison of European records with our scant ones teaches that the great majority of our accidents are wholly needless. Many result from the most prevalent American malady: unreasonable haste, which takes risks everywhere. Others result from carelessness, stupidity, recklessness, or indifference, which permits in our streets, factories, mills, and mines the continuance of conditions which in other civilized lands have long been abolished as criminal.

Criminal indifference and neglect are also responsible for other heavy losses of human lives which our nation suffers constantly. Many of our rivers and lakes are not only the sewers, but at the same time the water supplies, for the cities located on their banks. Poisoning so their own water supplies, these cities suffer great losses of human lives from typhoid fever. In 1900 there were in the United States 35,379 deaths from this disease. Based on an estimated mortality of ten per cent., there must have been 353,790 cases of this dreadful malady. If we calculate the average cost for care, treatment, and loss of work to be only $300, and the average value of a human life at only $5,000, then it appears that the nation suffered a loss of $283,032,000 in one year.

Since typhoid fever belongs to the class of "preventable diseases," which by the purification of the water supplies has been reduced in many European and in some American cities to a great extent, the question of pure water should find strongest consideration in every community.

Fourth-of-July Celebrations Typify Our Love of Danger and Destruction

The most ridiculous of all wastes our nation indulges in occurs every year on that glorious day which, instead of being a day of genuine pure rejoicing, is a dreadful day of disorder, noise, fire, and death — the Fourth of July.

As in all other cases, there are no official statistics about the enormous losses the United States suffers every year in this desecration of its birthday. But from very incomplete statistics, collected by the *Journal* of the American Medical Association during the period 1903 to 1907, we know that in these years 1,153 persons were killed and 21,520 injured in the celebration of the nation's great holiday. Besides, our country squanders on that day about twenty million dollars every year for fireworks. And, further, it loses millions and millions in property through conflagrations caused by rockets and fire-crackers that go astray. But, in face of all these calamities, our officials as well as our public remain in strange apathy, and seem neither to understand nor to care.

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"GRANDMITHER, THINK NOT I FORGET"

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

GRANDMITHER, think not I forget, when I come back to town,
An' wander the old ways again, an' tread them up and down.
I never smell the clover bloom, nor see the swallows pass,
Without I mind how good ye were unto a little lass.
I never hear the winter rain a-pelting all night through,
Without I think and mind me of how cold it falls on you.
And if I come not often to your bed beneath the thyme,
Mayhap 'tis that I'd change wi' ye, and gie my bed for thine,
Would like to sleep in thine.

I never hear the summer winds among the roses blow,
Without I wonder why it was ye loved the lassie so.
Ye gave me cakes and lollipops and pretty toys a store,—
I never thought I should come back and ask ye now for more.
Grandmither, gie me your still, white hands, that lie upon your breast,
For mine do beat the dark all night and never find me rest;
They grope among the shadows, an' they beat the cold black air,
They go seekin' in the darkness, an' they never find him there,
They never find him there.

Grandmither, gie me your sightless eyes, that I may never see
His own a-burnin' full o' love that must not shine for me.
Grandmither, gie me your peaceful lips, white as the kirkyard snow,
For mine be tremblin' wi' the wish that he must never know.
Grandmither, gie me your clay-stopped ears, that I may never hear
My lad a-singin' in the night when I am sick wi' fear;
A-singin' when the moonlight over a' the land is white—
Ah, God! I'll up an' go to him a-singin' in the night,
A-callin' in the night.

Grandmither, gie me your clay-cold heart that has forgot to ache,
For mine be fire within my breast and yet it cannot break.
Wi' every beat it's callin' for things that must not be,—
An' can ye not let me creep in an' rest awhile by ye?
A little lass afeard o' dark slept by ye years agone—
An' she has found what night can hold 'twixt sundown an' the dawn!
So when I plant the rose an' rue above your grave for ye,
Ye'll know it's under rue an' rose that I would like to be,
That I would like to be.

From "April Twilights"

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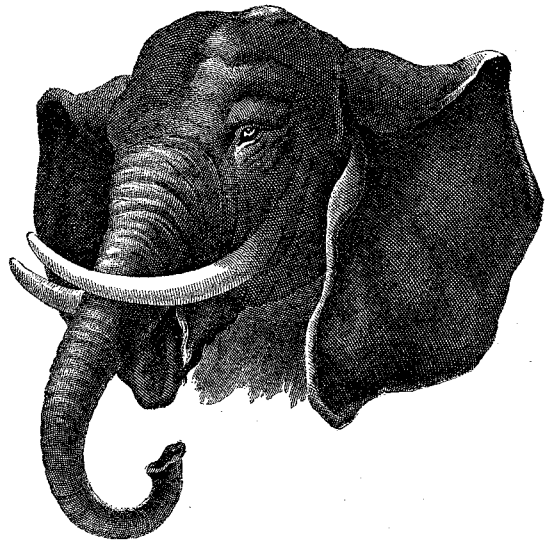

THE TRADE AND TRAIL OF TUSKERS

BY

MRS. HARRIS R. CHILDS*

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

Oh, ivory! both black and white! Oh, alcohol! Oh, death and war!—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

TWO years ago, a German medical man and the junior supervisor of a German mercantile house sat in the remote wilderness, and wondered if the accounts they had received of game in the African Hinterland were not editorial exaggerations, or tales of duped hunters who wished to dupe in turn. They had seen nothing for four days but a brace of leopards. They hungered for food other than tinned stuff, and fell asleep scolding at the fruitlessness of their search; even the negro sentinels shared their chagrin.

The morning chill awoke them — that keen-edged wind which alternates with Africa's noon glare and night stillness; a tepid river trickled spiritless through the flat bottom of a wide valley inclosed by low, wooded ridges — "The Trees of Pelembi" was the name the porters gave the place. Between the river and the far ridge obscured by the brief morning twilight, was a square of velvety black, and when the sun rose this proved to be a native pitfall, or pair of pitfalls, twenty feet deep and forty feet square. The earth which had been removed was nowhere to be seen, and no savage guarding his work was visible after the strictest survey with field-glasses. A marabou stork — having wings — had ventured into the pit, evidently finding food to his liking. No branches or green stuff masked this maw of captivity, and the medical man ventured his opinion that no beast would be fool enough to drop into so apparent a prison.

The words had but just left his lips when a curious change of color took place in the foliage of the wooded ridge directly behind the pit. The ground seemed black beneath the trees and an effect of moving darkness added its mystery to the grayish green of the woodland. In another moment two elephants loomed from out the cover and lumbered swiftly to the stream, one of them carrying such enormous weight of ivory that he could barely drag his tusks along; he was emaciated with the weight of his burden of bone, and old besides. Other elephants followed and laid themselves leisurely in the stream.

The young merchant, enchanted at the sight, fired on the moving herd, wounding a young

* Mrs. Childs, the author of this article, is the wife of the ivory expert and importer, Harris R. Childs.

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bull. The mammoth creatures rose from the river, treading down the calla lilies which bordered its brink, and setting off for cover without shaking the wet from their hides. The great tusker lagged as he followed the bull with whom he had first emerged from the wood; rushing without any choice of path, they fell together into the pit, while the wounded elephant made off gaily. The medical German shot into the pit four or five times until he was sure that death's quiet reigned there; when, with his companion, four negroes, knives, ropes, and a native cooking-pot for the best of the meat, he started for the pitfall, where the two huge mammals lay still upon its floor, their trunks raised and thrown back over their foreheads between great ears. The hairs on their tails, like wires, had marked the side of the pit as if it had been scraped with a comb. Not a twitch proclaimed life now, or even reflex action. The young merchant, with a triumphant shout, jumped to the carcass of the great tusker.

The bull was up in a moment; and, before the medical man could shoot, he had thrown the younger German on his face and was tramping the life out of him as he lay on the carcass of the tusker. There was no outcry, and it is probable that life ceased after the first push from the bull's mighty fore foot.

The ivory from both elephants was cut into piano-keys in Connecticut a year later.

In the Zanzibar Club such tales of tuskers are hushed where once the place was vibrant with them. Mr. Henry Johnstone (now with Sir John Harrington in Abyssinia) was vice-consul there, and many a time he was compelled to tell his story, "just as it happened, without skipping anything." He was hunting in Nyassaland when an infuriated elephant rushed at him, took him round the waist with his trunk, and dropped him down thirty feet of cliff. The tusker then caught up the hunter's rifle and, petulantly twisting its barrel into a hard knot, went off, unmollified. Mr. Johnstone's gun-bearer took in the whole drama from an inconspicuous bush whence he had modestly retreated, but, bestirring himself later in his master's behalf, was able to get him aid.

The amount of subsequent skin-grafting (one leg and foot were terribly hurt) was appalling, and it was as much owing to Mr. Johnstone's "grit" as to his surgeon's skill that he was again fit for African service.

The greatest elephant-hunter that "ever the sun shone on" was a handsome, modest, modish person; brave in the wilderness, but rather diffident in the haunts of men; manly, politic, courteous — Mr. A. H. Neuman, whose "Elephant-Hunting in East Africa" ranks with Patterson's "Man-Eaters of Tsavo."

In 1905, as the Austrian Lloyd steamship *Africa* drew in to Kilindini Harbor, homeward bound, a typical East African *safari* (native caravan), scorning the railroad, made toward the pier. Each negro carried a tusk, and all were commanded by a handsome, small, bronzed man of sixty, gallant and preoccupied. He had been in the Bara (Hinterland) for a three years' shoot and was returning home with his collection of beautiful tusks. He had agreed to pay off his porters at Mombasa, and when he struck the railway at Nairobi had rationally attempted to procure transportation for men, tusks, and traps. But the railway's terms outraged his sense of what was just, and he and his men strolled off to the coast as they had before the railway was built. Two hundred miles more or less meant nothing to him. When he at last boarded the *Africa* he had seen thirty thousand dollars' worth of his own ivory stored in her hold, the result of his three years' trading and shooting. His only companion was a parrot, but a good one who spoke motherly endearments in plain English, and on the voyage home he used to play with a little African-born American who was unable to speak or sing in any language but Swahili. One of his most thrilling tales he communicated in the habitual mild tonelessness of his narrative style.

On the trip previous to that of 1902–1905, he had been chasing elephants with a few *shikaris* (native scouts) and his gun-bearer. There was a tough jungle to the left of him; to his right was a river, heavily banked with grass-grown silt. Beyond him, in a jagged glade, he saw his herd with a noble tusker, head on. He fired. The herd rushed away, leaving the bull dead. Beyond the glade was a dense growth of trees, and one cow, unable to effect an ingress into the closely packed tree-stems, turned and rushed up the path in which Mr. Neuman stood. He retreated toward the river, but she had seen him and made for him with the zest of battle, flinging him against the silt bank. Even in this extremity, he thought to pull his pith helmet over his face. She gored the ground with her tusks as he lay there dreading each thrust, and six times she thrust at him with the ivory he had fared so far to find; but only at the last attempt did she gore him, when his right lung was probably perforated — he never was sure which organ had been punctured. Then she left him and trailed after her kind over broken branches. Mr. Neuman's boy knew pretty well what to do for him, and when his hemorrhage stopped, they made him lie perfectly still for a few months, never letting

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him out of their sight until an English doctor pronounced him sound. He died in 1906 of influenza, in London, and before his death his ivory found its way to Water Street, in New York. He was brave and modest beyond belief, and as much famed in Africa as a hunter as Major Johannes or Sir Alfred Sharpe.

The greatest elephant escape known is a short story, but vouched for by an Indian dealer who never lied about anything, and who claims to have seen this deliverance exactly as he reported it. Some natives were hunting elephants in the neighborhood of Lake Rudolph, and he was with them for the purpose of trading cotton cloth for ivory. Elephants are said to like old bunch-grass that has become dry, like hay, and a herd of them, attracted by "dry grazing," came suddenly within an eighth of a mile of his camp. One native named Juma, from the coast, an unskilled hunter, observing that the wind was in such a direction that it blew news of the herd to him, rather than blowing his whereabouts to the ken of the herd, ran out in the open with his rifle and aimed at short range at a powerful creature who was watering a straggling shrub with water he had taken in his trunk from a neighboring pond. Once hit, he was correspondingly furious, and rushed at Juma after a deliberate scrutiny of the immediate foreground to discover his whereabouts. Having determined where his assailant stood, he tore along, demented with rage, toward the shaking savage, who, with an Oriental's instinct of prostration before such overwhelming force, threw himself upon the ground. The animal rushed over him, leaving him safe, if choked and blinded with the disturbed and sandy soil. The great hoofs had cleared him and the tusks had missed him, leaving him enveloped in a dusty wake. The Indian added that almost twenty-four hours passed before the negro dared believe himself alive and sound, and that for the first twelve hours after the excitement he spoke of himself in the past tense, as of one dead.

Most of the elephant-hunting for purposes of commerce is done by native Africans, who turn their ivory over to the government to be sold at auction in London or Antwerp, or who sell it to Indians, who, in their turn, sell it at auction or privately. The natives rarely confess to being hunters lest they invite government supervision, even when they are protected by proper licenses and hunt well within the laws laid down for them in the regions they frequent. They know more about elephants than any civilized person possibly could — that is, they know more about elephant nature and habit; but as they speak, for the most part, Arabic, Swahili, or pure Bantu, it is impossible for them to communicate their knowledge generally. They depend largely on pitfalls for the catching of elephants, and the most cruel sight the African Hinterland affords is a huge pitfall swept over with sudden tropical vegetation which has in it something of the swiftness of flame; aloes leap up in a night and send their blossoms to one's window until one feels that the aloe's height and the giraffe's are akin. A strange little unnamed vine, trailing and without a blossom, but undoubtedly related to the sedum of a New England garden, lines the huge cavern with close-fitting green, where, covered with charitable verdure, stimulating the triumphing foliage, lies a mammoth's skeleton, without flesh, and tuskless. In books on Africa, naked savages with poisoned arrows are seen advancing stealthily on huge creatures who have just winded them vaguely, but travel in the zone of elephants brings to light no such sporting methods: the pitfall is the means of the elephant's passing, except in such places as those in which England, Germany, and Italy have abolished it.

Talk but an hour with an African *shikari*, and he will tell you, if he likes you enough, that elephants cover their dead with leaves and branches; and it is well known that, in hunted flight, elephants surround and protect such bulls as bear great weight of ivory, or such cows as have won favor with the herd by recent, and therefore remembered, maternity. Protecting the cows is animal instinct; protecting the tuskers is due to observation of native hunters, who hunt ivory rather than elephants.

People differ as to why an elephant covers his dead companion; but the true ebon son of the burning soil the tusker and he tread in common will tell you gravely that it is respect for the dead. It might be well for the savage himself to learn this.

Not many years ago elephants might be shot within easy distance of the cities of Cairo or Cape Town, but their present habitat is virtually confined to the tropics — say from Guardafui to Delgado on the East Coast and from the Bight of Benin to Benguela on the West. Thus far their range has steadily contracted, nor is it likely that it will again extend, no matter what protection be afforded them. Although they may increase within their territorial limits, it must be remembered that their increase under protection can hardly mean an increase of ivory, as "teeth extracted without pain" belongs to another phase of creative activity than that which fashioned the elephant in the early flush of the world's morning.

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It is an extraordinary and unexplained fact that different parts of Africa's present elephant tract are inhabited by tuskers who show practically no difference in structural character or dietetic preference, while producing very different types of ivory. For instance, all West Coast ivory is hard ivory; south of Dar-es-Salaam (the arbitrary capital of German East Africa) it is inferior in formation and brittle. Egyptian ivory is malformed and undersized, while the best ivory comes from British East Africa, Italian Somaliland, and Abyssinia. A man greatly experienced in ivory told me that once, while standing on the London Ivory Docks, he heard a tusk of Egyptian ivory crack with a report like a pistol. It was so brittle that the contraction consequent to a cooler climate had produced a clean break. Hard ivory is unavailable for many things for which soft ivory is perfectly practicable. It is even safe to say that there is nothing for which hard ivory is good that soft ivory is not better for.

Any one can tell hard from soft ivory with a knife. A practised buyer can tell it in the tusk by its appearance. An example of defective Egyptian ivory may be growing up in our midst to-day in the two little Blue Nile elephants who are in the New York Zoölogical Park. Unless American air and scientifically appropriate feeding induce a proper growth of bone, their tusks — although their bodies develop to Jumbo's size — will never be worth more than $2.50 a pound.

Africa produces the world's supply of ivory. Its elephants are mammoths, different in shape from India's tuskless behemoth, and with ancestors which are found and preserved in Arctic ice to-day, prehistorically true to to-day's African type. The Indian animal has never been quite the same structurally; has never grown tusks worthy of the name; and is a plain beast of burden, more valuable alive than dead, and — in spite of a reputation for cunning and imagination filched from his African cousin — about as interesting to the hunter as an acorn-fed Virginia hog. Less vicious, perhaps, than the great creatures of Lake Rudolph or the upper reaches of the Congo, but below them in corporeal impressiveness and, considering centuries of companionship with man, below them in mental capacity, he is a matter of casual contempt to the ivory-dealer.

Prior to the Civil War, ivory, once landed here as an extra commodity in a very paying cargo of slaves, was sold cheap, and in its very cheapness was the inception of the billiard-ball and the piano-key industry of to-day. This country is still ivory's great consumer, and is preëminent for the manufacture of the above-named and staple luxuries, in spite of buying raw material largely abroad; for the factories and the skilled hands remained after the direct route of ivory to America became a thing of the past. There are piano-key factories in Connecticut, in Chicago, one in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, and one in Buffalo. The largest billiard-ball factory is in New York City.

Billiard-balls are made from tusks of a certain convenient diameter, known as "cow" ivory, to which is now attached the melancholy interest of complete government restriction. Great Britain, Germany, and Italy have forbidden the shooting of elephant cows, and any trader found in ports of these nations — practically any port of the entrepôt of eastern Africa — must forfeit the ivory instanter, or prove it to be the tusks of a very young bull. But the governments are grown wily, and as they sell the ivory in their turn to merchants at confiscation sales, it is difficult to make them accept any opinion but their own as to whether the tusks before them are bull or cow. This would, of course, be Belgium's opportunity to unload her cows' teeth and destroy a great deal of the Congo's wealth in the death of those mammoth mothers, except that her cows have such exceedingly hard ivory that they are undesirable from the cutter's standpoint. Therefore, let him possessed of a good set of billiard-balls treat them well; their value increases daily.

Ball tusks run from twelve to thirty pounds in weight and bring $5.50 a pound. Piano-key manufacturers use only the larger bull tusks, of a weight which cows never attain, say forty pounds and over. Ten years ago seventy pounds was a fair average for a shipment, while to-day fifty pounds is considered good. The heaviest pair of tusks within the memory of American experts are 224 and 239 pounds respectively. They were bought in Zanzibar in 1900 by a New York house for £1000. Their buyer had a long talk with the Arab who shot and sold them, and who killed the elephant with one bullet from a smooth-bore rifle. When he was questioned as to the beast's size, he said — in Swahili — it was as large as *n'ji' m'zima*, which means, literally, "as big as all outdoors." The Arab added that it was the easiest shot in the world, as the bull was so old and emaciated that he could scarcely drag the weight of his teeth over the ground.

Zanzibar was agog when the news of such ivory reached it, and when the tusks arrived, competition to secure them was spirited among the old European firms. Messages were sent from all over the world, and fevered agents tossed about in golden dreams of gain.

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Their buyer saw them later at Tiffany's, remote from native and trade appreciation, and causing no ripple of interest among the beruffled ladies who gazed at them with blank eyes of ignorance, without thought of the weight of the creature who could support such monstrous tusks. Perhaps they thought that a Zanzibari plows his garden with just such tusks, or that fences are made of them for the compounds of European officials. One of these wonders sought (and found) sanctuary in the British Museum, while the other has gone into trade in London and adorns a cutler's shop.

Mr. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoölogical Park, has shown, in the National Collection of Heads and Horns, the most beautiful pair of tusks within the knowledge of Belgium, Britain, or America. If any exist to match them they are still in the store of the mighty Menelik of Abyssinia, whence these undoubtedly came — the longest pair in existence, so far as is known. They are longer than the British Museum's tusk, but of less weight, and of a lovely symmetry, and undefaced with custom's mark or addresses cut into the surface of the bone, other than a slight indication that they once passed through Aden. The Zoölogical Park is to be congratulated upon this possession, which was presented to it by Mr. Charles T. Barney.

It is generally accepted as truth that African elephants cannot be broken to work; but one day in the spring of 1903, a New York ivory-buyer was walking in Leopoldville, watching the cataracts where the Congo debouches from Stanley Pool, when a beautiful Irish setter, sleek and stately, rushed down the path — to his amazement, as dogs in Africa grow cur-like and mangy. A lithe, alert young German followed him quickly. In the ensuing conversation the German declared himself an employee of Hagenbeck of Hamburg, hired by the Congo Government to break elephants. At that time he had twenty young ones going very well, but no one has had word of his final success.

The stories of hidden ivory which are constantly mooted in sixpenny romances have not been authenticated in a long experience of trade. However, a huge "cache" of ivory belonging to the prehistoric mammoth, of greater size than the elephant's tusk but of identical dentine, was found in Siberia and sold at Vladivostok to a company of Buffalo, New York. They converted it into notably fine sets of piano-keys. One cannot but wish that the exigencies of commerce had permitted two or more of the tusks to be placed in some museum, as would have been done had this idea visited the proprietors before the ivory was cut.

Tusks have been so long appreciated that it is a reasonable supposition to allow one dead elephant to every pair at present exported from Africa. Elephants breed but once in ten years, and the period of gestation is said to be thirty months, hence it may be held by the most conservative that ivory in trade quantities will soon be a thing of the past. Protection will keep the elephant with us as a souvenir of the long ago, now that cow-shooting is prohibited and an ordinary £75 gun license allows the killing of but two bulls.

"Black ivory" is the name given to slaves in Africa since the old days when they sweated in toilsome transit from the interior to the coast, bound, in most instances, for American shores, and each with an elephant's tusk for his burden. America, once the best market for "black ivory," became as a consequence well stocked with white, and piano-key factories followed because the material to use in them was at hand. The route from West Africa to our shores was then direct, while now we have to go first to Europe with freight or passengers. Traders supplying slaves to the cultivation or transit of cotton, brought white ivory to the Yankee manufacturers, who, in too many cases, furnished capital for the slave trade from States where it was declared illegal. After residence in African countries, the idea of slavery commends itself to many thinking people, but the slave in transit was made to endure enough of hell's pangs to justify his innate faith in a personal devil.

Where "black ivory" originally was there was also white — to be bought for buttons or meal, gay calicos, clocks made in Connecticut, chairs made — as the writer was once told in the market at Zanzibar by an old henchman of Tippoo Tibs — in "Salem, Mass." The brute skippers who whipped the poor natives into their foul ships finished the work of the Arab *kibokos*, which had whipped them out of the upper reaches of rivers, crouching under their dental burdens. The trader, generous in the joy of getting back to his mosque and his women, and above all his animal food, made brief bargains for what seemed to him enough of Yankee gold.

A finish was made to a direct route from Africa to home ports by the Civil War in 1861, when all tusks were diverted to foreign markets; and Belgium's far subsequent decree that all the ivory of her Congo possessions was to be auctioned in Antwerp, completed this diversion of tusks from our shores, and this despite the fact that America remains ivory's largest consumer. The raw stuff for present American manufacture is now procured, for the

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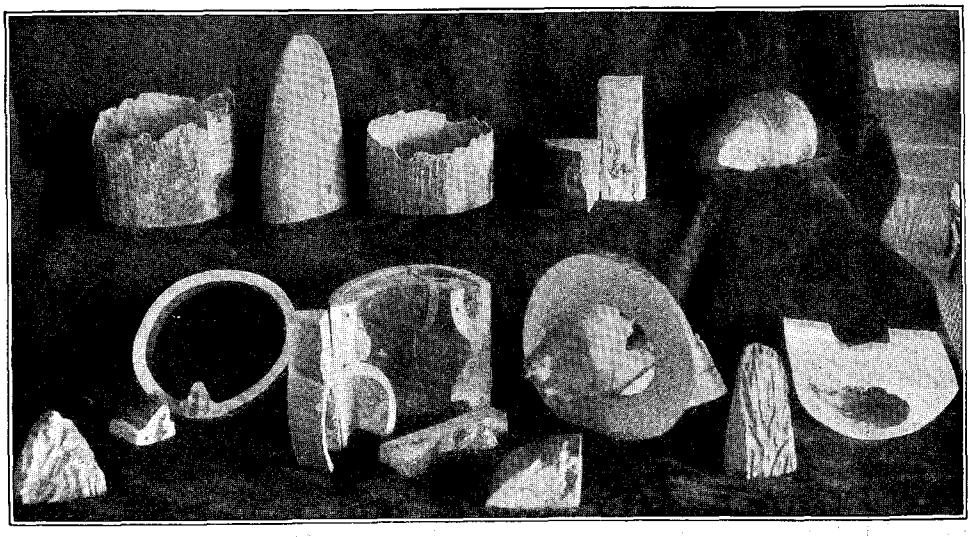
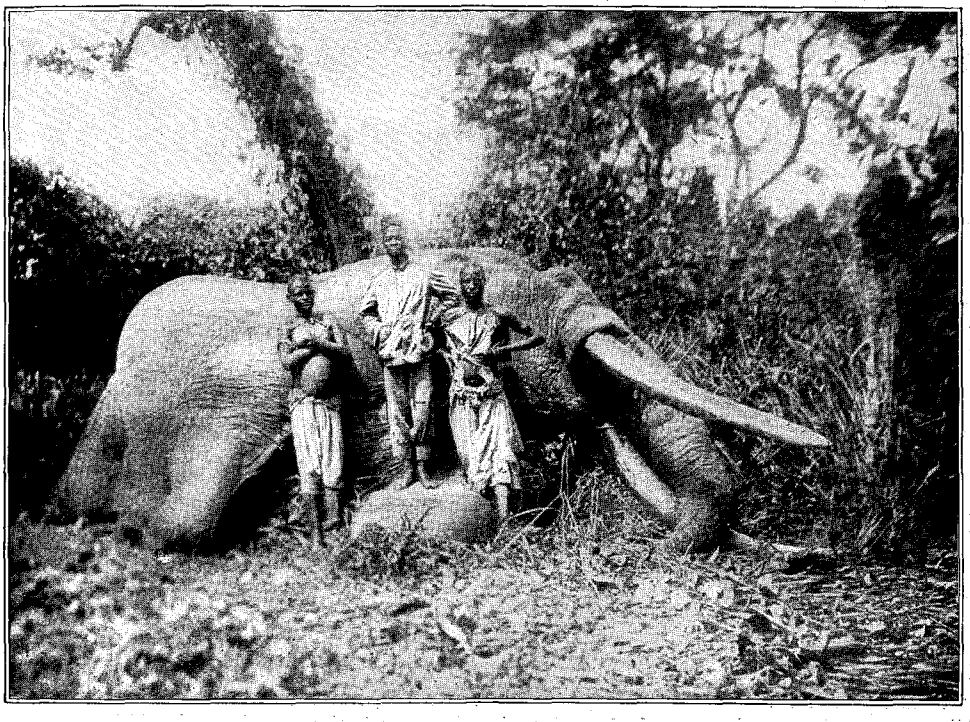


MALFORMATIONS IN IVORY

CAUSED BY BULLET WOUNDS OR DISEASE. THE NERVE OF AN ELEPHANT TUSK SOMETIMES BECOMES DISEASED, JUST AS THE NERVE OF A TOOTH



THE FALL OF AN OLD TUSKER

SOMETIMES OLD ELEPHANTS BEAR A WEIGHT OF IVORY SO GREAT THAT THEY GET ABOUT WITH DIFFICULTY AND ARE OFTEN ESCORTED BY A GUARD OF YOUNG ELEPHANTS

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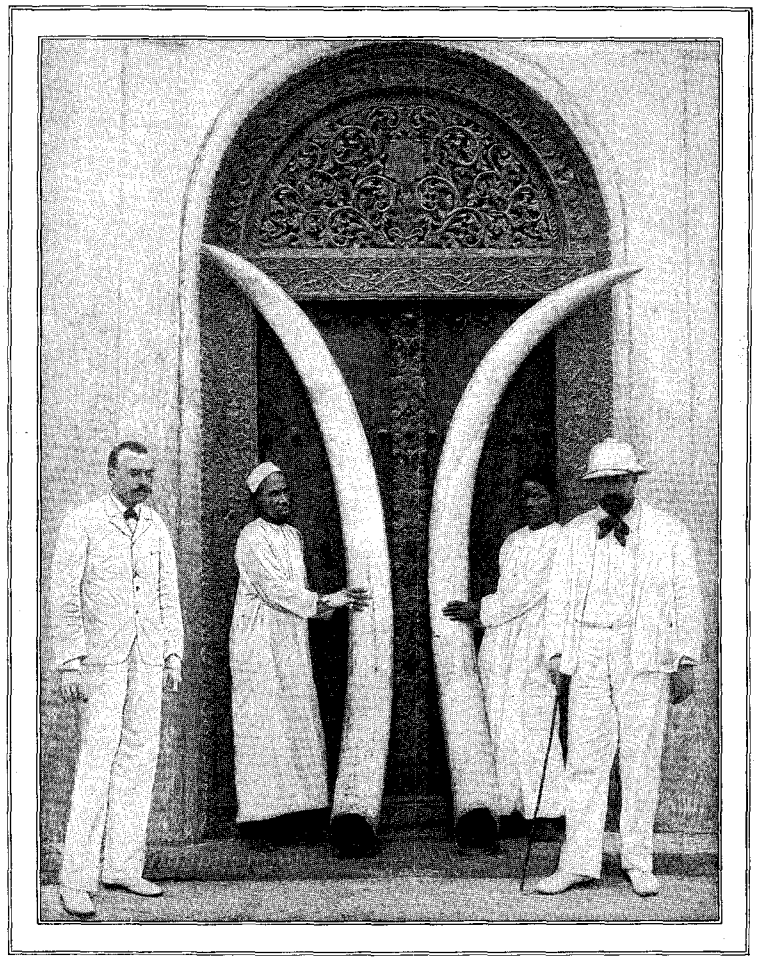

THE HEAVIEST TUSKS KNOWN TO TRADE

THESE TUSKS, WEIGHING 224 AND 239 POUNDS RESPECTIVELY, WERE BOUGHT IN 1900 BY A NEW YORK IVORY HOUSE FOR £1000

most part, at quarterly London and Antwerp sales. Every three months London sells an average of one hundred tons of all grades and Antwerp a little more. At the last sale prime ivory brought $3.50 a pound. The grade of ivory known as "Cutch," and used solely for the making of bangles for Indian women, is a curious ivory staple with a special and, of course, local market. "Cutch" in the tusks runs from thirty to forty pounds and supplies endless delight to the vanity of the pampered prettiness of a luxurious harem.

Elephants suffer exactly as we do from dental decay, and very often a tusk of fair exterior will be found pervaded with yellow spots which render it useless.

Japanese ivory-carving would certainly be more admired even than it is, did we all realize that its design often circumvents a bad defect in the bone and utilizes a tusk which is unavailable for the piano-key or ball trade because of a disease in the tooth itself, or an untimely crack.

There is much misapprehension about the formation of an elephant's tusk, and even more as to the practicability of its extraction. The wife of a British official told as a hoax, at a dinner in London, the story of an Indian administrator who wished to compel a Rajah possessing wealth in elephants to pay his just debts. Having failed repeatedly, she said, to get the money due from him, he sent a skilled regimental surgeon with anesthetics and the tools of his craft to the Rajah's elephant stable. They overpowered the mahouts and feed-boys and extracted £20,000 worth of ivory in a night. To her horror and dismay, the tale was received with interest and applause by the entire company, who could not get enough of the Rajah's feelings

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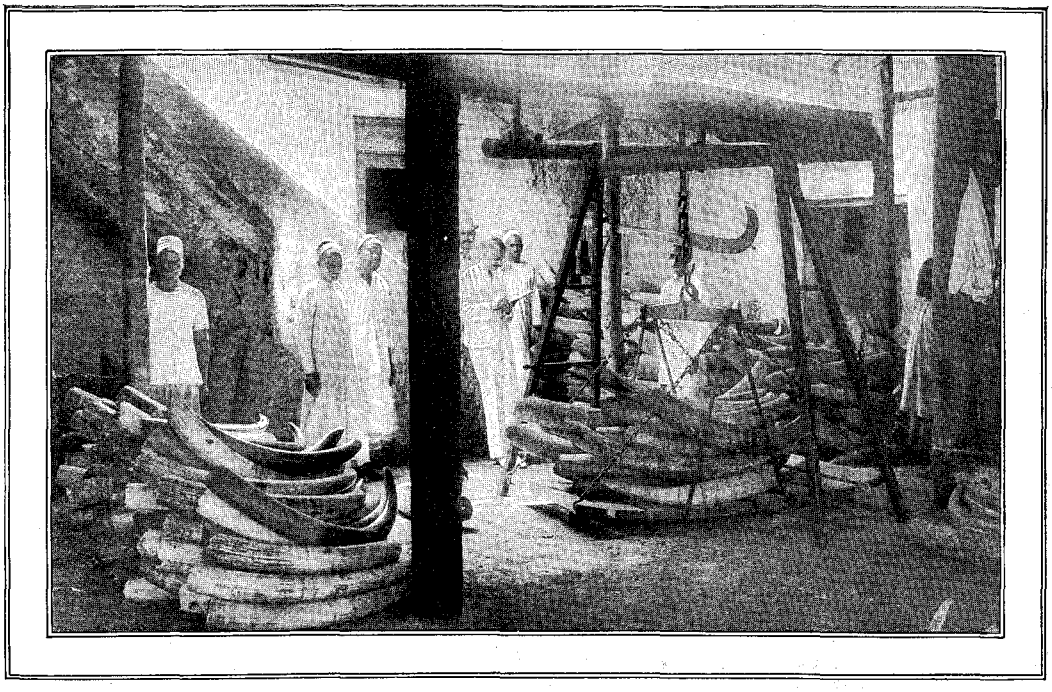

WEIGHING UP A RECORD LOT OF IVORY IN A ZANZIBAR TRADING-HOUSE

when he beheld his tuskless mammoths and felt his assets to have dwindled in one tragic night to what he had in his purse. It was in vain that she afterward proclaimed Indian elephants virtually tuskless — in vain that she pronounced the extraction of tusks from the living beasts imaginary: her tale flew about unchallenged for over a year.

An elephant tusk is hollow for about a third of its length, although the size of this hollow varies a good deal. It is called "the bamboo" in a dried tusk, and when borne proudly by the tusker it is filled with a jellylike substance. An old Arab at Stanley Pool once declared to an ivory expert that the cannibal (*manyema*) warrior's best delicacies are elephant's jelly and the palm of a man's hand. The wary expert had an immediate desire to try elephant's jelly, which he found excellent.

When Carreño's magic hand touches the piano's key-board, or when a billiard-player sends a ball spinning along the table, let them conjure up the wilderness at dawn, when the native shakes himself and the blanket under which he was sleeping, shoulders a great tusk, and strides away to his place in an Indian file of sixty men or more, chanting his *n'yimbo* (special song), and looking to the joys of Zanzibar at the end of his wild walk as a rich American dwells happily on the charms of Paris throughout the chagrins of his working year. For the ivory *safari* is the first stage of a tusk's progress to the marts of the West — to the pianist and the billiard-player.

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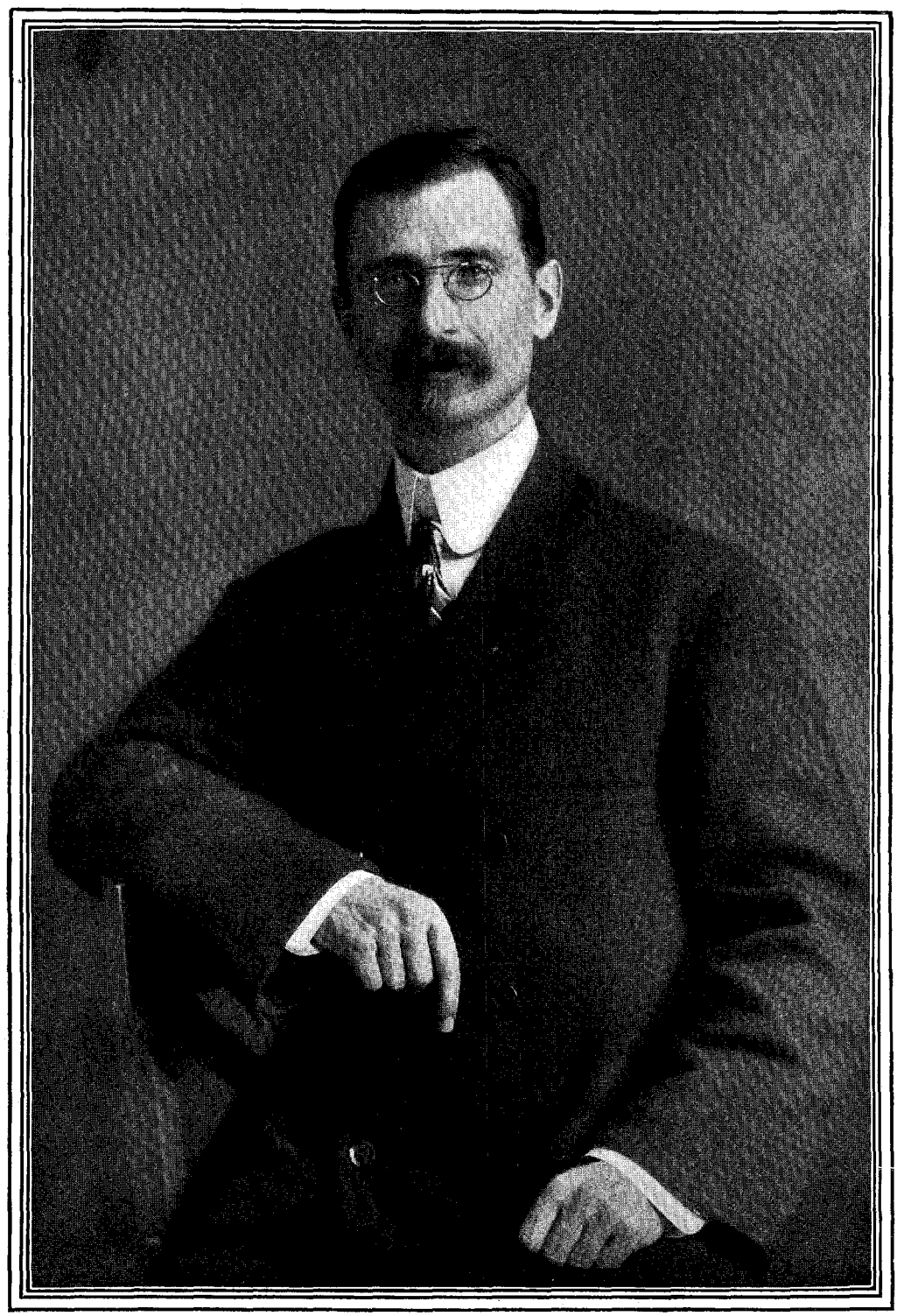

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

THE ITALIAN HISTORIAN

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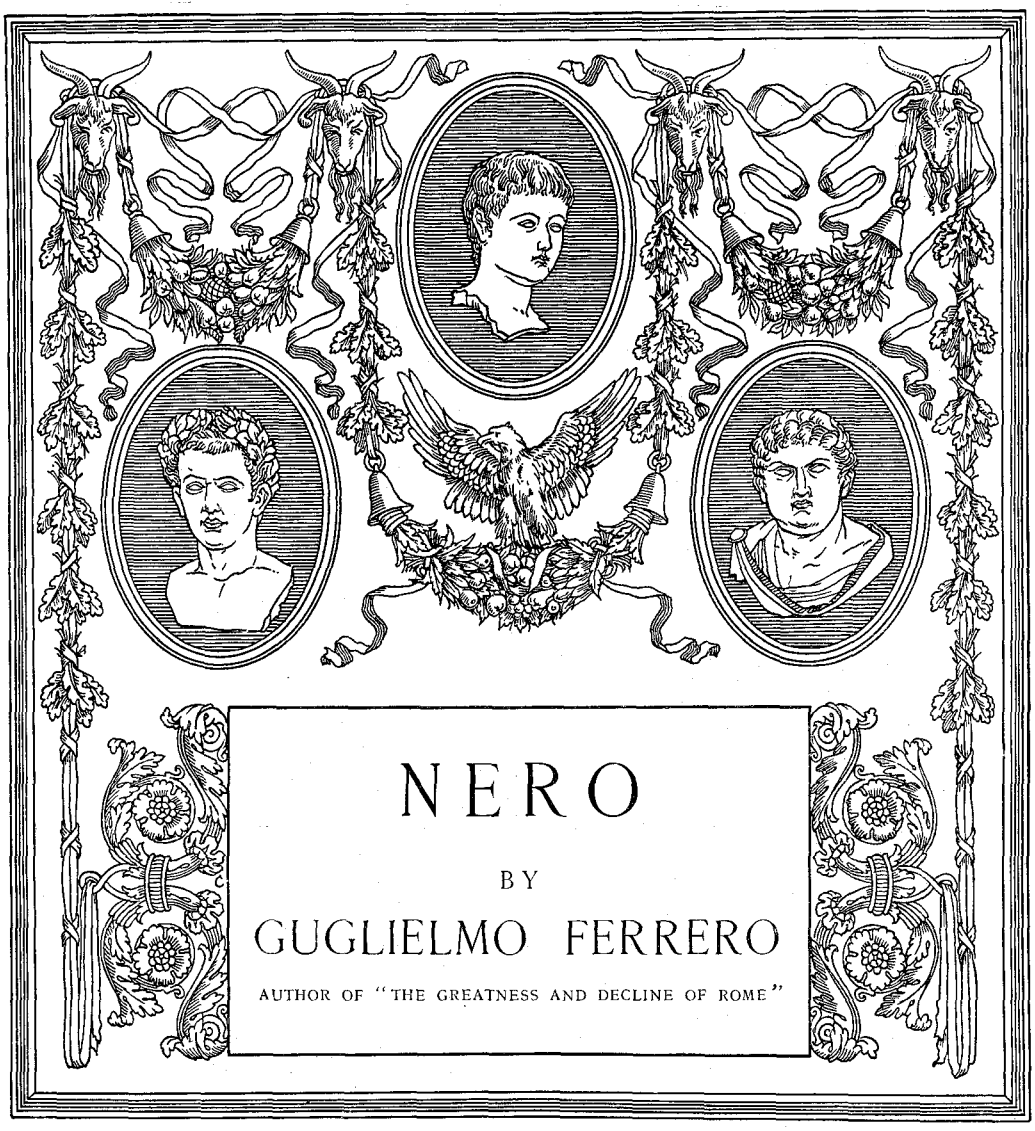

NERO

BY

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

AUTHOR OF "THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF ROME"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ON the 13th of October of 54 A.D., Emperor Claudius died, and the Senate chose as his successor his adopted son, Nero, a young man of seventeen, fat and short-sighted, who had until then studied only music, singing, and drawing. This choice of a child emperor, who had none of the desired qualities and suggested the idea of the child kings of Oriental monarchies, was a scandalous novelty in the constitutional history of Rome. The ancient historians, especially Tacitus, therefore considered the event the result of an intrigue, cleverly arranged by Nero's mother, Agrippina, a daughter of Germanicus and granddaughter of Agrippa, the builder of the Pantheon. According to these historians, Agrippina, a very ambitious woman, succeeded in having Claudius marry her after Messalina's death, although she was a widow and had a child, and as soon as she entered the Emperor's mansion began to open the way for the election of her son. In order to exclude Britannicus, the son of Messalina, from succession, she persuaded Claudius to adopt Nero; then, with the help of the two tutors of the young man, Seneca and Burrhus, created in the Senate and among the Pretorians a party favorable to her son; no sooner did she feel that she could rely on the Senate and the Pretorians, than she poisoned Claudius.

Too many difficulties, however, prevent our

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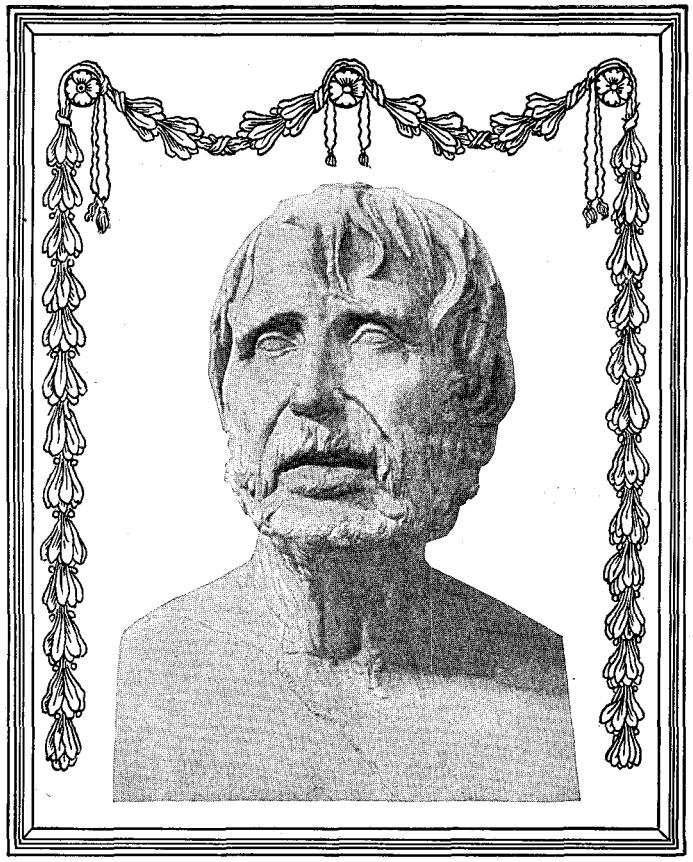

THE FALSE BUST OF SENECA

THIS BUST, DISCOVERED AT HERCULANEUM, WAS FOR MANY YEARS SUPPOSED TO BE SENECA, AND WAS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE ROMAN MORALIST AS HARASSED AND BROKEN BY THE DEBAUCHERIES AND MISGOVERNMENT OF HIS PUPIL, THE EMPEROR NERO

accepting this version. To cite one of them will suffice: If Agrippina wished — as she surely did — her son to be the successor of Claudius, she must have wished also that Claudius could live eight or ten years more, at least. As a great-grandson of Drusus, a grandson of Germanicus, and the last descendant of that line (the only one in the whole family enjoying a real popularity), Nero was sure of election if he were of age at the death of Claudius. After the terrible scandal in which his mother had disappeared, Britannicus was no longer a competitor to be feared. The only danger for Nero was that if Claudius should die too soon, the Senate might refuse to trust the Empire to a child.

For this reason, and for many others which I cannot stop to explain here, I believe that Claudius must have died of disease, probably, if we can judge from Tacitus' account, of gastro-enteritis; and that Agrippina's *coterie*, surprised by this sudden death, which upset all their plans, decided to put through Nero's election in spite of his youth. This was possible because, with the masses, admiration for Drusus and his family triumphed over all other considerations: Nero became emperor at seventeen. But when the election was over, Rome — according to the tales of the ancient historians — saw a still greater scandal than his election. The young man — and this, at least, is credible — hastened to engage as his master the first zither-player of Rome, Terpnos; continued his study of singing, bought statues, pictures, bronzes, beautiful slaves, while his mother seized the actual control of the State. She insisted upon being kept informed of all State affairs, and directed the home and foreign policy. If she did not go to the length of participating in the sessions of the Senate — which would have been the supreme scandal — she called the Senate to meet in her palace and, concealed behind a black awning, listened to the discussions. In short, the Empire fell into the hands of a woman: Rome saw the evolution, through which woman had been for four centuries free-

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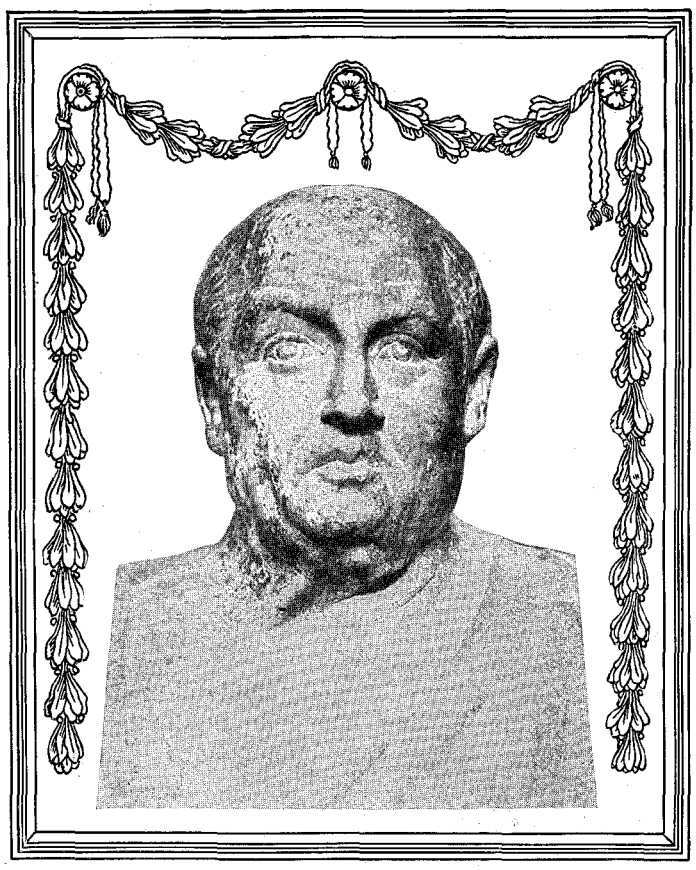

THE REAL SENECA

THIS BUST, DISCOVERED NEAR THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA IN DOMNICA AT ROME, IS UNDOUBTEDLY A TRUE PORTRAIT, FOR THE MARBLE IS DEEPLY MARKED WITH SENECA'S NAME IN ROMAN LETTERS. THIS BUST SEEMS TO PORTRAY THE SENECA WHOM MODERN HISTORIANS HAVE FOUND BEHIND THE PROFESSIONAL TEACHER AND MORALIST. SENECA, AS WE NOW SEE HIM, WAS AN OPPORTUNIST AND A MAN OF THE WORLD, WHO EVEN ADVISED THE YOUNG EMPEROR TO MURDER HIS MOTHER AS A POLITICAL EXPEDIENT

ing herself from her ancient slavery, suddenly accomplished by this visible intervention of a woman in politics — the intervention which the great guardians of tradition, Cato first of all, had always decried as the most frightful cataclysm that could menace Rome.

This story is also the exaggeration of a simpler truth. Even though Nero had been a very serious young man, he could not have governed the Empire alone at his age. It would have been necessary for him to serve a long apprenticeship and to listen to experienced counselors. Burrhus and Seneca, his two teachers, were naturally destined to be his advisers; but why should not his mother also have helped him? Like all the women of her family, Agrippina was of superior mind, of high culture, and, as Tacitus himself admits, had led a very respectable life — at least to the time of her marriage with Claudius. Brought up, as she was, in that family which for eighty years had been governing the Empire, she had been well informed about the affairs of the State. Is it possible to suppose that such a woman would shut herself up in her home to weave wool, when with her talent, her energy, her experience, she could be of so much service to her son and to the State? We do not need to attribute to Agrippina a monstrous ambition, as does Tacitus, in order to explain how the Empire, during the first two years, was ruled by Seneca, Burrhus, and Agrippina. It was a natural consequence of the situation created by the premature death of Claudius. Tacitus himself is forced to recognize that the government was excellent.

Agrippina, helping her son in the apprenticeship of the Empire, was merely doing her duty. But during restless times when misunderstanding is almost a law of social life, it is often very

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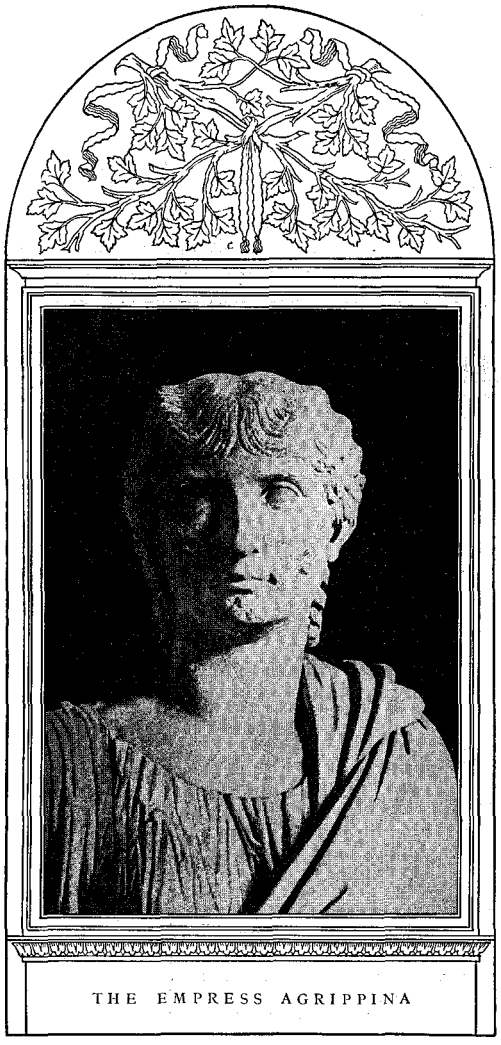
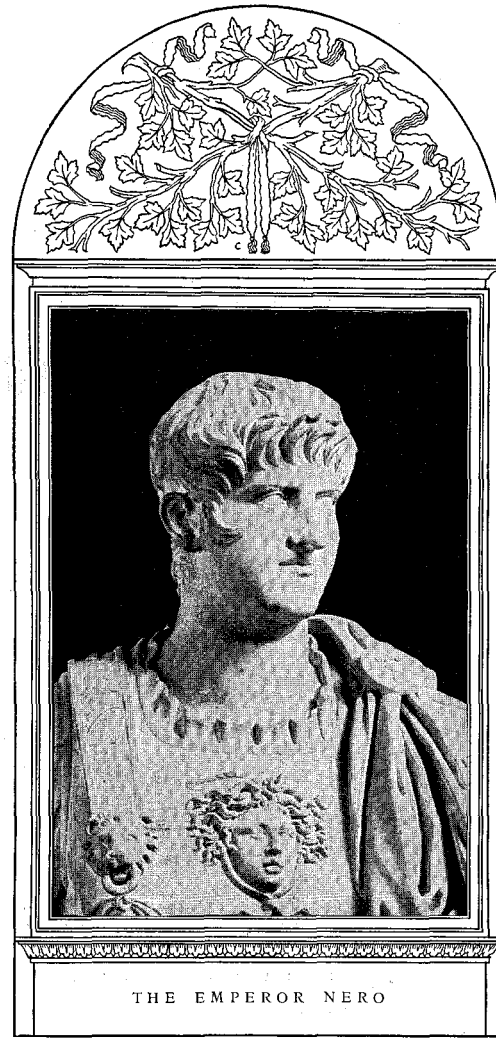


THE EMPRESS AGRIPPINA



THE EMPEROR NERO

dangerous to do one's duty; and the period of Agrippina and Nero was full of confusion. Though apparently quiet, Italy was deeply torn by the great struggle which gives the history of the Empire its marvelous character; the struggle between the old Roman military society and the intellectual civilization of the Orient.

The ancient aristocratic and military Roman society had had such great and world-wide success, that the ideas, the institutions, and the customs that had made it a perfect government (considered as an organ of political and military domination) commanded a great prestige with the following generations. Even during the time of Nero, after eighty years of peace, every one had to admit that the Empire had been created by those military ideas, those severe institutions, and those customs; that one must keep them for the sake of the Empire, and combat, in the family as well as in the State, everything that forms the essence of intellectual civilization; that is to say, everything that develops personal selfishness at the expense of collective interest: luxury, idleness, pleasure, celibacy, feminism. It was admitted that the State must discourage all that develops personality and intelligence at the expense of tradition: liberty of women, independence of children, variety of personal tendencies, the critical spirit in all its forms.

But in spite of the resistance offered by traditions, peace and wealth everywhere favored the diffusion of the intellectual civilization of the Hellenized Orient. Woman having become free, and intellectual men having become powerful, this revolution followed as a matter of course. In vain, under Claudius, Seneca had been exiled to Corsica. This brilliant philosopher and peace-advocating humanitarian, who had diffused through high Roman society

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so many ideas and sentiments considered by the "old Romans" as pernicious to the force of the State, had come back more powerful than ever and now ruled the Empire. In vain did Roman husbands, burdened by excessive expenses, outraged by the too frequent infidelities and the tyrannical caprices of their wives, regret the good old times when husbands were absolute masters: the invading feminism weakened everywhere the strength of the aristocratic and military traditions.

So contradiction was everywhere. The Republic had still its old aristocratic constitution, but the nobility was no longer spurred by that absorbing and exclusive passion for politics and war that had been the source of its power. Society life, pleasure, amateur philosophy and literature, mysticism, and, above all, sports, dissipated in a thousand directions its energy and activity. Too many young nobles were to be found who, like Nero, preferred singing, dancing, and driving to the care for their clients or the burdens of public offices.

Augustus and Tiberius had done their utmost to strengthen the Latin principle of parsimony in public and private life. In order to set a good example, they had lived very simply; they had had new sumptuary laws passed and tried to enforce the old ones; they had spent the State moneys, not for the maintaining of artists and of writers, nor for the building of monuments of useless size, but to build the great roads of the Empire, to strengthen the frontiers. They had made the public treasure into an aid fund for all stricken cities, suffering because of earthquakes, fires, or floods.

But here also the Oriental influence, so favorable to unproductive and luxurious expenditure, gained ground steadily. The merchant of Syrian and Egyptian *objets de luxe*, in spite of the sumptuary laws, found year by year a larger patronage in all the cities of Italy. With regard to shows and spectacles the public taste became more exacting and critical, even in secondary cities.

The Italians were losing the peasant's avarice and acquiring a taste for things monumental and colossal which was the great folly of the Orient. They found the monuments of Rome poor: everywhere, even in modest municipia, they demanded immense theaters, great temples, monumental basilicas, spacious forums adorned with statues. In spite of the principles insisted upon with so much vigor by Augustus and Tiberius, in the time of Messalina, and thanks to the weakness of Claudius, the public finances had gone through a period of great disorder and waste.

II

These contradictions and the psychological disorder that followed, explain the discords and struggles that very soon raged around the young Emperor. The public soon began to feel shocked by the attention that Agrippina gave to State affairs, as by a new and this time intolerable scandal of feminism. Agrippina was not a feminist, as a matter of fact, but a traditionalist, proud of the glory of her family, attached to the ancient Roman ideas, only desirous of seeing her son develop into a new Germanicus, a second Drusus. Only the necessity of helping Nero had led her to meddle with politics. But not in vain had Cato declaimed so loudly in Rome against women who pretend to govern States; not without effect Augustus' prestige had, partly at least, been founded on the great antifeminist legend of Antony and Cleopatra, which represented the fall of the great Triumvir as the consequence of a woman's influence. The public, although willing to give all possible freedom to women in other things, still remained quite firm on this point: politics belonged to men. So Agrippina, in the popular imagination, soon became a sort of Roman Cleopatra. Many interests came quickly to reinforce this antifeminist reaction, which, although exaggerated, had its origin in a sincere feeling.

Agrippina, as a true descendant of Drusus, meant to prepare her son to rule the Empire according to the principles held by his great ancestors. Now among these principles was to be counted not only the defense of Romanism and the maintenance of the aristocratic constitution, but also wise economy in the management of finances. Agrippina is a good instance of that well-known fact,—the British have noticed it several times in India,—that women as a rule in public administration keep the spirit of economy with which they manage the home—when they are not foolish or spoiled by feminism. This is why they, especially in despotic States, rule better than men. Even before Claudius' death, Agrippina had vigorously opposed waste and boodle; it also appears that the reorganization of finances, after Messalina's death, was due chiefly to her.

The continuation under Nero of this severe régime displeased a great number of persons, who dreamed of seeing again the easy times of Messalina. From the moment they were satisfied that Agrippina, like Augustus and Tiberius, would not allow the public money to be stolen, very many found her interference in public affairs unbearable. In short, Agrippina became unpopular, and, as always happens,

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because of faults she did not have. A noble policy, which she was trying to put through for the defense of tradition, definitively compromised her position.

Her son did not resemble either her or his ancestors. He had the most indocile temperament, thoroughly rebellious to tradition, in no sense Roman. Little by little Agrippina saw the young Emperor, in the midst of riches and pleasures, develop into a precocious *débauché*, frightfully selfish, erratically vain, full of extravagant ideas, who, instead of setting the example of respect toward sumptuary laws, openly violated them; in whose mind from time to time flashed sinister lightnings of cruelty. Nero's youth — the fact is not surprising — did not resist the mortal seductions of immense power and immense riches; but Agrippina, the proud granddaughter of the conqueror of Germany, must have chafed at the idea of her son's preferring musical entertainments to the sessions of the Senate, singing lessons to the study of strategy and tactics.

She applied herself, therefore, with all her energy to the work of making her son return to the great traditions of his family, of tearing him away from his pleasures. Nero resisted; the struggle between mother and son grew complicated, excited the passion of the public, which felt that this conflict had a greater importance than any other family quarrel: that it actually was a struggle of the traditional Romanism against Orient customs. Unfortunately, in this struggle every one sided with Nero: the sincere friends of tradition, because they did not want the rule of a woman, whoever she might be; those that wished Messalina's times back again, because they saw personified in Agrippina the austere and inflexible spirit of the *gens Claudia*. The situation was soon without an issue. The accord of Agrippina with Seneca and Burrhus was troubled, because the two teachers of the young Emperor, under the impression of public malcontent, had somewhat withdrawn from her. Nero, who was sullen, cynical, and lazy, feared his mother too much to have the courage to oppose her openly, but he did not fear her enough to mend his ways. The mother, on her side, was set to do her duty to the end. But like all situations without an issue, this one was suddenly solved by an unexpected event. Insisting on making a Roman of this young *débauché*, Agrippina made him into a murderer. Nero, progressing from one caprice to another, once imagined a great folly: to divorce Octavia and to raise to her place a beautiful freedwoman called Acte. According to one of the fundamental laws of the State, the great law of Augustus on marriage, which forbade marriages between senators and freedwomen, the union of Nero and Acte could be only a concubinage. Agrippina wanted to avoid this scandal; and as Nero persisted in his idea, it seems that she actually had the intention of having him deposed and of having Britannicus, a very serious young man, chosen as his successor. As a true Roman, Agrippina was ready to sacrifice her son for the sake of the Republic.

The threat was, or appeared to Nero, so serious, that it made him step over the threshold of crime. One day during a great dinner to which he had been invited by Nero, Britannicus was suddenly seized with violent convulsions. "It is an attack of epilepsy," said Nero very calmly, giving orders to his slaves to take Britannicus away and care for him. The young man died in a few hours, and everybody thought that he had been poisoned by Nero.

This dastardly crime aroused at first a sense of horror and fright among the people. But the impression did not last long. In spite of all his faults, the people liked Nero. In Rome they had respected Augustus and hated Tiberius; they had killed Caligula and jeered at Claudius; but Nero seemed to be the first of the Roman Emperors who stood a chance of becoming popular. Contrary to Agrippina's ideas, it was his frivolity that pleased the great masses, because this frivolity corresponded to the slow but progressive decay of the old Roman virtues in them. They expected from Nero a less hard, less severe, less parsimonious government — in a word, a government less Roman than the rule of his predecessors; a government which, instead of force, glory, and wisdom, meant pleasure and ease.

So the unfortunate Britannicus was soon forgotten, and many even tried to justify Nero by invoking a State necessity. Agrippina alone remained the object of the universal hatred, as the sole cause of so many misfortunes. Implacable enemies, concealed in the shadow, were subtly at work against her; they organized a campaign of absurd calumnies in the court itself, and it is this campaign from which Tacitus drew his material.

Some wretches finally dared even accuse her of conspiracy against the life of her son. Agrippina refused to plead for herself, and succeeded in weathering the storm, because Nero was afraid of her, and even if he tried to escape from her authority, he did not dare to initiate any energetic action against her. To engage in a final struggle with so indomitable a woman, another woman was necessary. . . . This woman was Poppaea Sabina, a very handsome and able dame of the great Roman nobility. Poppaea represented the Oriental feminism in

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its most dangerous form: the complete demoralization of woman when she eludes all her duties toward the species in order to enjoy and to make others enjoy her beauty, through luxury, elegance, society life, and voluptuousness.

Corrupted as that age was, Poppaea was ahead of it. As soon as she saw the strong impression she had made on Nero, she conceived the plan of becoming his wife; so that her beauty would be admired by the whole Empire, would be surrounded by a luxury for which the means of her husband were not sufficient, and with which no Roman dame could compete. But there was an obstacle: Agrippina.

Agrippina protected Nero's wife, Octavia, a true Roman woman, simple and honest; Agrippina would never consent to this absolutely unjustifiable divorce. To force Nero to a decisive move against his mother, Poppaea had her husband sent to Lusitania on some mission, and became the mistress of the Emperor. From that point the situation changed. Dominated by Poppaea's influence, Nero found the courage to force Agrippina to abandon his palace and seek refuge in Antony's house; he took from her the privilege of having Pretorian guards, which he himself had granted her; he reduced to a minimum the number and time of his visits, carefully avoiding being left alone with her. Agrippina's influence, to the general satisfaction, rapidly declined, while Nero was every day gaining in popularity. Agrippina, however, was too energetic a woman peaceably to resign herself: she began a violent campaign against the two adulterers, which deeply troubled the public. In Rome, where Augustus had promulgated his stern law against adultery; in Rome, where Augustus himself had to submit to his own law when he exiled his daughter and his granddaughter and almost exterminated his whole family: in that Rome, a young man of twenty-two dared all but officially to introduce adultery and polygamy into the Palatine. In her struggle against Nero, Agrippina once more stood on tradition; and Nero was afraid.

Poppaea probably was the one who then, at this critical moment, suggested to Nero the idea of killing Agrippina. The idea had been, as it were, floating in the air for a long time, because Agrippina and her stern principles were embarrassing to many persons and many interests. Those who wanted to sack the imperial budget, to introduce the finance of great expenditure, could not tolerate this clever and energetic woman, who was so faithful to the great traditions of Augustus and Tiberius, who could neither be frightened nor corrupted. One should not consider the assassination of Agrippina as a simple personal crime of Nero, as the result of his and Poppaea's quarrels with his mother. This crime, besides personal causes, had a political origin. Nero would never have dared commit a misdeed which in the eyes of the Roman was very nearly a sacrilege, if he had not been encouraged by Agrippina's unpopularity, by the violent hatred which many Romans had against his mother.

So is it true that Nero hesitated long; and he decided only when his freedman, Anicetus, the commander of the fleet, proposed a plan (which seemed to guarantee secrecy for the crime) to have a ship built with a concealed trap. It was the spring of the year 59 A.D.; the Court had moved to Baiae, on the Gulf of Naples. If Nero succeeded in getting his mother on board the vessel, Anicetus would take upon himself the task of burying quickly below the waves Agrippina and the secret of her death; the people who hated Agrippina would easily be satisfied with the explanations that would be given them.

Nero executed his part of the plan in perfect cold blood. He made believe he had repented and was anxious for a reconciliation with his mother. He invited her to Baiae and so profusely lavished kindness and amiabilities on her, that Agrippina finally believed in the sincerity of her son. After spending a few days at Baiae, Agrippina decided to return to Antium. In a very happy frame of mind and full of hopes that her son would soon show himself to the world the man she had dreamed he would be and the true descendant of Drusus, she boarded one evening the fatal ship. Nero had escorted her and pressed her to his heart with the most demonstrative tenderness; could she doubt his sincerity?

A calm night diffused its starry shadows over the quiet sea, which with its subdued murmur cradled in sleep the great summer houses on the shore, when the ship departed, carrying toward her somber destiny Agrippina. But as the moment came and the machine was set to work, the vessel did not sink as fast as Anicetus had hoped: it listed, overthrowing people and things. Agrippina had time to understand the danger; with admirable presence of mind she jumped overboard and escaped by swimming, while on the boat the hired murderers, during the confusion, killed one of her freedwomen, mistaking her for Agrippina herself. The ship finally sank; the murderers also took to the water; everything went back to the wonted quiet; the starry night again diffused its silent shadows; the sea again cradled with its subdued murmur the great villas of the coast — all asleep except one.

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In this one, anxiety was watching: a son was awaiting the news that his mother was dead and that he could celebrate a criminal marriage. Soon the escaped murderers brought the news so impatiently expected: Agrippina was dead. But Nero's joy was short. At dawn a freedman of Agrippina arrived at the Emperor's villa. Agrippina, picked up by a boat, had succeeded in reaching one of her villas near by; and she had sent the freedman to tell the Emperor about the *accident* and to reassure him as to her fate.

Agrippina alive! It was like a thunderbolt to Nero, and he lost his wits. He saw his mother hurrying on to Rome, denouncing the abominable attempt to Senate and people, rousing against him the Pretorian guard and the legions. Frightened, he summoned Seneca and Burrhus and expounded to them the terrible situation. It is easy to imagine the shock of the old preceptors. How could he risk such a grave imprudence? But there was no use losing time in reproaches. Nero begged for advice. Seneca and Burrhus were silent; they also were frightened and asked of themselves what Agrippina would do. Would she not provoke a colossal scandal, which would swamp everything? An idea, the same one, came to both of them; but so sinister it was that they dared not speak it. And yet the philosopher and the general both deceived themselves this time, as well as Nero: Agrippina had guessed the truth and had given up the struggle. What could she do, poor woman, against an Emperor who did not stop even at murdering his mother? She realized, during that awful night, that only one chance of safety was left to her — to ignore what had taken place; and she had sent her freedman with the message that meant forgiveness. But fear kept Nero and his counselors from understanding; and when they could easily have remedied the preceding mistakes, they compromised all by a supreme error. Finally Seneca, the pacificist and humanitarian philosopher, thought he had found the way of making half openly the only suggestion that seemed wise to him: he turned to Burrhus and asked what might happen, should an order be given the Pretorians to kill Nero's mother. Burrhus understood that his colleague, although giving first the fateful advice, was trying to shift on him the much more serious responsibility of carrying it out — since if one came to the decision of having Agrippina disposed of by the Pretorians, none but he, as the commander of the guard, could utter the order. He therefore protested with the greatest energy that the Pretorians would never lay murderous hands on the daughter of Germanicus. Then he added cogitatively, that, if it were thought necessary, Anicetus and his sailors could finish the work already begun. Burrhus also gave the same advice as Seneca, but he, like his colleague, meant to pass on to somebody else the task of the execution. He chose better than Seneca: Anicetus, if Agrippina lived, ran a serious risk of becoming the scapegoat of all this affair. In fact, as soon as Nero gave his assent, Anicetus and a few sailors hastened to the villa of Agrippina and stabbed her.

III

The crime was abominable. Nero and his circle were so awed by it that they attempted to make the people believe that Agrippina had committed suicide when her conspiracy against her son's life had been discovered. This was the official version of Agrippina's death, sent by Nero to the Senate. But this audacious mystification had no success. The public divined the truth. Strongly moved, they were roused by the voice of their age-long instincts; they cried out that the Emperor was expected, no less than any peasant of Italy, to revere his father and his mother. Through a sudden turn of public feeling Agrippina, who had been so much hated during her life, became the object of a kind of popular veneration; Nero, instead, and Poppaea, inspired a sentiment of profound horror.

If Nero had found the living Agrippina unbearable, he soon realized that his dead mother was much more to be feared. In fact, frightened as he was by the popular agitation, he not only temporarily gave up the plan of divorcing Octavia and marrying Poppaea, but he stayed several months at Baiae, not daring to return to Rome. Nero, however, was no longer a child: he was twenty-three years old and had some talent. Men of intelligence, also, and energy were not wanting in his *entourage*. The first shock once over, the Emperor and his *coterie* rallied. The first impression had indeed been disastrous, but had brought about no irreparable consequences — the only ones that count in politics. One could therefore hope that little by little the public would forget this murder as they had forgotten that of Britannicus. One only needed to help them forget. And then Nero resolved to give Italy and Rome the administrative revolution that had found in Agrippina so determined an opponent; the easy, splendid, generous government that seemed to suit popular aspiration.

He began by organizing among the *jeunesse dorée* of Rome the "festivals of youth" which were true demonstrations against the old aristo-

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cratic education. Now in the house of one, and then in the garden of another, the young "modernist" patricians met under the Emperor's direction; they sang, recited, danced, in short displayed all the tendencies which tradition considered unworthy of a Roman nobleman. Nero later built in the Vatican fields a private stadium, where he amused himself with driving and invited his friends to do the same. He surrounded himself with poets, musicians, singers; enormously increased the budget of popular festivals; planned and started immense constructions, introduced in all the administration a new spirit of carelessness, ease, and looseness. Not only the sumptuary laws, but all laws commanding the fulfilment of the duties toward the species, such as the great laws of Augustus on marriage and adultery, were no longer applied; the surveillance of the Senate on the governors, and that of the governors on the cities, slackened. In Rome, in all Italy, in the provinces, the treasuries of the Republic, the possessions and the funds of the cities, were robbed. Soon, in the midst of this unbridled plundering which appeared to make everybody rich quickly and without work, a delirium of luxury and pleasure seized every spirit. In Rome above all, people lived in a continuous orgy. The nobility answered in crowds the invitations of Nero; the Senate, the great houses, where the conquerors of the world had been brought up, swarmed with young athletes and drivers who had no higher ambition than that of adding the prize of a race to the war trophies of their ancestors; the imperial palace was invaded by a noisy horde of zitherists, actors, jockeys, athletes, among whom Burrhus, and, even more, Seneca, were beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

Agrippina's death, even though it had not yet allowed of Nero's marrying Poppaea, had made possible the change in the government that a part of the people wished for. We owe to this new principle the immense ruins of ancient Rome. But this fact does not authorize us to consider it as a Roman principle: it was instead a principle of Oriental civilization which had forced itself upon the Roman traditions after a long and painful resistance. The revolution, however, had been preparing a long time and corresponded to the popular tastes. It should therefore have been to the advantage of the Emperor who had dared to break loose from a superannuated tradition. But Agrippina's specter still haunted Rome; it must be said to their honor, the people of Rome and Italy had not yet been so corrupted as to forget parricide in a few festivals.

The party of tradition, though weakened, existed; it began a brave fight against Nero, using as a weapon the assassination of Agrippina, as the adverse party had exploited the antifeminist prejudices of the masses against Agrippina herself. They denounced the parricide to the people in order to attack the champion of Orientalism and to anger against him the indifferent mass, which, not understanding the great struggle between the Orient and Rome, could not feel stirred by it. Nero, hoping the excitement had somewhat subsided, had finally carried out his old plan of divorcing Octavia and marrying Poppaea; but the divorce caused in Rome great popular demonstrations in favor of the abused wife and against the intruder.

Moreover Nero, thanks to his extravagance, made things very easy for his enemies, the defenders of tradition. The life of excess that he led exaggerated all the faults of his character, chiefly his morbid need of showing himself off, of defying the public, their prejudices, their opinions. It is difficult to discern how much is true and how much is false in the hideous stories of debauchery handed down to us by the ancient writers, above all by Suetonius. However, although one might believe — and I believe it, for my part — that there is a great deal of exaggeration in such tales, it is certain that Nero's personality played too conspicuous a part in his administrative revolution. Ready as the people were to admire a more generous and luxurious government than that of Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius, they still liked to look to the State chief as to a man of gravity and austerity, who let others amuse themselves while he himself felt bored. The vain and bizarre young man, who was always the first guest at his *fêtes*, who never felt embarrassed to satisfy his most extravagant caprices, who spent so much money to divert himself, shocked the last republican susceptibilities of Italy. The wise also felt alarmed: they soon began to reproach Nero for his prodigality, which the people enjoyed, as they had showed malcontent against Tiberius for his parsimony. His caprices, ever stranger, little by little roused even that part of the public which was not fanatically attached to tradition. At that time developed in Nero his foolish vanity as an actor, his caprice for the theater, which soon was to become an all-absorbing mania. The chief of the Empire, the heir of Julius Caesar, dreamed of nothing more than of descending from the height of human grandeur to the scene of a theater, to experience before the public the sensations of those players whom the Roman nobility had always considered as infamous instruments of pleasure!

Seneca, disgusted with Nero's mismanage-

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ment and follies, took the death of Burrhus as an opportunity to retire; and then Nero, freed from the last person who still retained any influence over him, gave himself up entirely to the insane swirl of his caprices. He ended one day by presenting himself in the theater of Naples. Naples was yet then a Greek city: Nero had chosen it for this reason, and was applauded with frenzy. But the Italians of the other cities protested. The chief of the Empire appearing in a theater, his hand on the zither and not on the sword! Imagine what would be our impression if some day a sovereign of Europe went on the stage of the *Folies Bergères* in Paris as a "number" for a sleight-of-hand performance.

Public attention, however, was turned from this immense scandal by a frightful calamity: the famous conflagration of Rome, which began the 19th of July of the year 64 A.D. and devastated almost all quarters of the city for ten days. What was the cause of the great disaster? This very obscure point has much interested historians, who have vainly tried to throw light on the subject. As far as I am concerned, I do by no means exclude the hypothesis that the fire might have been accidental. But men, when they are crushed under the weight of a great misfortune, always need to feel sure that they are the victims of human wickedness — a touching proof of the confidence they have in their fellow men. The Plebs, reduced to utter misery by the disaster, began to murmur that mysterious people had been seen through the different quarters of the city, kindling the fire and cumbering the work of help. These incendiaries must have been sent by some one in power — by whom?

Soon a strange rumor circulated: Nero himself had ordered the city to be burned, in order to enjoy a unique sight, to get an idea of the fire of Troy, to have the glory of rebuilding Rome on a more magnificent scale.

The traditionalist party, the opposition, the unsatisfied, exploited without scruple the popular belief, and Nero, responsible for a sufficient number of actual crimes, found himself accused of an imaginary one. He was so frightened that he decided he would give the people, who sought for it, a victim on which Rome could avenge its sorrow. There was ordered an inquiry into the causes of the conflagration. But the inquest came to a very strange conclusion! The fire had been started by a small religious sect, recently imported from the Orient, a sect the name of which most people then learned for the first time: the Christians.

How did the Roman authorities come to such a conclusion? That is one of the greatest mysteries of universal history, and no one will ever be able to clear it. If the explanation of the disaster, as accepted by the people, was absurd, the official explanation was still more so. The Christian community of Rome, the pretended Vulcan of the civil war and hatred which had poured forth the destructive fire over the great metropolis, was a peaceful and small congregation of pious idealists.

A great and simple man, Paul of Tarsus, had taken up again in Rome a great work where Augustus and Tiberius had stopped. He aimed at the remaking of popular conscience, but used means that had until then been unknown in the Greco-Latin civilization. Not in the name of the ancestors, of the traditions, of ideals of political power, did he seek to persuade men to work, to refrain from vice, to live honestly and simply; but in the name of a single God, whom man had in the beginning offended through his pride; in the name of the Son of God, who had taken human form and volunteered to die as a criminal on the cross, to appease the Father's wrath against rebellious man. Upon the Greco-Roman idea of duty, Paul grafted the Christian idea of sin. Doubtless the new theology must have seemed obscure at first to Greeks and Romans: Paul put into it that new spirit, mutual love, which until then the dry Latin soul had hardly even known.

Paul was born in a noble Hebrew family of Tarsus, and had a high culture; but he had, to use a modern expression, simplified himself; had renounced his high position in a time when no one could resist the passion for luxury, and become a workingman. With the scanty profit from his work as a tent-maker, alone and on foot, he had made measureless journeys through the Empire, everywhere preaching the redemption of man. Finally, after numberless adventures and perils, he had reached Rome and had, in that great city frenzied by the delirium of luxury and pleasure, repeated to the poor, who alone were willing to listen, "Be chaste and pure, do not deceive each other, love one another, help one another, love God."

If Nero had known the little society of pious idealists he surely would have hated them,— but for other motives than the imaginary accusations of his police. Saint Paul actually is, in this history, the antithesis of Nero. One represents the atrocious selfishness of rich, peaceful, highly civilized epochs; the other, the ardent moral idealism which tries to react against the capital vices of power and wealth through universal self-sacrifice and asceticism. We cannot conceive one without the other, because the moral doctrine of Paul is partly a reaction against the violent folly of luxury and

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pleasure of which Nero was the symbol. But certainly it was not philosophical considerations of this kind that led the Roman authorities to rage against the Christians. The problem, I say again, is insoluble.

However this may be, the Christians were declared responsible for the fire. A great number were taken into custody, sentenced to death, and executed in different ways, during the festivals that Nero offered to the people to make them forget. Possibly Paul himself was one of the victims of this persecution.

This diversion, however, was of no use. The conflagration definitely ruined Nero. With the conflagration begins the third period of his life, which lasts four years. It is characterized by absurd exaggerations of all kinds which hastened the inevitable catastrophe. A *grandiose* idea dominates it: the idea of building on the ruins a new Rome — immense and magnificent, a true metropolis for the Empire. In order to carry out the plan, Nero did not economize: he began to spend even the moneys that were laid aside for the pay of the legions. But the people of Italy, even those of Rome, who grew rich on these public expenditures, did not show themselves thankful for this immense architectural effort. Every one was sure that the new city would be worse than the old one!

Nero himself, exasperated by this invincible hate, exhausted by his own expenses, lost what reason he still had left, and his government degenerated into a true suspicious, violent, and cruel tyranny.

Piso's conspiracy caused him to order a massacre of patricians which left terrible rancor in its wake; in an access of fury, he killed Poppaea; he began to imagine accusations against the richest men of the Empire in order to confiscate their estates. His prodigality and the general carelessness had completely disorganized the finances of the Empire: he had to recur to all kinds of expedients to find money. Finally Nero undertook a great artistic tour in Greece, the province which had been the mother of arts, to play in the most celebrated theaters. This time indignation burst out. The armies of Gaul and Spain, for a long time irregularly paid, revolted, led by their officers, and this act of energy sufficed. Nero, abandoned by all the world, was compelled to commit suicide, on the 9th of June of the year 68 A.D.

IV

So the family of Julius Caesar disappears from history. After so much greatness, genius, and wisdom, its fall may seem petty and almost laughable. It is absurd to lose an Empire for the pleasure of singing in a theater. And yet, bizarre as the end may seem, it was not the result of Nero's vices, follies, and crimes alone. In his own way Nero himself was, as all members of his family, the victim of the contradictory situation he had found.

It has for centuries been repeated that the foundation of monarchy was the great mission of Caesar's family. I believe this statement is a great mistake. The part of the family would have been simple and easy, if it had been only to found a monarchy. The family of Caesar had to grapple with another problem, much more difficult because insoluble; a problem which may be compared, from a certain point of view, to that which confronted the Bonapartes in the nineteenth century. The Bonapartes found old monarchical, legitimistic, theocratic Europe agitated by forces which — although making it impossible for the ancient régime to continue — were not yet able to establish a new society, entirely democratic, republican, and lay. The family of Caesars found the opposite situation: they found an old military and aristocratic republic, which was changing into an intellectual and monarchical civilization, but opposing formidable resistance to the forces of transformation. In these situations the two families tried in all ways to reconcile things not to be reconciled; to realize the impossible. The Bonapartes tried to unite the popular monarchy and imperial democracy, the Julians to unite the monarchical republic and Orientalized Latinity. The contradiction was for both families the law of life, the cause of their greatness: which fact explains why neither was ever willing to extricate itself from the problem, in spite of the advice of philosophers, the malcontent of the masses, the pressure of parties, and evident dangers. But this contradiction was also the mortal fatality of both families, the cause of their ruin; which explains the short duration of their power, their restless existence, the continuous catastrophes that preceded the final destruction.

Waterloo and Sedan, the exile of Julia and the tragic insuccess of Tiberius' government, all the misfortunes great and small which struck the two families, were always consequences of the insoluble contradiction they tried to solve. We have a perfectly characteristic example of it in the brief story I have been telling. Agrippina becomes an object of universal hatred and is assassinated because she wants to defend the Roman tradition; her son disregards tradition, and chiefly for this reason is finally forced to kill himself. Doubtless the fate of the Bonapartes is less tragic, because they, at least, escaped the infamous legend created by con-

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temporary hatred against Caesar's family and artfully developed by the historians of successive generations. I hope to be able to prove in the continuation of my "Greatness and Decline of Rome," that the history of Caesar's family, such as has been told by Tacitus and Suetonius, is a sensational novel, a legend containing not much more truth than the legend of Atrides; that the family of Caesar, placed in the center of the great struggle going on in Rome between the old Roman militarism and the intellectual civilization of the Orient, between nationalism and cosmopolitism, between Asiatic mysticism and traditional religion, between egotism over-excited by culture and wealth and the supreme interests of species, had to injure too many interests, to offend too many susceptibilities. The injured interests, the offended susceptibilities revenged themselves through legend.

The case of Nero is above all instructive. Nero was half insane and a veritable criminal, but following generations went so far as to make him into an unique monster, no longer human, and even the Antichrist!

Surely he first shed Christian blood, but if we consider the tendency he represented in Roman history, one could hardly classify him among the great enemies of Christianity. Augustus and Tiberius were, without knowing them, two great enemies of the Christian teachings because they sought by all means to reinforce the great Roman tradition, and struggled against everything that should one day form the essence of Christianity: cosmopolitism, mysticism, the domination of intellectual people, the influence of the philosophical and metaphysical spirit on life. Nero, on the contrary, with his repeated efforts to spread Orientalism in Rome, and chiefly with his taste for art, was unconsciously a powerful collaborator of future Christian propaganda. We must not forget it: the masses in the Empire only became Christian because they had first been imbued with Oriental spirit.

Nero and Saint Paul, the man that wished to enjoy all and the man that suffered all, were, in their own time, two extreme antitheses; but little by little, with the passing of centuries, they become two collaborators. While one suffered hunger and persecution to preach the doctrine of redemption, the other, to amuse himself, called to Rome and to Italy the goldsmiths, weavers, sculptors, painters, architects, musicians, whom Rome had always rebuffed.

Both men disappeared, cut off by the violent current of their epoch; centuries went by; the name of the Emperor grew infamous, and that of the tent-maker radiated glory. But in the midst of the immense disorder that accompanied the dissolution of the Roman Empire, when the bonds among men relaxed and the human mind seemed to become incapable of reasoning and understanding, the disciples of the saint realized that the goldsmiths, weavers, sculptors, painters, architects, and musicians of the Emperor could collect the masses around the churches and make them patiently listen to what they could still comprehend of Paul's sublime morality. When you regard St. Mark's or Notre Dame or any other stupendous cathedral of the Middle Ages, like museums for the works of art they hold, you see beam in the sunshine the luminous symbol of this paradoxical alliance between victim and executioner.

Only through the alliance of Paul and Nero could the Church have dominated the disorder of the Middle Ages, and, from antiquity to the modern world, have carried through that formidable storm the essential principles from which our civilization was originated: a decisive proof that, if history in its details is a continuous strife, in its whole it is the inevitable final reconciliation of antagonistic forces, obtained in spite of the resistance of individuals and through their sacrifice.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO came to the United States at the solicitation of President Roosevelt, and spent a part of this winter lecturing before our great universities. The foregoing article formed one of his lectures. Ferrero's distinction is that he brings to bear upon each epoch of Roman history the mind and the training of the sociologist and psychologist. The old story of Nero, as it comes from the Latin annals, reads like the Arabian Nights. Signor Ferrero has brushed aside the Oriental fairy tale, and has made those fabulous monsters, the Roman emperors, men,—like the Bonapartes or the Stuarts.

His ambition as a boy, Signor Ferrero says, was to write upon "the development and dissolution of human societies." His history, therefore, is a sociological study, not a collection of legends. In short, he has written a modern history for modern readers, and he sees at work in New York to-day the same forces that built and demolished the Rome of yesterday.

Signor Ferrero is now writing a great study of Julius Caesar for McClure's Magazine.

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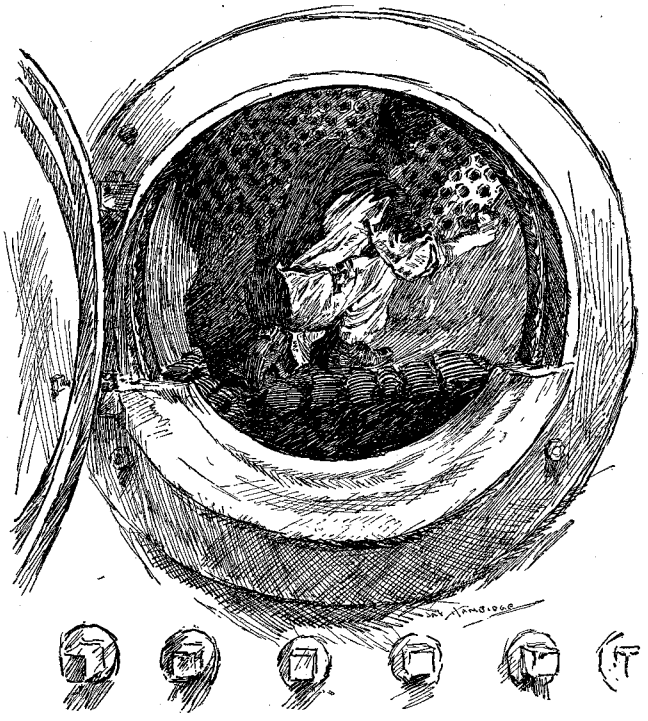

THE BRAKE-BEAMER

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

THE men of the derrick gang, toiling fiercely for life and death, dug him out of a night freight wreck in the Chrysolite Hills, and for an hour or more he lay on the dry grass slope whither they had carried him, unheeded, because there were better men buried under the careened flats and up-ended boxes.

Later, Upham, who was on the ground with the wrecking train, remembered him, and found time to question Wicklow, the conductor of the ditched Number Sixteen.

"That hobo, who was taken out early in the game," said the superintendent; "what became of him?"

Wicklow, sharing the universal trainman's hatred for ride-stealers, admitted that he did not know, and his manner implied that he did not care. But "Little Millions" was less indifferent.

"Show a light, and we'll look for him," he directed; and so, after some little quartering of the hillside, they stood over the stark and dust-begrimed figure.

"He's good and dead," said Wicklow, touching the inert thing with his foot.

"Good God, man! don't kick him!" snapped Upham, in generous wrath. Then he took the lantern from Wicklow and held it so that its light fell upon the face of the wretched "brake-beamer."

It was the face of a man in his later twenties; a hard face, hiding whatever there might have been of good in it under the pain marrings, and the dust and blood and grime. The superintendent straightened up and turned away.

"Have him taken down to Chrysolite with the others and given a decent burial," he said to Wicklow; and because the wreck had cost the lives of both men in Sixteen's engine crew, he was sad at heart and thought no more of the unnamed vagrant.

Since the superintendent had adjudged him dead, and there was no appeal from "Little

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Millions'" decisions on the Dolomite and Utah Pacific, the vagrant should doubtless have stayed where he was, quietly awaiting the coming of the burying party. But he did not. When consciousness returned, the wrecking turmoil was still in full swing, and the name of the universe, written out large for the wounded in any battle, was Thirst.

It was useless to call for water. He tried it, and the word was mere fuel for the furnace fires in his throat. There had been a bottle of whisky in his pocket when he swung under the train at Elk Pass. With the arm that was still capable of movement he felt for it, and found only a handful of broken glass.

After this a strange new energy seemed to possess him. Above the crashing clamor of the track-clearing turmoil he fancied he could hear the plash of running water. The new strength and the one good arm helped him to turn upon his face. With the burning thirst to drive him, he dragged himself by slow inchings along the sloping hillside; into a dry gully and out of it; over a second slope where there were rocks and trees; on until the water voice roared in his ears like the thunder of a mountain torrent, and the noise of the track-clearing was afar off; on still farther until suddenly the earth opened and engulfed him, and all sounds went out together.

It was old Mart Duggan, the one-armed track-walker for Chrysolite Cut, homing from his night's watching of the track, who found the derelict — once more safely unconscious — at the foot of the rocky slope where he had fallen.

Duggan's cabin in the gulch was but a stone's-throw distant, and the watchman called his daughter. With the free-limbed, black-eyed Nora to help, the unofficial victim of Sixteen's disaster was taken in and put to bed; after which Duggan postponed his breakfast until the Chrysolite doctor had been summoned.

"A broken leg, a broken collar-bone, and probably internal injuries to fit: put him on a train and send him to the charity hospital at Dolomite, where he belongs," was the doctor's verdict and advice. But the simple-hearted Duggans were also soft-hearted.

"T'row him out whin he crawled to our very dure in the dead o' night?" shrilled old Martin, indignantly; and the black-eyed daughter added: "Sure, doctor dear, we wouldn't be treating a stray dog the like of that!"

The physician shrugged.

"As you please, of course; I'm only telling you what you are in for if you keep him. He is a tramp; a 'brake-beamer' who will skip out and take French leave of you when he is able. If you've got anything to steal, he will probably steal it when he goes. But it is your own affair."

"It is that," said the old track-walker, still indignant; adding, as the doctor was leaving, "And for your pay, Docther Goodwin, ye'll be lookin' to me. Good day, and God save ye and sind ye a kinder hear-rt, sorr."

Three full weeks had elapsed, and the wreck in the Chrysolite Hills had passed into history, when the vagrant once more opened eyes of sane understanding upon his surroundings. It was day; the sun was shining brightly through a little window at the foot of his bed; sounds of snoring came from an adjoining room; and a light-footed young woman, with black eyes and a face far more beautiful, in the sick man's estimating, than that of the chromoed Saint Cecilia on the wall, was tiptoeing about her housework.

"There, now; you're better," she said, when she saw that he was awake and conscious. Then she came to feed him chicken broth by the spoonful.

The vagrant ate the broth to the final helping before he made any effort to knot up the broken ends of the sequences.

"Say; what's the matter with my leg?" he asked, when she had drained the dish for him.

"It's broke: the doctor has it in plaster. Is it hurting you much?"

"No." A pause, and then: "I was in a wreck, wasn't I?"

She nodded. "'Twas when Sixteen found the broken rail three weeks ago."

"All that time?" he queried; and before she could reply: "Where am I? I mean, what place is this?"

She told him, circumstantially; and while he listened his eyes roved restlessly. When she stopped, there were not many objects within his range of vision that had gone unnoted.

"There's been a lot o' my friends wirin' to know what had become o' me, I do not think," he said, in some grim attempt at a jest.

"How could they? — and we not even knowing your name?" she retorted.

"That's so," he grinned; but he did not remedy the defect, then, or at any other time during the tedious weeks of convalescence which followed.

These weeks dragged heavily. With returning strength the roving eyes became still more restless; and during the long days when Duggan was asleep in the next room, and Nora had gone to her work in the town (it was a measure of his indifference that he had never asked what her work was, or if the care of him had

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"'T'ROW HIM OUT WHIN HE CRAWLED TO OUR VERY DURE?' SHRILLED OLD MARTIN"

interfered with it), the time passed leaden-winged.

Once, on the railroad pay-day, there was a little diversion. Old Martin brought his money home, and in the interval between breakfast and sleep he took his daughter aside. The vagrant heard some naming of a doctor and a debt, and the roving eyes saw the passing of money from father to daughter. Also, they saw a bank-note flutter unnoticed to the kitchen floor, to lie there in the streaming sunshine after the girl had gone and the old man had shut himself into his sleeping-room.

For a full half-hour the restless eyes were quiet, watching the crumpled bit of money-paper on the kitchen floor; that being the length of time to elapse before old Martin's snore advertised his safe obliviousness. Then the vagrant slipped out of his chair, hobbled noiselessly to the kitchen, stooped, rose, and hobbled back.

That evening he overheard the girl telling her father of her loss; telling it and crying over it; and he listened only long enough to assure himself that she had no notion of where or how the loss had occurred. This was apparently all that interested him, since he settled back comfortably in his chair and closed his eyes and waited for Nora to bring him his supper.

In such fashion the time wore on until at length there came a day when crutch and cane could be discarded, and the bright lines of steel winding away through the cup-like valley beckoned imperiously to the Duggans' guest. He chose the hour when old Martin had gone to his track-walking, and Nora was clearing away the supper dishes, to say:

"Well, I guess I'll be screwin' my nut about to-morrow or next day. It's time for me to be moggin' along."

The girl tossed her head scornfully.

"Is it the brake-beaming you'll be at again? — with you hobbling on two sticks only yesterday? 'Tis neither my father nor me has been telling you you've worn out your welcome, Misther No-Name."

"No; that's so," he returned; and then, after a few leisurely pulls at the clay pipe she had found for him: "I hope you're makin' the railroad pay all it's worth."

She regarded him in undisguised astonishment. "For the keep of you, do you mean? It's much they'd pay for you — and you beating your way when you were caught in the wreck! Besides the section men on the Cut gang, 'tis not one of them knows you're here!"

He smoked in silence for a long time after this, and for once in a way the watchful eyes were downcast. But at the end of the silence he merely repeated: "I guess I'll have to be goin', anyway."

"That's as you please, of course," the girl replied tartly, with another toss of the pretty head. "Nobody will be laying the weight of a finger on you to hold you back, *acushla*."

If he had the Irish, or read the sarcasm into it, he made no sign; and a little later he refilled the pipe from Duggan's tobacco sack and hobbled out of doors, extending his walk until

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he reached the lip of the great rock cutting over which the one-armed Martin kept watch.

He was still sitting on the lip of the cutting an hour afterward when the old man's lantern winked rhythmically on its passage through the depths below; sitting and sucking dryly at the extinct pipe.

Over the valley, lying like a hollowed hand in its nesting of great mountains, the stars burned white in the black curve of the sky; and far to the left, where the Boiling Water made its looping bend in the palm of the hand, twinkled the station and yard signals of Chrysolite. When the winking lantern below had disappeared, the man on the cutting's edge rose stiffly, put the pipe into his pocket, and limped off toward the distant railroad yard.

Wolf Jarboe, engine despatcher and boss machinist at the Chrysolite roundhouse, was at his bullying worst when one of the call-boys jogged his elbow to tell him that there was a man at the night office hunting a job. Three engines were in from below, and four from the Mountain Division; all wanted road repairs, and all had to go out again before midnight, the autumn traffic movement being fairly on. "Keep your motive power going, and keep it with you," was the order from the general superintendent; and Jarboe was desperately short-handed.

Quite possibly these were the reasons why the foreman scarcely looked at the applicant before hiring him; why he chose to ignore the limp and all the other outward signs of inefficiency.

"Machinist's helper — night gang — two dollars a day," he growled. "You can butt in right now. What's your name?"

The applicant hesitated a fraction of a second. "Smith — Jim Smith," he said.

Jarboe laughed.

"One name's as good as another — for the pay-roll and in the tall hills. Come on out to the pit track, and I'll put you up against it. If you make good, you stay; if you don't, you go."

This was the summary manner of the vagrant's engrafting upon the many-branched tree of the D. and U. P. service. Knowing no more of his antecedents than he himself chose to tell,— which was nothing,— the men of the night repair gang spotted him immediately for what he was, called him "the Hobo," and gave him the hot end of the bar when there was a bar to hold.

Oiling, packing journal housings, crawling into stifling fire-boxes to tighten leaky flues, grinding joints in hot smoke-arches; all these tasks fell to his lot the first night, and the night was long and supperless. Nevertheless, he worried through it doggedly, and when Chrysolite Peak was catching the first crimson

"SHE CAME TO FEED HIM CHICKEN BROTH BY THE SPOONFUL"

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of the sunrise he limped back to the cabin at the mouth of Chrysolite Cut.

Old Martin had eaten his breakfast and gone to bed, and Nora Duggan rattled the dishes in her pan and laughed shrilly when the missing one came in looking like a blackamoor.

"Saints preserve us! — would you look at the man?" she cried. And then: "The boys don't have anny love for brake-beamers on our road. What did they do to you?"

The derelict did not reply until after he had found a bucket and a piece of soap, and had scrubbed himself down to the original pallor. Then he said, almost sullenly:

"I changed my mind about hikin' out. I've got a roundhouse job, workin' nights."

"You to work at annything!" she scoffed. None the less, she bustled about and got him a workingman's breakfast, set his room and bed in order, and when she was leaving, told him to sleep until he was called.

When her hand was on the door-latch he stopped her.

"Say; I've got a name now, such as it is," he said, with a grin that made him look five years younger. "On the time-keeper's book I'm Jim Smith, machinist's helper."

She laughed and dropped him a mocking curtsey.

"'Tis time we were getting acquainted," she said. "I'm Nora Duggan, high chief dish-washer in the depot dining-room, and I'm pleased to meet you, Misther Smith."

The new disciple of labor slept the clock four fifths of the way around, and when he made his appearance in the Duggan kitchen there was a hot supper awaiting him, a midnight luncheon put up in a tin bucket, and a suit of Martin's old overclothes wrapped in a bundle for his carrying.

"'Tis overalls you must be wearing, if you're one of the boys, Misther Smith," said Nora. "They'll think small of you for working in your day-clothes like a tramp sawing wood for his hand-out. I'll be making you some new ones when I have time."

"You needn't to bother about that," said the vagrant, rather ungraciously; but the shifty eyes were in his plate, and there was a sudden lighting up of the heavy face.

"You mean that you won't be at the work long enough to make it worth my while?"

"You can stack it up that way, if you want to," he rejoined; and a little later he was limping down the track with his bucket and his bundle.

That night Jarboe noticed the overalls and the luncheon bucket, and grunted approval. Also, having, during the midnight rush hours, to take hold with his own hands on the engine repairing, he discovered that the lame helper, though physically under-muscled, was deft-fingered and "tool-handy" to a marvelous degree, and that he took to the complicated mechanism of a locomotive as a fish to its native element.

"You'll make it all right, Hobo, if you stick," was his gruff commendation; and, shot-like, the beginner demanded:

"What'll I make?"

"You're in line for promotion, same as the others. You'll be 'Johnny Shovel' when your turn comes, if you're big enough for the job, and want it."

"Firin' an engine, you mean? What does it pay?"

"Mileage. Eight-fifty the round trip on the Canyon, and nine-ten on the Mountain."

"Then I want it," said the new helper, with sullen determination; and thereafter applied himself so diligently that within a fortnight Jarboe was trusting him with small independent repair jobs and pushing him to the front rank in the waiting list for the coveted promotion.

The step up came in the third week of the first month. All through the summer the traffic had been increasing by leaps and bounds; trains were running in many sections; a delivery of thirty new engines was beginning; and calls for additional crews were repeated almost nightly. At five o'clock one morning, Jarboe hunted out the "next man" on the firemen's list, and found him caulking flues in the hot fire-box of the 1066.

"'Bout done, Smith?" he called through the fire-door.

"Last one," announced the flue-caulker, without missing a hammer blow.

"All right. Hike over to your boarding-house and fill up your bread-bucket. You go out on the '68 with fourth Fourteen. Get a move. They're hooking the train together in the yard, right now."

Fifteen minutes later the new fireman was hurrying up through the yards with his lantern and his empty luncheon bucket. As the switching engine was pushing up another string of boxes to be included in fourth Fourteen, he saw a man drop suddenly between two of the cars. The dodging disappearance was familiar. Times without number he himself had made that swift and unobtrusive side-step to dodge an up-coming railroad lantern.

At first he made as if he would pass the lurcher's hiding-place. Then he turned on his heel and held up his lantern. "Come out o' that!" he growled; and the man came: a hard-

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eyed, heavy-jawed ruffian with a three-weeks' beard stubble on his face.

"Well, I'm damned," said the lurcher, when he had taken a fair look at the lantern-bearer. "Shoot me dead, if it ain't Rocky!"

The man who had won his first upward step drew back and scowled morosely.

"Well, what if it is?" he demanded; and the lurcher went on:

"Rocky; and him wearin' the work-rags, and carryin' a lamp with letters on it!"

"What of it?" snapped the other. "That's what I want to know!"

"Everything, my buckie. You're just the smooth-fingered lad I'm lookin' for, see? There's a snap to be pulled off over in Dolomite — dead easy; and you're in on it. Chuck that glim and sort out your parlor-car. Or mebbe you can get us passes. What?"

Thus the tempter; but the tempted one turned away.

"I'm out of it," he said curtly; adding: "for a few minutes, anyway. And while I'm out, I'm *all* out. Don't you let me catch you swingin' on to this train, Pete Black. It's *my* train."

The black-faced man came a step nearer. "So that's it, eh? You give us the double-cross, do you? That's a game two can play at, my dickie-bird. How about that little miss-

"SHE WAS CRYING SILENTLY BY THIS TIME"

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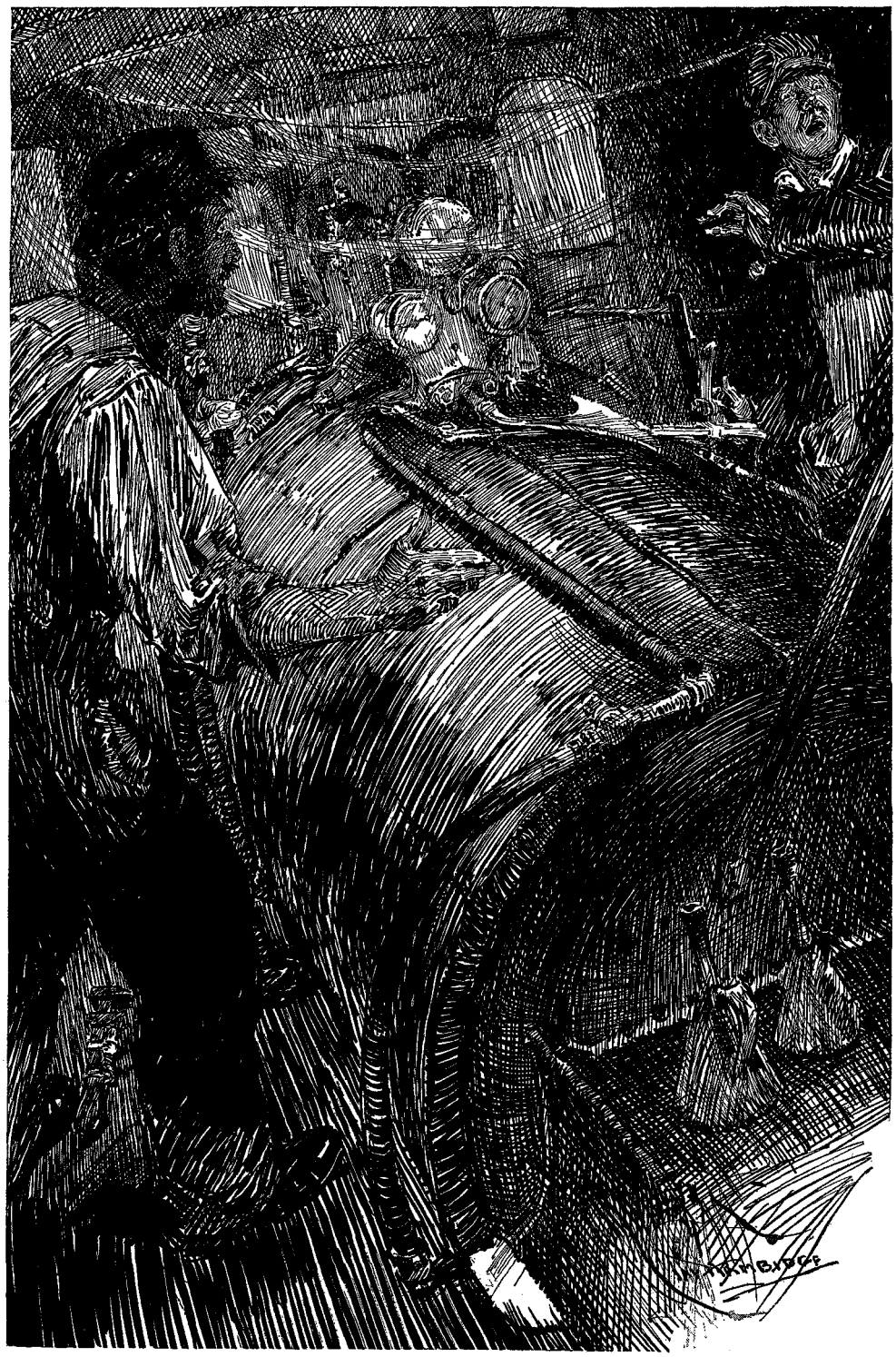

"WITH A SCREAM LIKE THAT OF A LOST SOUL, KEEGAN CAME ALIVE"

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fire back in Des Moines? What if I chase after you right now and tell the first bloke I meet that you're ——"

"I'd kill you before you could get to the name," interrupted the other coldly. "What I've been, I've been; and I may be again. But that don't freeze no ice in your cooler this morning, Petey. If you get on this train, I'll pull the string and make you hit the grit with all four feet bunched."

Nora Duggan was up when he reached the cabin, and the watchman's early breakfast was sputtering on the stove.

"You've not quit the job, have you, Jim?" she asked, almost anxiously, when he came in at the unwonted hour.

"Not yet," he answered, as if with some mental reservation. "I guess you'd say it's t'other way 'round: I'm firin' the '68 on fourth Fourteen. Could you put me up a couple o' buckets o' chuck in about two shakes of a dead sheep's tail, Nora — *colleen?*"

Something, his news or the hesitant epithet of endearment, made her straighten up quickly and put both hands on his shoulders.

"O Jim! — I'm *that* glad!" she said; and the velvety eyes were shining.

"The Hobo," as the Mountain Division men still called him, made good on the 1068, the poorest steamer in the Chrysolite allotment, and thenceforth his calling and election to the foot-board were assured. Taciturn and silent as he had been in Jarboe's night gang, he yet made friends among the men of the rank and file; friends who spoke as seldom as he did, perhaps, but who still found ways of showing him that the ban was lifted; that, in the world of things as they are, it is the day's work well done, and not anything else in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, that counts.

He had been at work a month and twenty days when the first laggard pay-day overtook him. It was rather a liberal check that he found in his envelop — liberal for a wage-earner. There had been a number of "extra" runs in the closing week of the month, and he had shirked none of those that came his way.

In the cabin at the Cut's mouth he found Martin Duggan's daughter at home, though it was the middle of the afternoon. She was running the little hand sewing-machine on some garment of her own, and her eyes were red.

Another man would have scented trouble, but he was so intent upon a matter purely personal that he was oblivious. Folding a crumpled five-dollar bill and his pay-check together, he laid them upon her sewing-table.

"What's these, Jim?" she asked, looking up with her lips trembling.

"The 'V' is yours," he said, gazing stonily elsewhere. "It's the one you lost two pay-days back: you dropped it right here on the floor, and I picked it up — swiped it. The other's yours, too; and there's another twenty days comin' to you, with six 'extras' to help it along; about eighty dollars, I guess. Will that and this pull your daddy over the hill for what I've cost him?"

She was crying silently by this time, hiding her hot face in her hands.

"Does — does that mean that you're going to quit, Jim?" she asked, without looking at him.

His laugh was a wordless oath.

"I've worked a month and twenty days at honest work, Nora, girl; and that's more than I've ever done since I was on earth the last time. Do you know why I done it? I had to square you out o' the game, and it hit me like a copper's club that it had to be done with clean money. 'Clean it is,' says I; and so I buckled down. Ain't it enough?"

She was pushing the check back across the table.

"I can't take it, Jim; it's blood money, and no less, when you put it that way," she protested passionately. "If you're going to quit now and go back to — to whatever it was before ——"

He dropped into a chair and for five full minutes sat gazing fixedly out of the open window. At a stirring in the adjoining room he started almost guiltily.

"What's that?" he demanded.

The girl's eyes filled again suddenly.

"It's father," she said. "He's sick. That's why I'm home in the middle of the day."

He turned slowly to face her. "Bad sick?" he queried; and she nodded.

"He's an old man, Jim. The doctor says — that he might never watch — the Cut again," and now she was weeping unrestrainedly.

He rose up out of his chair like a man staggering to his feet under a burden.

"He's sick, and you're layin' off, and all under God's heavens you've got between you and the back o' the world's hand is a cop-dodgin' 'brake-beamer' whose money you won't touch. Is that about it, Nora, girl? Well, that settles it. You take that money and spend it, and there'll be more o' the same kind to back it up. When you're feelin' a little better — if you'll fill my bucket: I'm going down on the passenger run to-night. Billy Freedom's layin' off with a sick baby."

The night Mail, changing engines at Chryso-

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lite for the run to Castle Cliff, was an hour late; and Upham, whose service-car was attached as a trailer, walked forward at the supper stop to see what engine had been assigned to the belated train.

The engine was satisfactory; it was one of the new compounds. But the superintendent shook his head when he saw Keegan at the throttle. Keegan was one of the latest additions to the increasing force of enginemen, and he had already established a reputation for caution — caution so well developed that the looser tongues were naming it fear.

"Is that the best you could do, Jarboe? — for a late train?" snapped "Little Millions," with a sideward jerk of his head to indicate the man in the cab of the compound.

"It's *all* I could do," protested the harassed engine despatcher. "Keegan's out of his turn; but he's had six hours off, and that's more than the oldest man in has had. It's all drifting, down to the Cliff; he'd ought to be able to let her go when she'll run herself."

"I doubt it," said the superintendent shortly. He had ridden behind Keegan twice within the week. Then, as the man whose pay-roll name was James Smith swung up to the engine's gangway: "Who is Keegan's fireman? I don't seem to remember him."

Jarboe explained, as he could not have done if the old Irish track-walker had not gossiped with the section men.

"Do you recollect a hobo, a brake-beamer, that was in the wreck o' Sixteen last spring?" he asked.

Upham shook his head. "No; the only one I remember was dead. I know he was dead, because I gave orders to have him buried."

"He didn't get buried: it takes a heap to kill one o' that breed. This is the man; 'Jim Smith,' he calls himself, but I'll bet thirty cents that wasn't his name in the States. Old Mart Duggan and his daughter took him in; and when the broken pieces grew together again he smashed all the hobo records by coming to me for a job."

"What did he do that for?" rasped "Little Millions," as if the job-seeking were altogether reprehensible.

"I'm guessing now," said Jarboe. "He doesn't talk. But it looks as if the goodheartedness of the Duggans had reached down into him and got hold of the what-ought-to-be-a-man."

"Well? is he any good?"

"The best in the bunch; steady as an old clock, and nerve to burn — they tell me."

"Humph! It's a pity he and Keegan couldn't change sides of the cab for to-night. In that case we might get somewhere before morning." And at this, the '91's bell clanging for the start, the superintendent went back to his car.

Three times during the thirty-six-mile slide down Black Rock Canyon that night, "Little Millions" jumped from his chair to go and look at the speed recorder; and at each fresh inspection he jerked the cord of the air-whistle savagely for more speed. All the way down the steep grade the nervously cautious Keegan was busily driving nails into his own industrial coffin. On the few tangents the pace would quicken a little; but on the curves the train rode jerkily on the brakes, filling the air with discordant shriekings and with the acrid odor of burning metal.

At the Broken Arrow stop, Upham went forward to the engine, and for a few seconds the atmosphere was sulphurous. Keegan sat humped on his box and took it like a sheep; and this stirred the superintendent to still more rasping tongue-lashings. When the air-whistle screeched and Upham disappeared, there was something worse than a coward at the throttle of the big compound — there was a coward beside himself with impotent anger.

On the rush down the lower valley of the Boiling Water all previous records of the Mail were broken. Blind now to his own safety, as well as to that of his train, Keegan was running like a madman. Around the long loopings of the gulches, or across the great wooden trestles spanning them, he sent the laboring compound, working steam where the gravity pull was sufficient for any speed the fastest train might dare to make, and scanting the brake even where the quickly succeeding curves threatened instant annihilation.

Through it all the substitute fireman clung to his window, silent, watchful, his gaze fixed upon the glistening double line of rails rushing up out of the night to be swept for a single instant by the searching glare of the electric headlight before the devouring wheels flung them to the rear.

Once, when he broke the eyehold on the track to glance across the cab at the crouching figure on the opposite box, his free hand went creeping toward a heavy wrench lying at his feet. Strange stirrings of soul they must have been, those that prompted the inching hand. There were human lives, many of them, clutched in Keegan's rage-locked grasp on the '91's throttle. In his past, human life, other than his own, had weighed lightly with the silent watcher: but now ——

He saw the stop signal displayed at Kershaw's Mine, and he made sure that Keegan

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must have seen it also. That was why he sprang afoot with a yell of warning when the Mail shot past the station at full speed. Kershaw's was not a meeting or a passing point with any other train, but new as he was to his latest trade, the fireman had learned that red meant stop. Before he could cry out again the reason for the signal became horrifyingly apparent. When the flying train shrilled around the curve below Kershaw's, the headlight should have picked up a wooden bridge spanning a dry arroyo midway of the tangent. Instead, there was a dull red glow against the sky and the bridge was gone.

With a scream like that of a lost soul, Keegan came alive, dropped from his box without touching throttle or brake, and flung himself off into space. In the same half-second the fireman sprang upon the levers. There was time for an emergency stop if all things had been favorable. But the thirty-six-mile grinding of the brake-shoes on the Black Rock Canyon slide got in its work, and the momentum of the heavy train was irresistible. In the drawing of a breath the steam was shut off and the brakes applied, but the unbridged gulf ahead seemed to be rushing up in the cone of the headlight with undiminished speed.

The substitute fireman flung himself upon the sand-lever, and the brakes bit and held, ground themselves free, as hard-worn train-brakes will, and bit again. Reluctantly, and as if the demon of speed had called his legions to urge on the slowing wheels, the headway was checked. With the unbridged ravine still a hundred feet ahead, the man who was rattling the sand-lever might have jumped and saved himself. But he did not; and when the big compound, heaving and buckling under the braking strain, slid down to the brink of hazard, stopped, and broke away from the train to topple into the dry arroyo, the fireman went with it.

It was past midnight when the relief train from Castle Cliff reached the scene of the bridge-burning, and the passengers from the Mail were transferred around the head of the dry ravine. In the midst of the straggling procession four men carried a makeshift stretcher with a blanketed figure lying upon it; and behind the bearers walked Upham, the physician passenger who had given his word that the fireman would live, and a thick-set, bullet-headed man who had made himself known to the superintendent during the hours of waiting.

"We got onto him through a fellow crook; a housebreaker known as 'Black Pete,'" the bullet-headed man was saying. "I recognized him the minute he was taken out of the wrecked engine. How long do you think it will be before I can take him back to Iowa, Doctor?"

"Little Millions" stopped short and wheeled savagely upon the officer of the law.

"I've told you twice you can never take him back!" he ripped out. "God in heaven, man! are you made altogether of yellow clay? I don't care a *damn* what his past has been: what I know is that three hours ago, he, 'a common criminal,' as you call him, coolly put his life in the balance against yours and mine and a couple of hundred other lives! Give me that requisition, sir!"

It was night, in the heart of the desert; the superintendent was fiercely angry; and a gathering throng of the "brake-beamer's" debtors was thickening the circle around the two. "Hang the cold-blooded thief-catcher!" cried some one on the outskirts of the throng; and the cry was instantly taken up by others. The deputy sheriff reluctantly drew a folded paper from his pocket and surrendered it. "Little Millions" opened and read it by the light of a flare torch carried by a flagman; read it, laughed, and handed it back.

"I owe you an apology, sir," he said; "or perhaps you owe me one. Your papers call for the arrest of one 'Rocky Donnegan,' and our man's name is plain 'James Smith.' Also, the description says 'brown hair and blue eyes,' and I am sure that every man in the D. and U. P. service, from the general manager down, would, after this night's deed, willingly go into court and swear that James Smith's hair is red and his eyes gray. Do I make my point entirely clear?"

The bullet-headed man nodded; and when the transferring procession moved on, a trail of finely torn bits of paper marked its passage.

Two days later, in a quiet ward of the railroad hospital at Castle Cliff, a velvet-eyed, warm-hearted Irish girl knelt beside the cot of a man who was plastered and bandaged almost beyond recognition.

"You sent for me, Jimmie, dear," she was saying, "and I came the first minute I could leave the poor old father. Did you want to be telling me that I drove you out to your death that black night two days ago?"

"No," said the bandaged one slowly. "I guess I wanted to tell you that you've begun to make a man o' me, Nora, *colleen*. Would you like — do you s'pose you could go on and finish the job? I don't know as you could; the timber's mighty rotten and no-account."

"Ah, Jimmie, dear; 'tis sound and true in the heart of it. Don't I know, *acushla?*" And she rose to bend over his pillow and kiss him.

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